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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

August

15c



Spotlight Cover
of Ginger Rogers

Ginger Rogers' New Freedom
"Distant Star," Thrilling Romance of Hollywood
by Margaret E. Sangster

2 MORE NEW YORK BEAUTIES
are telling you

**"Listerine Tooth Paste
keeps teeth looking their loveliest"**

[Below] CARROLL BRADY



JANICE
JARRATT



Hear what Miss Janice Jarratt, often termed the most photographed girl in the world, says:

"Listerine Tooth Paste? It's simply delightful . . . gives my teeth wonderful brilliance and sheen."

Hear, also, the opinion of Miss Carroll Brady, lovely newcomer to famous New York studios:

"The camera is merciless . . . so a model can't take chances with the looks of her teeth. I have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is best for keeping them really white and gleaming."

Like scores of other New York models, whose bread and butter depend on their good looks, these two lovely girls have found by actual experience that this dentifrice is best and safest for preserving and enhancing the beauty of their teeth.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. It contains two special polishing and cleansing ingredients, notable for their safe and gentle action. And right now there is a special inducement to try this exceptional dentifrice. (See panel below.)

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

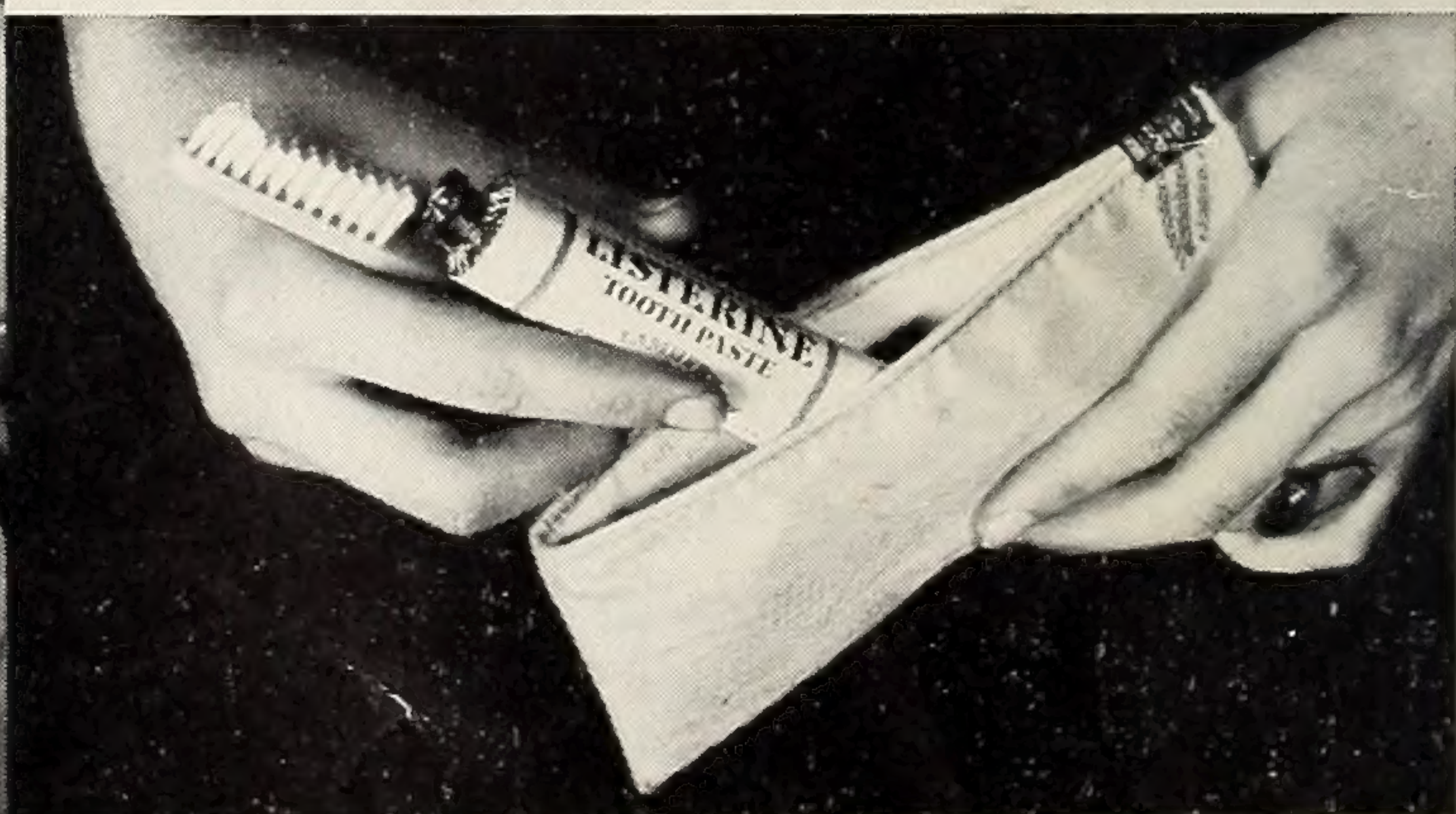
Summer's Best Bargain!

MOIRE VACATION KIT

Rubber lined Glider lock Choice of colors

**AND . . . 25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
AND . . . DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH**

ALL 3 FOR 49¢



AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S WHILE THEY LAST

This offer good in U. S. A. only

"Do this IF YOU WANT BEAUTY" says Gertrude Michael

"COLOR HARMONY powder, rouge, and lipstick created by Max Factor solves the problem of knowing which shades of make-up will give you the most beauty," Gertrude Michael tells Florence Vondelle, beauty editor, in a recent interview. Read how you, too, can have new loveliness with this Hollywood make-up secret.

A Famous Star's Powder Secret

FLORENCE VONDELLE: "With so many shades of powder available, how can I know which one will give me the most beauty?"

GERTRUDE MICHAEL: "You can have youthful loveliness by using powder in the color harmony shade Max Factor has created for your type. You will find it dramatizes your skin, enlivens it with the colors needed to give it youthful beauty. Undoubtedly, you've noticed how young and satin-smooth the skin of the stars appears on the screen — the secret is Max Factor's wonderful powder!"

Rouge used by Screen Stars

FLORENCE VONDELLE: "Should I select rouge the same way as the powder?"

GERTRUDE MICHAEL: "By all means! Rouge in the color harmony shade for your type will give you youthful radiance instantly, whereas an off-shade would make you look less attractive than you are. Max Factor has created his amazing color harmony shades in a creamy-smooth rouge that blends easily, evenly, lasts for hours."



Gertrude Michael
FEATURED IN PARAMOUNT'S
"THE RETURN OF
SOPHIE LANG"

Gertrude Michael's New Lip Make-Up

FLORENCE VONDELLE: "I've been wondering if my lipstick shade is the right one for me — what do you think?"

GERTRUDE MICHAEL: "Try lipstick in your color harmony shade — you will be amazed at the difference it makes! The alluring color will dramatize your individual charm, and after you apply it in the morning you can forget about it for the rest of the day because Max Factor's lipstick is Super-Indelible and really lasts."

SINCE this interview, Florence Vondelle has recommended Max Factor's color harmony make-up to thousands of housewives and business women. "It is amazing," she says, "how much younger, and more charming the average woman can look when her make-up is harmonized to her type." Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Rouge, fifty cents; Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . FREE.
4-8-15

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "Suzy"



JEAN HARLOW

"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."



FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too.."



BENITA HUME

"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."



CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"



JEAN HARLOW
IN
Suzy
FRANCHOT TONE • **CARY GRANT**
LEWIS STONE • **BENITA HUME**

Directed by George Fitzmaurice

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.



JUL -1 1936

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

A GREAT LOVE STORY

told in the
Modern Manner!

One of the world's most pulse-stirring romances will be brought to you in complete fiction form in the next issue! "Ramona" has been called the sweetest of all love stories; and now, through the most modern of all art mediums, the natural-color motion picture, it becomes a brilliant and entirely new thrill.

Please don't fail to watch for the complete fiction story, illustrated with beautiful scenes from the picture, "Ramona," in SCREENLAND for September, on sale August 4—and remember, this is just one of the many exciting features planned for this next issue of The Smart Screen Magazine. Don't miss this big issue.

August, 1936

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Gable Off-Guard! Unstarred Beauties. Mary Carlisle, Gail Patrick, Frances Drake, Madge Evans, Virginia Bruce, June Lang. "Trickers!" To Myrna—With Love from Warner—and Vice Versa. School for Stars. Petting Permitted. Three's Grand Company. Pals of the Plains. Sea Sirens. Josephine Hutchinson at Home. The Wholesome Side of Hollywood. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Ginger Rogers by Marland Stone.

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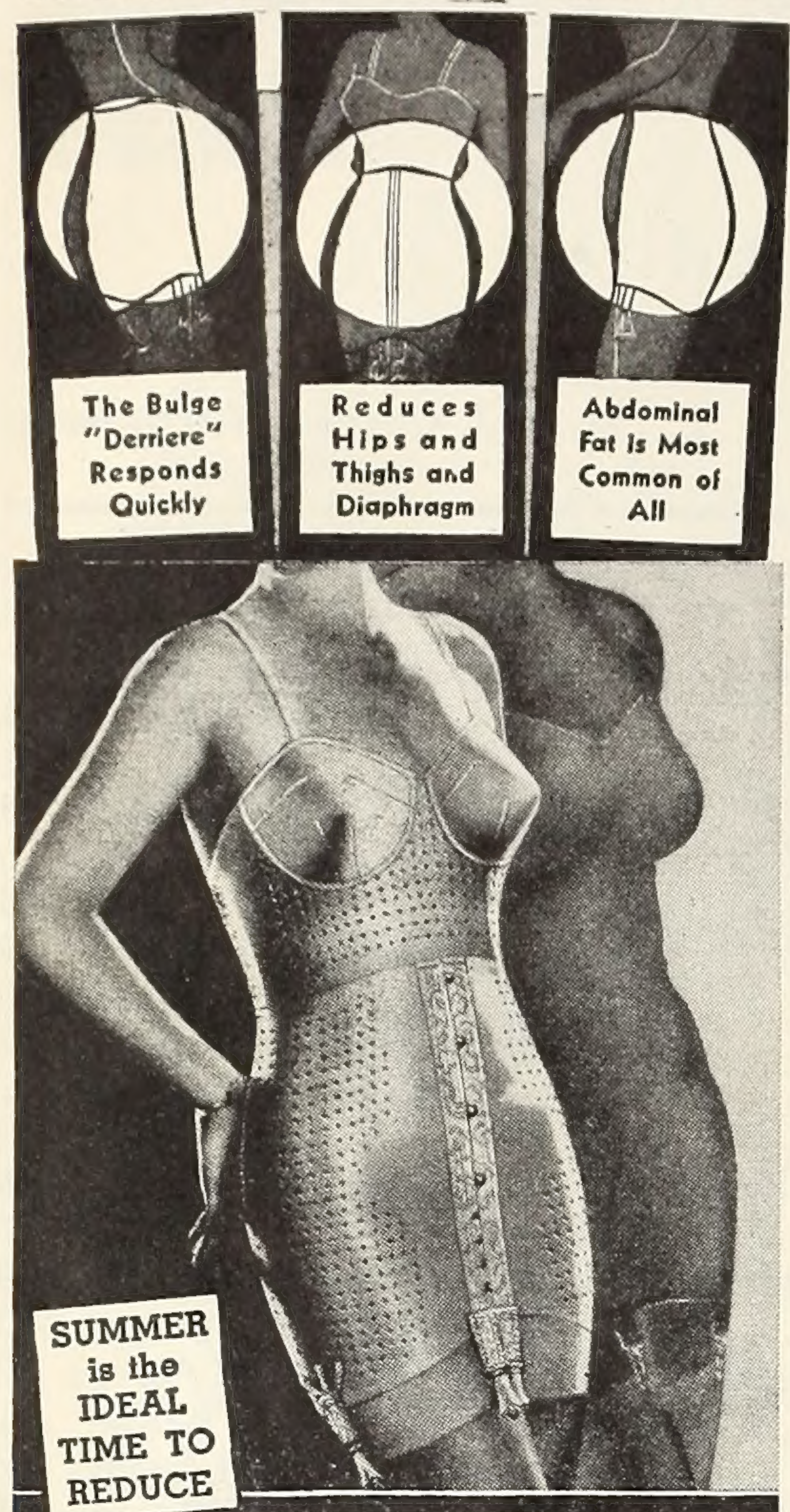
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... REDUCE ...
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
... or no cost!

"REDUCED 9 INCHES"
 writes
Miss Healy

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS



Perfolastic Not Only Confines...it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

■ You do not risk one penny... simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results... as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing... and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

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Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

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Send for FREE sample of the fabric and illustrated booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of others.

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TAGGING THE TALKIES

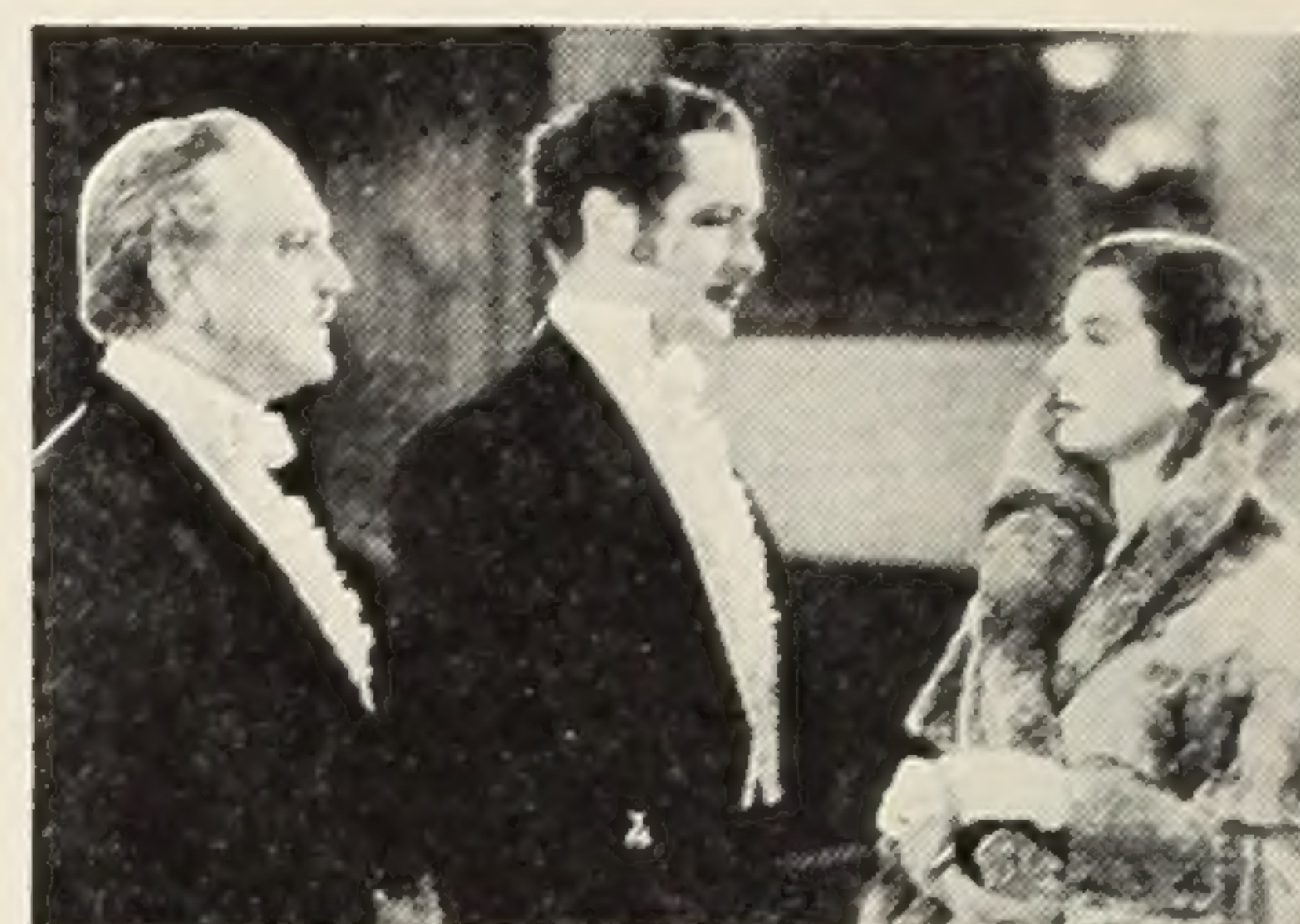
Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Private Number
 20th Century-Fox



Loretta Young and Robert Taylor are just about the last word in youth, good looks, and sex appeal in this hokum "meller" of the proud beauty working as maid in a wealthy home, loving and accepting the love of the son of the house and having it out in court when the parents try to annul the marriage. Their sincerity, plus oily villainy by Basil Rathbone, comedy by Patsy Kelly and Joe Lewis, make it sure-fire as romance and entertainment.

Trouble for Two
 M-G-M



A grand cast headed by Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell, as Prince and Princess, strangers since childhood, who fall in love when they meet in the Suicide Club both joined rather than obey the king's order that they marry. Intrigue, murder plots, but not sufficiently exciting as straight thrill stuff, nor funny enough as satire. Frank Morgan is an oasis of comedy in a desert of pretentious boredom, and he may save the show for you.

Secret Agent
 Gaumont-British



Suave, adult, and slyly amusing spy melodrama that's just about perfect as an example of smooth acting and adroit direction. You'll remember Peter Lorre longest, but excellent indeed are Madeleine Carroll, Robert Young, and John Gielgud. It has moments of gripping drama, but mostly it is bantering in mood as it tells an exciting plot of World-War intrigue by British and German spies working in Switzerland. It's surprise drama so we shan't spoil it by telling the plot. But see it if you like swiftly-paced melodrama spiced with humor.

Love Begins at Twenty
 First National



They've turned Hugh Herbert loose in this, which is all right with me. Fun for the whole family, and good clean fun. Hugh is a *Milquetoast*, bossed by his wife and abused by his boss, and finally fired when hold-up men steal his boss' bonds. Then the worm turns, goes on a bender. He returns home a new man, marries his daughter off while his wife is at the movies, and concludes by turning on his wife, then beating up the hold-up men. Patricia Ellis and Warren Hull are the young lovers, but Hugh and Hobart Cavanaugh are tops.

Hearts in Bondage
 Republic



An ambitious historical romance concerning the colorful Monitor and Merrimac episode and Civil War atmosphere for a love tale charmingly played by James Dunn and Mae Clarke. David Manners and Charlotte Henry comprise another romantic team. It is Lew Ayres' initial directorial effort and a credit to him. It impresses as authentic historical fiction, effectively screened. Praiseworthy effort worth seeing.

The Big Noise
 Warners



Good performances by Guy Kibbee, who makes every line he delivers believable; Warren Hull, who proves the wisdom of the build-up Warners are giving him; and that highly original Marie Wilson, the real hit of the film—these are the only assets of this offering. It is the familiar story about a retired business man who starts up shop again to prove to his family he isn't through. Fairly funny entertainment.

Fatal
Lady
Paramount



Adroit combination of operatic vocalizing and exciting murder melodrama, with Mary Ellis splendid as the opera star whose charm proves fatal to many suitors. Mystery stalks and holds you in its grip when the golden notes of Miss Ellis are not thrilling your sound-senses. It's her best picture. Guy Bates Post and Walter Pidgeon, Norman Foster, John Halliday, Alan Mowbray and the others are good.

Bunker
Bean
RKO-
Radio



The old standby of the worm that turns, tricked up with some good situations and nice acting by a cast lacking star names but nice balance of promising newcomers and old favorites. Owen Davis, Jr., is the clerk in love with the boss' daughter. He gets courage, so to say, and wins out. Louise Lattimer and Davis make a nice team. Hedda Hopper, Robert McWade, Jessie Ralph are good, as usual. Pleasant.

The Case
of the
Velvet
Claws
First
National



Perry Mason is on the job! And this time, of all things, on his wedding night when he is about to go on his honeymoon with the lovely Claire Dodd. The honeymoon angle adds zest to this murder mystery. Warren William makes the lawyer detective a whimsical fellow; Wini Shaw is a dark, mysterious lady; but my cheers are for Claire—Dodd, what a bride!

The Last
Outlaw
RKO-Radio



After "Powdersmoke Range," that rip-snorter in which Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, and Tom Tyler appeared so successfully, one might be expecting too much of this trio in another horse opera. This seems tamer, though there is plenty of shooting and some of the good sentimental stuff, with Carey as the ex-bandit rounding up modern gunmen. Margaret Callahan is the girl interest. Pretty good Western.

Want to find "HIM" this vacation?



FEMININE ADORABLE YOU!—when you use MAVIS' all-over fragrance before you dress!

Men sense it, adore it—Mavis' flower-garden freshness lingering about you! . . . Adopt this secret of French women's charm. A caressing cloud of delicately scented Mavis Talcum all over—after you bathe, before you dress. . . . Mavis does more than surround you with an aura of allure. It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. And Mavis

actually *protects* the youthful softness of your skin. So soothing! . . . Add fresh new loveliness to your charm—with Mavis. Its all-over fragrance lasts and lasts! Try Mavis today!

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

MAVIS

Genuine
Mavis
Talcum

IN THE RED
CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name _____
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City _____
State _____

S-8



HER THREE LOVERS

were under
secret orders
to murder
her

Secret Agent

starring

MADELEINE CARROLL
PETER LORRE
JOHN GIELGUD
ROBERT YOUNG

From the play by Campbell Dixon
Based on the novel, "Ashenden",
by W. Somerset Maugham

DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Coming Soon to
Your Favorite Theatre

A  **PRODUCTION**

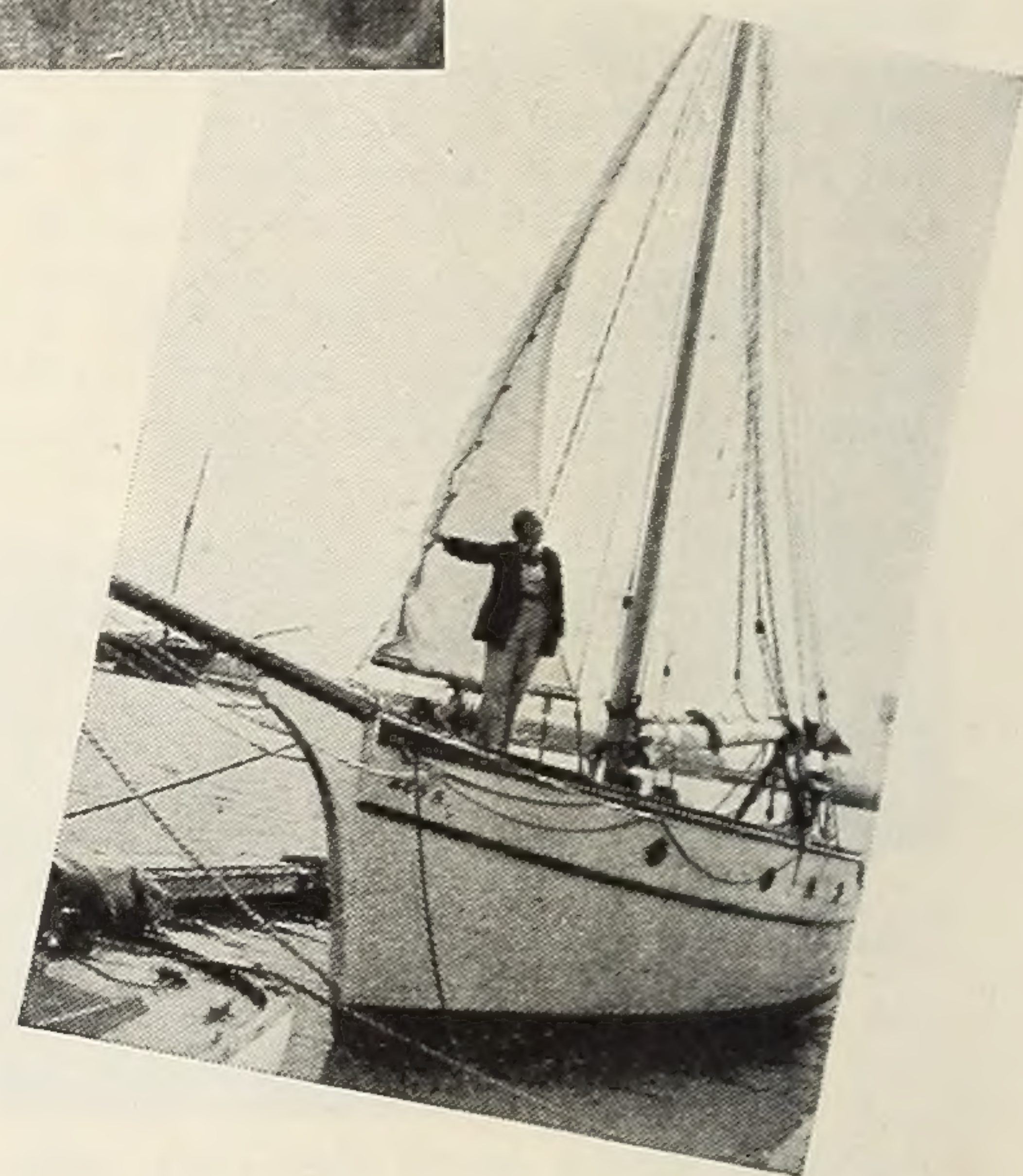
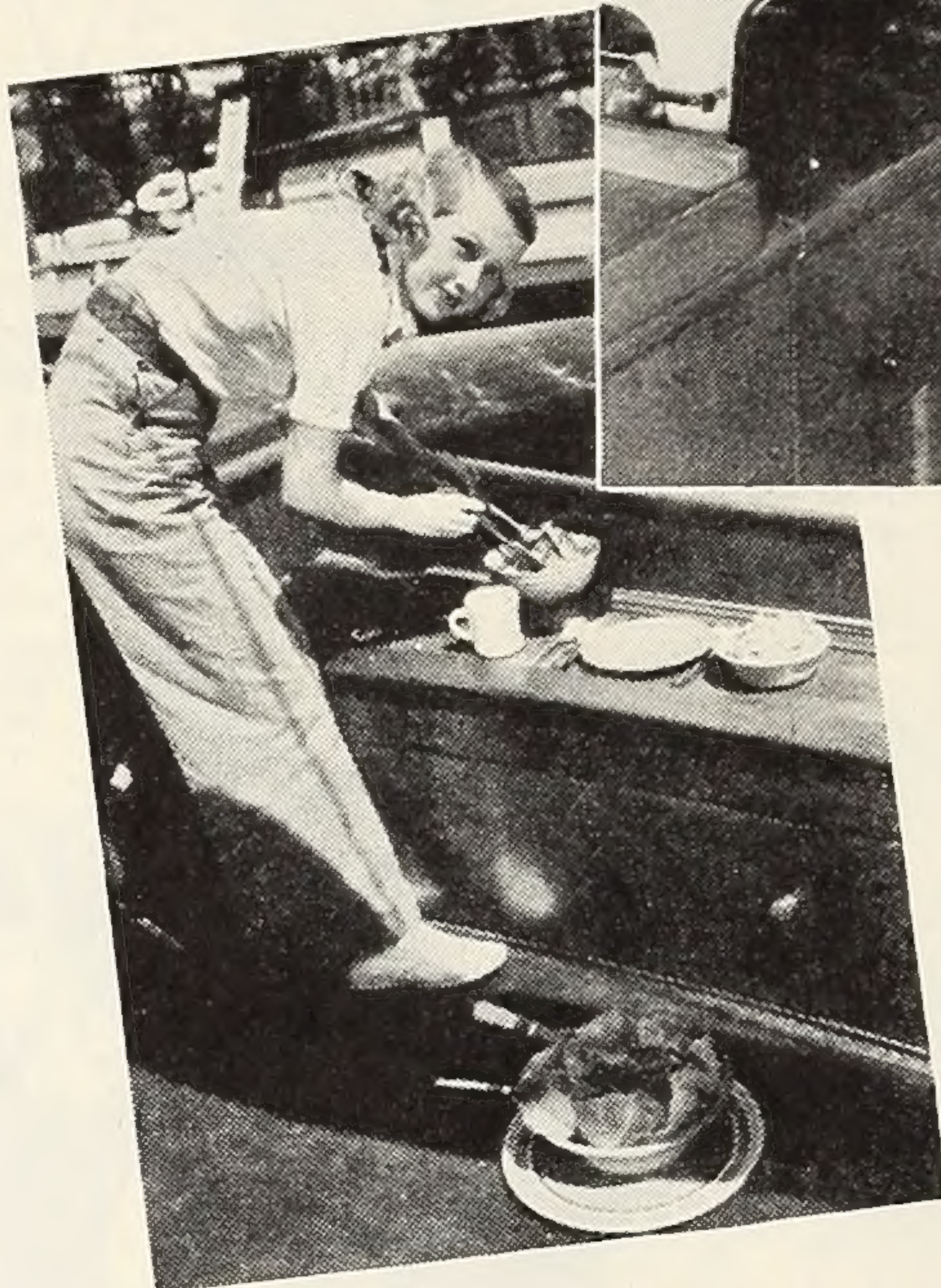
INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

Barracuda baked in a bag on a boat! Evalyn places a 3-lb. fish in the portable oven of her galley range, right. Below, our cruising hostess mixes a salad. Right below, Evalyn on the bow of her 45-ft. cutter, "Celito Lindo."



By
**Betty
Boone**

Exclusive photographs especially posed for SCREENLAND by X. Martin-Smith.



"Home" to Evalyn Knapp is a neat little, sweet little cruiser! Here's a new sort of star housekeeping story you'll like

EVALYN KNAPP uses a small apartment in Hollywood as a place to sleep, eat, and dress in while she's working, but her real home is the *Celito Lindo*, the Docks, Wilmington, California.

"When Dr. George Snyder and I were married," explains Evalyn, "he offered me my choice between a rather nice house, decorated and furnished according to my own ideas, and a boat built to cruise as far as the South Seas. My husband already owned the boat, but he would rebuild it so that we could fulfil our mutual dream of travel. The *Celito Lindo* has a cruising radius of 2000 miles without the sail—excuse me if I display some of my nautical vocabulary!"

She twinkled, and thereby the hint of resemblance to Dolores Costello's wistful beauty vanished, and she looked like nobody else but the piquantly pretty Evalyn Knapp.

Evalyn knew that her bridegroom adored the boat; marriage to her meant what it should mean to brides—happiness for the beloved; so she gallantly voted for the South Seas—and *that* for a house on land!

"Our argument is that if you have the travel bug, as we have, owning a house is a liability," she told me, earnestly. "If the chance comes to get off for a long trip, you usually can't sell on a moment's notice; if you rent, you can't depend on tenants; if you close it up, it's a dead loss and a constant worry. You can't sail away in your house, but you can in your boat. Especially if you are willing to live very simply and do your own work."

"When we decided on the boat, I didn't know the first thing about the sea or sailing, and I wasn't really certain that I could boil water. Any sort of cooking was beyond me. But now, believe it or not, I'm crazy about all of it. I used to think boats were men's toys, that all men loved them and all women hated them. But I'm as bad as the doctor now—I'm happiest on the sea!"

Even I, who wouldn't know a bulkhead from a cockpit, must admit that the *Celito Lindo* is a pretty thing.

(Description by Dr. Snyder, who is fairly sure I'll get it wrong: 45 foot yacht, cutter rigged, with auxiliary semi-Diesel engine; engine starts on gasoline but runs on crude oil; gasoline for starting is carried in a

small tank on deck where any leakage would run out the scuppers, so there's no fire hazard. Hull painted white with green trim, dark green below water line. Forward, the deck is canvassed, but in the cockpit the deck is natural oak, holystoned white. Coaming, bitts, mast and boom are varnished in natural color. (Don't ask me what they are!)

"It's the largest boat that can be handled by one man," Evalyn assured me. "When we take long trips, there will be just the two of us, and if anything happens to one, the other must be able to bring her in. That's why the doctor insists that I must learn to be a real sailor. I'm a pretty good deckhand now; I can do about everything except fix the engine. Engines are mysteries to me.

"But fortunately, kitchens aren't! Look, this is the galley—my sea-going kitchen. I use a two-burner kerosene stove, with an oven that fits over one burner. Then this skillet fits over both burners and gives me a whole sheet to get breakfast on. You see, when we give a party, it's usually an all-day party, so breakfast is a good meal. If you're interested in good menus for any sea, lake, or river—or even beach-parties, I know some. The new cook tries all the new gags!



Evalyn Knapp is about to serve a platter of creamed lobster baked in scallop shells to her guests.

"For breakfast, I serve fruit or tomato juice, hot cakes, sand-dabs fried in olive oil, crisp bacon, and coffee. If I were in the East, I'd substitute smelts for the sand-dabs. Because we serve breakfast the minute the guests arrive, while we're still anchored, this sort of thing is digestible and delicious.

"But when it comes to luncheon, the wise hostess thinks of her possibly squeamish sea newcomers. Did you know that beans are sometimes the only food that will stay down if a person is seasick? That's why they call them 'navy beans'—the navy serves a thin bean soup to men who can't eat anything else.

"As a rule, I have a good brand of canned beans, to which I add a tablespoon of New Orleans molasses, strips of bacon across the top and bake in my oven until thoroughly hot. Brown bread or French sour bread and coffee is good with this.

"If I'm feeling very ambitious, I fix 'Mexican Beans' instead. But these have to be prepared at home and brought down in the baking dish."

(Continued on page 83)

9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!



THE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor *if you deodorize only*. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm *dry*, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though you are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

Protect yourself this SURE way

Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments re-

quired to use Liquid Odorono, because it is *sure*. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

Saves your expensive gowns

Odorono ends forever those shocking perspiration stains which can fade and ruin a lovely frock or coat lining, in just one wearing. And of course, there is no grease to make your clothes messy.

You can get Odorono in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

Let Odorono keep your underarm dry, your clothes as sweet and fresh as *you* are—and you will be truly exquisite. Send today for samples of two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8 S 6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____





**WISH I WAS
HOME AGAIN—
I HATE THIS
PLACE...**



**SALLY'S
BAD
SKIN
NEARLY
QUEERED
HER
WHOLE
SUMMER**

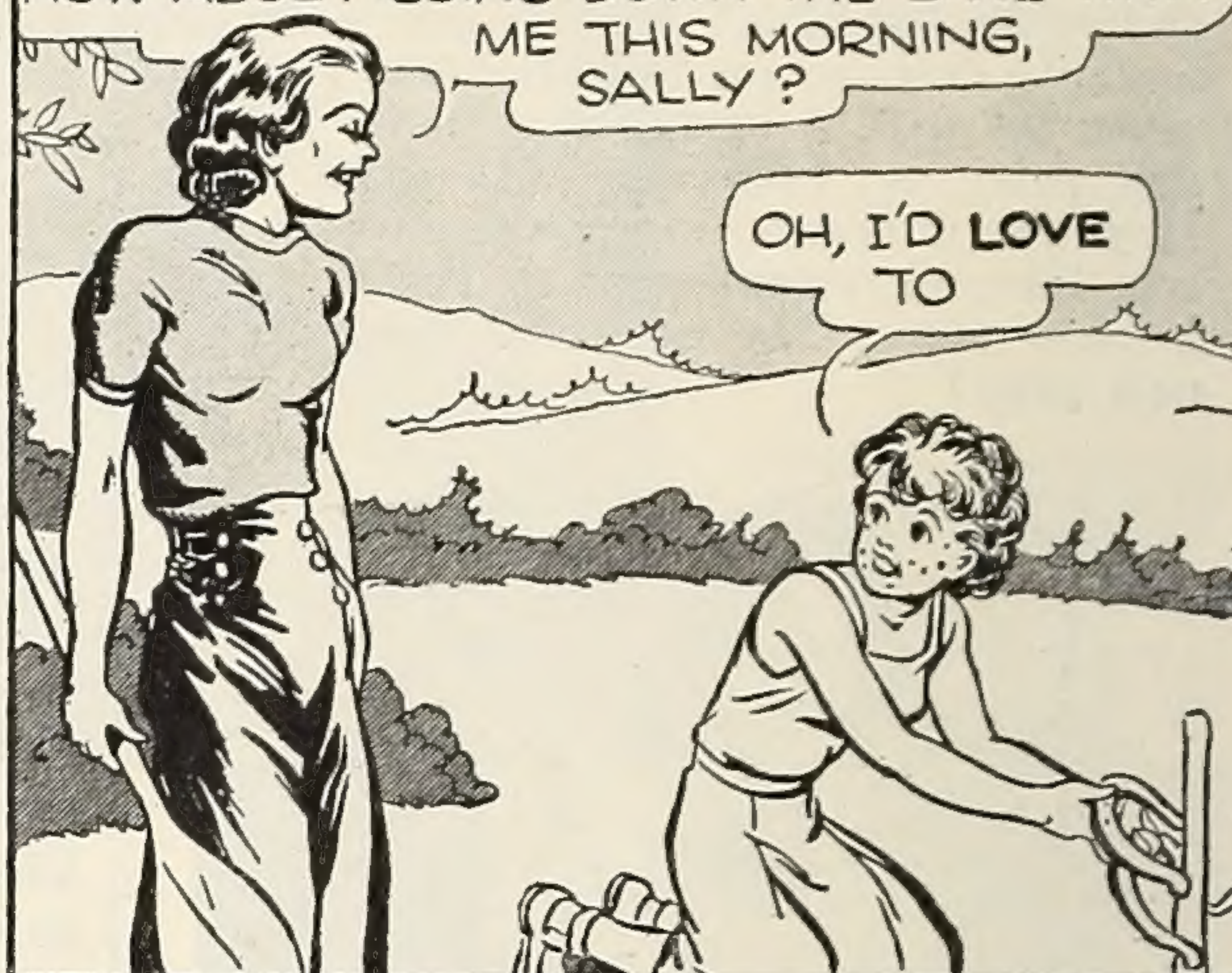
WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE?—I THOUGHT **ALL** THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC

IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS



HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?

OH, I'D LOVE TO



ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?

WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD—but I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE



NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?

I CERTAINLY WILL—I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE **RIGHT NOW** TO GET SOME



LATER

SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME—THERE'S NOT **ONE** PIMPLE LEFT!

GOOD WORK—SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!

HI, THERE, SALLY—HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU



**—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

**Don't let adolescent pimples keep
YOU from making friends**

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

The Editor's Page

He's famous as the "Little Caesar" of the cinema, as you see him at the right. But in reality he's one of Hollywood's finest gentlemen, Edward G. Robinson, below.



An
Open Letter
to

Edward G. Robinson



DEAR "Little Caesar":

Don't reach for that gun. Wait a minute. Oh, I know how you feel about that "Caesar" tag. You probably wish you'd never heard of that picture. You want to run and hide when people see you on the street, stop, stare, then gasp: "Jeepers, it's Caesar!" in a scared tone, but with awe. You, gentlest of gentlemen, have become a sort of symbol of the sinister and sordid on the screen. "Little Caesar" did it, brought you fame and fortune; yet after all this time you still cringe when, even at the opera or at "21," total strangers persist in greeting you: "Hi, Tough Guy!" I know; I've seen it happen.

It would be different, I suppose, if you were more the ordinary actor. The sort who basks in the glory reflected from his character; who doesn't care what the crowds call him so long as they call. You're made of finer stuff. You have the sublime ego of the true artist in you, that makes you long to do something shining and splendid—something like "Napoleon" or "Beethoven," perhaps.

Well, "Caesar"—I mean, Eddie—I don't blame you. I thought the same—once. But then I sat in a theatre where your new picture, "Bullets or Ballots," was playing to a packed house. I watched their faces as you cracked that guy on the shins and then knocked him out. I studied their expressions as you swaggered through the gang of bad men and held your own. The tougher you got, the better they liked it. You could give a magnificent performance of "Beethoven" and the critics would cheer; but the people who pay admissions apparently want to see you sock the so-and-so's on the nose as they themselves would sock if they could get away with it.

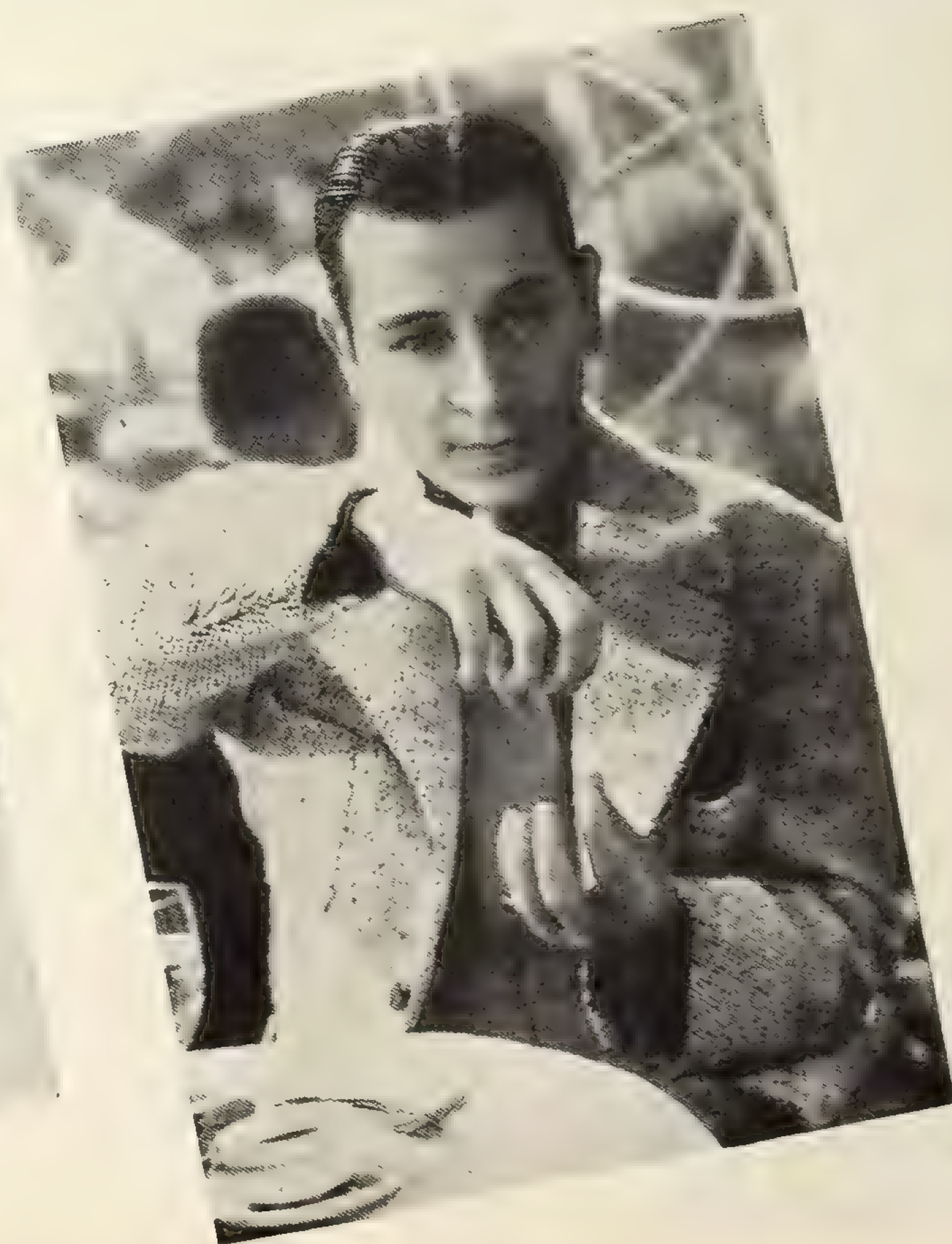
So cheer up, Eddie. You may spend most of your screen career playing "Cops and robbers" on a grand scale, because you play that game so much better than most. But if it's any satisfaction to you, I get more queries about your private life—"Is he really such a Tough Guy?"—than about Robert Taylor's; and it's a great honor and privilege for me to be able to say: "He isn't like that at all. Why, you should see his collection of paintings; and his exquisite taste in all fine things, including his beautiful wife and son; and you would enjoy knowing him, probably, more than almost any man in pictures, because he's so genuine. As for those grim rôles he plays, they're no real part of him; he doesn't 'feel' 'em; he plays them so superbly because you see, folks, he's an ACTOR!"

Delight Evans

Have You Played



Everybody's playing it! Smart stars demonstrate their own for you here. Above, Joan Crawford's best "Handie," which had her "Gorgeous Hussy" leading man, Robert Taylor, stumped: A man with lockjaw singing "Music Goes 'Round and 'Round." Right, Joe E. Brown shows one made up in his honor: Joe E. Brown eating a caraway seed.



George Raft, left, demonstrates his "Handie" game: The Quintuplets under a shower bath. Margaret Lindsay, far left, says expressively: "I'm putting two and two together." Now you think of some! How about "Necking in the moonlight?" Get it?

The "Handie" Game?



When SCREENLAND asked Shirley Temple to show us her favorite "Handie," she said she'd love to, and the picture above is the result. Then we asked Shirley what it meant. "Oh, I don't know," she said, "I just liked to do it." So write your own "Handie." Left, Dick Powell does "I gotta hunch."

Ida Lupino says: "Cut it!" signaling her director that she can do the scene better if he'll let her try it again. George Brent, at far right, gives his impression of "An absent-minded Indian looking at a sunset."





Ginger Rogers'



Rhythm! Ginger Rogers has it, and it's probably the main reason for her marriage break-up. Her spirit can't be chained. The pictures on this page show Ginger dancing like mad rehearsing for "Never Gonna Dance." The dancing man in several of the photographs at top is Hermes Pan, clever dance director of the Rogers-Astaire films.

GINGER ROGERS is dancing again! I don't mean over on Stage 9 where she and Fred Astaire are finishing up the last of the dance routines for "Never Gonna Dance." But on the gay, shiny dance floors of Hollywood's smart night clubs where people laugh and sing and say casual little charming things. Where nothing is Important. And nothing really matters. How beautifully she dances. Hers is the graceful rhythm of a sailboat in a summer's evening breeze. Rhythm, that's it—it's rhythm that you think of when you think of Ginger Rogers. Rhythm is an unfinished song, a never-ending dance, a refusal of the spirit to be tethered. And rhythm is probably the main reason why Ginger couldn't make a go of her marriage with Lew Ayres. Her spirit couldn't be chained.

Isn't it strange how men like to bind with cold cruel chains the very thing that first attracted them to a girl? Lew Ayres, a silent, serious young man, was greatly attracted by Ginger's gaiety, her bubbling laughter, her free and easy camaraderie with the world, and her voracious appetite for life; and Lew fell desperately in love with her. They met first at a Hollywood party in March, 1933, and Lew as is his custom retired somberly to the quietest corner of the room, but he couldn't help but notice the good-looking girl who had practically all the males in the room gathered around her. She would laugh, she would sing, she would dance, and Lew became so fascinated that although he had sworn off of women, (that was soon after his divorce from Lola Lane), that before he left the party he had wrangled her 'phone number out of one of the guests. Nature put on a grand cataclysmic show for their first date. Ginger was in a beauty salon when her mother called her to say that a Mr. Ayres



New Freedom

wanted to take her to dinner that evening. "I don't know any Mr. Ayres," said Ginger. Her mother explained that it was Lew Ayres and that he had met her at a party a few days ago and he seemed a very nice boy and Ginger was wracking her brain trying to place him when she suddenly felt a sinking sensation in her stomach and looking out of the window saw a telephone pole swaying like a metronome. "Earthquake!" someone shouted. "Tell him yes!" shrieked Ginger, and dashed for the street.

A little thing like a major disaster couldn't keep Ginger and Lew at home that night. They dined and danced at the Biltmore Bowl down in Los Angeles and the second big tremor threw Ginger, along with a couple of hard rolls and a cup of coffee, right into Lew's arms. "Thank you, Mother Nature," said Lew, taking advantage of the opportunity. It was all very exciting, this trying to dance with the floor rolling under you, and Ginger was terribly thrilled by it all, and the romance got off to a beautiful start. Dates followed in quick succession, and soon all Hollywood knew that Lew and Ginger were going together to the exclusion of everyone else. Ginger was going through an athletic phase then and every Sunday would find Ginger and a few of their mutual friends at Lew's home in the Hollywood hills playing tennis and ping-pong. "Lew will be good for Ginger," a lot of people said, "he's so serious and ambitious. And Ginger isn't." But a lot of other people shook their heads.

Ginger and her mother went to New York in the fall of 1934 and Ginger told several of her best friends that she definitely would not marry Lew Ayres. So quite obviously she married Lew Ayres. The engagement party took place on "The Lottery" (Continued on page 85)

Ginger is gay again! She is dancing for fun as well as for her new Fred Astaire picture. Here's the most understanding story ever written about rollicking, rhythmic Rogers

By
Elizabeth
Wilson



DISTANT

By
MARGARET E.
SANGSTER

A new novel in the ultra-modern manner, with glittering Hollywood the background for a gripping romance

Illustrated by
Georgia Warren



PART I.

THE little movie chorus girl said: "How old are you, Bill?"

Bill Banton answered: "Older than God, I guess." He added, "Do you want the new issue of SCREENLAND? You're in one of the double-page spreads. You show up fine, especially your knees."

The girl said: "Be your age, Bill. What is your age?"

Bill Banton gave a copy of *American Mercury* to a man who looked as if the alphabet itself would be too much for him. He gave a chocolate bar to an elderly woman who looked hungry. He said, "I might be thirty. I might be a hundred and thirty. I might be a thousand and thirty!"

The little chorus girl murmured, "Oh." She smiled

into Bill's face and there was something very nice about her smile. Apparently she didn't see anything but his face. Apparently she wasn't conscious of his dragging, useless foot. She said:

"I like you most awfully, Bill. You saved my life with that five dollars you loaned me last week. I get paid today. I'll give it to you on my way out."

Bill Banton returned the smile, and suddenly the deep lines made by too much suffering were erased, and the marks of age—that had not been graven by the years—were very faint. When Bill smiled his expression became almost boyish.

"Hush your noise, Carol," he said. "If I ever needed a fiver—and you had it—you'd practically force it on me!"



the fall shook Bill Banton, but his humiliation at earning Mavis Dorian's scorn made him suffer more. The star ceased her tirade suddenly as she looked at Bill's face. She burst into laughter. "He looks like a dog, waiting to be kicked," she giggled derisively.

The little chorus girl echoed, "If I had it!" she laughed and nodded to the door-keeper, and slipped in through the gateway of the Ultra-Alta lot.

Bill, watching her go, continued to smile. And then a comedian, with a brow like *Hamlet*, asked for a copy of *Variety*, and Bill stopped smiling and made change.

* * *

Bill Banton's paper stand! It stood just this side of the entrance to what for many was the promised land. To what, for many more, was the cemetery of dead hopes. Outside the portal of paradise—or hell—he sold tabloids and funnies, cigarettes and candy, to the most famous of the actors, (sometimes), and the least famous of the extras, (often). He rather liked his stand, too—it was more, to Bill, than a livelihood. It kept him busy from

early morning until past twilight. Furthermore it didn't give him much time for thinking. It didn't give him many minutes in which to remember that he was often in pain.

Most of the stars knew Bill by name. Some of them bullied him, and some of them chose to be gracious. One lady from England had him order the *Illustrated London Times* and *Punch* especially for her. One lady from Brooklyn had a way of confiding in him—confidences that were slightly orchid-tinged. But—and this spelled a little private Gethsemane for Bill—one lady from Wisconsin always averted her eyes when she passed. And yet—because the human mind is as perverse as it is complicated—Bill admired the lady from Wisconsin, (which sounds a trifle political), more than any of the others.

"Tell me about Miss Dorian," he'd ask casually of page boy, of mechanic, of electrician, as they lingered close to his stand, "she's a looker, that one!"

It was a stage carpenter who set Bill right on the subject of the Dorian.

"Her name was Marty Smith," he said, "back in Sheboygan, or wherever she (Continued on page 65)



Rochelle takes time out for a puff or two on the set of "Poppy," in which she plays with W. C. Fields.

Can A Career KILL Romance?

Rochelle Hudson has youth, beauty, and a big contract; but she lacks love! Read why

By
Dickson Morley

WHEN a girl is nineteen, a knock-out, and a major number in the Hollywood set-up, there remains one big hitch to realizing heaven on earth. *And that is lack of love!*

Romance should be a cinch for a girl in Rochelle Hudson's glamorous circumstances. Blessed with a particularly captivating personality, aided by a gorgeous wardrobe, and haloed by fame, she ought to be leading a gay, beaux-strewn life.

Only she insists to me that she isn't. She declares that there is a strange situation existent in the movie colony. Love—meaning men and dates—aren't what you'd casually suppose. Even for a "lucky" lass who apparently has all the odds in her favor.

"Men?" My queries were met with questions on her part. "Where are they? And as for dates, they're more apt to be dilemmas than simple delights. For a young actress, love is practically an unsolvable problem!"

Now Rochelle's working hours are taken care of, for she is being rewarded for a lengthy apprenticeship by stardom at the 20th Century-Fox studios. But Rochelle is piquantly human, too. Although she is faithfully studying dramatic technique and diction, as well as singing and dancing and French, there is still a bit of spare time left over. Yes, even after she reads the papers to keep informed on current crises!

That she should wish for a reasonable measure of innocent fun is just natural. It wouldn't be normal for her to be one of those hundred-per-cent stay-at-home recluses. Yet more and more that's what she is actually

getting to be—and through no choice or design of her own.

"I don't believe I'm frivolous," she asserted in attempting to explain the social perplexities of an unmarried feminine player. "I really have been concentrating on amounting to something, and somehow I've never had time to fritter idly away.

"I don't care about going to a lot of parties. But I *do* adore dancing. After I've been tied down all week to work, it *is* a thrill to dress up in my prettiest evening gown and go to the Cocoanut Grove or the Trocadero. A tempting dinner for two, soft lights, a wonderful orchestra, and an attractive partner—this is my dream of a grand frolic.

"But this business of boy-friends for a Hollywood girl is amazing. You immediately bump into complications. You want companionship and sometimes, perhaps, a dash of flirtation. On the other hand, you have been terribly fortunate at a studio. You have soon realized that your personal plans must necessarily revolve around the work the studio gives you. It is impossible to fly off on a hectic love affair which would ruin the chance for which you've struggled so hard."

You may have thought that Rochelle has stepped overnight into the star class, and fancy that her replacing Janet Gaynor in "Way Down East" was pure luck. Neither conclusion would be strictly accurate, for in reality she has been preparing to deliver stand-out performances. Patiently she has waited for this recognition.

She was born in Oklahoma City, the only child of an intelligent, cultured couple. (Continued on page 66)

WHEN I first saw James Stewart bantering his way through the early stages of "Next Time We Love" with Margaret Sullavan and Ray Milland; when I saw him in "Rose Marie" as Jeanette MacDonald's brother who remarked, "Sis can't understand a fellow wanting to get away and see far places;" when I saw him in "Wife vs. Secretary" as Jean Harlow's boy friend who had guts enough to tell her off when she kept throwing him over for the boss; and lastly when I saw him more than holding his own in the matter of clowning with Ted Healy in "Speed," I thought, "Now, there's a guy who should be interviewed. He's nuts."

So I interviewed him. His biography is singularly undistinguished. His father owns a small hardware store in Indiana, Pennsylvania, where Jim was born. He prepped at Mercersburg Academy, and afterwards attended Princeton, where he studied architecture. He learned to play the accordion and went in for track, high jump and hurdle. With those long legs of his he should. He went on the stage because no firm of architects offered him a job. That about takes care of Jim's past and it will be told and re-told in a dozen magazines. If you want the details, consult them. It wasn't what I wanted.

At the end of an hour I was the most disappointed writer in Hollywood. He was agreeable, likeable, and that was all. Just another run-of-the-mill juvenile—albeit an unusually capable one. But of that bantering quality I mentioned, of that longing to go places that makes the possessor of said quality the despair of his family and delight of his acquaintances—there wasn't a vestige.

I hadn't even been able to blast a laugh out of Jim. Then I saw him at a large party talking to Barbara Stanwyck. A few days later I saw Barbara and mentioned Jimmy. "Gee, he's crazy," Barbara bubbled.

"I thought he would be," I answered dispiritedly, "but he wasn't."

"He's nuts," Barbara affirmed. "Why, at that party along toward six o'clock I said I guessed we'd better go. 'Do we have to go?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said, 'the invitations plainly said from four to six.' 'But I don't want to go,' he said, 'I'm having a

swell time.' 'But we've got to,' I protested. 'Aw, come on,' he coaxed, 'let's stay and be a problem.'"

"That's what I thought he'd be like," I ejaculated.

Ever since then Jim has been referred to by Barbara and me as "the problem child."

Next day I went back to M-G-M with blood in my eye. I'd been gypped. I ran into Mr. Stewart watching them excavate for the new restaurant. "Hey, you," I said, "I want to see you some more."

"What's the matter?" he countered uneasily. "Didn't you get enough for your story?"

"Yes," I said, "but not the right kind of stuff. I forgot to ask you the color of your toothbrush handle."

"White," murmured Mr. Stewart, "for purity."

"And how you like your eggs—"

"I *don't* like 'em," he broke in, "but I eat 'em raw—in my orange juice—so I'll grow up to be big and strong." He eyed me meaningfully. "And fat," he added.

"I was kidding," I announced hastily. But, growing suddenly confidential, "here's the whole thing in a nutshell: When I saw you on the screen and even after I'd met you, I thought, 'He's nuts.' But try as I would that first day I couldn't get anything out of you to support my supposition. Then, the other day, I was talking to Barbara Stanwyck and she told me some things about you that have set my mind at rest."

"That's treason," he yelled indignantly. "I try to amuse her and what happens? She laughs and tells. She's a cad! And regardless of what I used to be, the studio bosses told me to quiet down and be (Continued on page 78)

The Guy is Nuts!

James Stewart is Hollywood's new sensation. You'll laugh at his gags but you'll have to take his fine acting seriously

By S. R. Mook





GIRLS

They Could Really Love



Who's the girl? That's the question we asked these leading screen lovers, and you'll be surprised at their frank answers. The bathing beauty at the left might interest several of our Hollywood heroes. Who is she? We're not telling! Bing Crosby and Ronnie Colman, above, seem impressed.

ONE of the funniest, and at the same time, one of the most honest souvenirs among my collection of Interviews That Never Have Been Printed was with a Broadway Boy who had come out to Hollywood for a picture or two as a sort of breather between his legitimate engagements and his latest breach of promise suits.

A walking example of the Débutante's Dream, it was obvious that the West Coast writers would flock to him to get his undying words on what he thought of women in general, and Hollywood women in particular.

I remember he sat in an elaborate dressing-room suite, clad in white flannels and a white tennis shirt open at the throat, (just like your favorite photograph of him). His feet were sprawled out on an easy chair and he was chewing gum like mad to keep from smoking more cigarettes than were good for him.

For a half-hour or so we indulged in minor chit-chat about Hollywood and Broadway and percentages and salaries, before we got around to the really important subject of what this Lady-Killer thought about women.

That was my assignment, but it never lived to see the light of print, because how was I to know he was going to tell me what he *really* thought of them?

"Well," drawled the Killer, "the world is full of sweet women, and mean women, pretty women and plain women but I seem to prefer ordinary women! Of course, if anyone told me that I liked women who were too conspicuous, whose nails were too red, who dressed too flashily, who laughed too loudly and smoked too much, I would probably deny it. But it must be true, because whenever I find myself becoming really serious about a girl, she is usually this type. So I must like them best!"

You've got to give the boy credit! That's devastating—especially after the reams of copy that go out from Hollywood about the wood violets and the modest Little Audrey's most actors are supposed to admire and respect as a type.

For years I've been listening to actors sing about their publicity Dream Girls and trying to check the picture with their latest flame, or newest wife; and the

What do great screen lovers demand in lovelies they could fall in love with? It was a deep secret—till we made them tell

By
Dorothy Manners

Does Gene Raymond prefer brunettes? What type intrigues handsome Bob Taylor, below? Read our story and learn just what qualifications the leading men of the movies demand in their heart appealers.

only possible conclusion to be reached is that they are first-class prevaricators, or else they're all tied up with the wrong women! In a way, I suppose it isn't entirely their fault. The majority of men feel duty-bound loudly to admire the modest, homespun virtues in print. But when it comes to choosing a mate to share their lives, or a dinner partner to share a meal at the Trocadero, you find that while actors may adore Sweet Sixteens in the abstract, it's Somebody Else Again who gets them, in the concrete!

When Clark Gable first started burning up the town he granted several whimsical interviews dealing with the subject of his boyhood sweethearts, (I always got the mental picture they wore ribbons in their hair and gingham aprons), and in one of these stories he sentimentally protested he should have remained in his old home town, married the sweetest of the flock, and settled down to a calm, quiet life far from the maddening influence of Hollywood. It is a sweet thought—but that is about as far as it goes in practice.

If you are a naïve child, with nothing more exciting to recommend you than a good skin and a natural curl in your hair, I'm afraid Clark wouldn't give you a second glance, if he were to meet you at teatime some Hollywood afternoon. For the women who have (*Continued on page 68*)



PARIS

News about the Continental holidays of your film favorites

By Stiles Dickenson

PARIS always has its allure. Stars of all nations can't resist a visit, if only a fleeting one. All at the same time we had a Mexican invasion, a Swedish star lingered a while, a French song-bird rested her wings on her flight back to Hollywood, and some American directors and film producers were here on their constant search for new faces.

The Mexicans in the persons of Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez, and Ramon Novarro were still fundamentally Mexican amidst the French atmosphere; the Swedish Nils Asther seemed as though he belonged always in Paris, but the French diva, Lily Pons, seemed subtly but surely to be changing into an American. Of course big American film magnates like Joseph Schenck, Samuel Goldwyn, and the Warner Brothers are essentially big American film magnates no matter what the surrounding atmosphere may be.

The Del Rio was on her way to London to co-star in a film with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Each time one sees Dolores she seems to be more beautiful. There is a glowing warmth in her dark beauty. She seems less febrile and there is added poise and depth plus a real joy of living. The joy of living, she will hasten to explain in her exotic, vibrant voice, is the success she has made in combining a career with married life. But she says that if it ever comes to a showdown and she must give up one of these it would be the career that would go and she would settle down calmly and happily being Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Her husband had finished his work on the decoration and scenes of "Romeo and Juliet" in time to accompany her. They arrived in Paris expecting to be joined by young Douglas so as to shoot some scenes in Paris, but Douglas was sick abed in London so they went on to join him. In the film to be called "Accused" Dolores plays the part of a dancer and knife-thrower,



Paris was their playground when our reporter saw, and interviewed for you, lovely Dolores Del Rio, above; dashing Nils Asther, left; sprightly Lily Pons, right; and other stars vacationing abroad.



(married to Douglas), who is accused of murder. The opening scenes showing Dolores doing her turn in a Parisian Music Hall were to have been staged at the Alhambra here in Paris. When she left she said that they would return to shoot the scenes later on, but knowing the great ability of the studios to create atmosphere I fear they might decide to do the Paris scenes in the London studio. It would be a pity, for surely the scenes shot in Paris would carry enough weight in their authenticity to warrant the (Continued on page 72)



Wide World



Acme



Wide World

LONDON

It's the gay season in London, with Hollywood brilliantly represented. Left, Richard Barthelmess, Anita Louise, Francis Lister and his wife Margot Grahame, and Sylvia Sidney, seen together aboard ship at Southampton. Lower left, Grace Moore and her husband. Below, Sylvia Sidney in Hyde Park.

IT'S Summer-time in London. Roses are blooming in Hyde Park, changing the King's Guard is once more a colorful military pageant of scarlet and gold, and every time you walk down Piccadilly you meet some lovely famous lady just arrived from Hollywood. (Which is the surest seasonal sign of all!)

Grace Moore is staying in London, not to face the cameras but to sing—her favorite French opera "Louise" being given at Covent Garden. She has to return to California to make her next picture but after that report announces she will come back to England to appear in a film for us. Grace says she "can't exactly confirm that yet" but she has had several long talks with Alexander Korda and everybody knows he is going to open his winter activities with a spectacular production that has an operatic theme.

Grace lunched with Korda and H. G. Wells at the Ritz the other day, all in filmy black setting off her fair skin and blonde hair which she now sweeps back off her bejewelled ears into bunches of neck-curls. She wore one of the hats she bought during her recent vacation in Paris, the latest French straw model with a square shallow crown and a two-inch brim. It was shiny black and trimmed with a massed chaplet of lilies-of-the-valley to match the posy Grace had pinned on her shoulder—another new fashion style from the Gay City.

The greatest sensation of the London season so far, and most surprising star of them all is Sylvia Sidney. Robert Donat was to have co-starred with Sylvia in her first British film, called "Sabotage" and based on a novel by Joseph Conrad. But later Robert withdrew; the official reason given was that an attack of asthma prevented Donat from fulfilling the contract. Whatever the reason it must have been important to Robert, because when Korda was forced to postpone "Hamlet" starring Donat, the dark-eyed romantic actor, though besieged with offers, chose this one, because he likes to play different types in his films and had not hitherto attempted such a somber dramatic rôle as this secret agent engaged in destroying London's power-stations. Sylvia plays the wife, whose young brother the criminal uses to carry an infernal machine through the city. But the bomb explodes prematurely, killing the boy, and the distraught sister revenges him by slaying her husband.

We all went to greet Sylvia at the railroad terminus and while we awaited the train's arrival an actor who knew her well in Hollywood a (Continued on page 73)

Piccadilly sees a glamorous parade of Hollywood stars—and so do you, in this first-hand story of film greats abroad

By
Heitie Grimstead



"I figured if Pat could get away with it, I could, so I followed him to New York to be an actor," says Spencer, who is rather rural now, raising alfalfa to feed his string of polo ponies, three of which you see with him at left. Above, with his daughter Susie, who says she's going to be an actress.

THEY KNEW EACH

"MR. TRACY," I was informed, as I walked into the studio to keep my appointment, "will be a few minutes' late. He's in the hay."

I smiled politely and dropped into a comfortable chair, wondering if I had heard correctly and if so, just what "in the hay" meant. Was Mr. Tracy asleep, or was it just a scene in his current picture, "Fury?"

Presently he came along, all pink-cheeked and friendly.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he volunteered, smiling out of a pair of very blue eyes. "That darned alfalfa crop had to be taken care of and I just couldn't leave."

It develops that Spencer has gone rural in a big way. What with his twelve polo ponies, a couple of thoroughbreds he's raising for racing purposes, (and who in Hollywood isn't?), to say nothing of his seven yearly crops of alfalfa, he doesn't have time for anything else these days.

It's a far cry from the beautiful sixteen-acre ranch to the days of the "Bloody Sixty-four" in Milwaukee where Spencer and Pat O'Brien were school-mates, and the later lean years on 94th Street and West End when they were still fighting their battles together in a struggle for existence.

"Pat's the best pal I ever had," Spencer said, earnestly. "We were pals in school together and I guess we'll

always be friends, no matter where we are. He's a swell guy.

"I was just about fourteen when I first met Pat," he went on, reminiscently. "It was at the Jesuit School in Milwaukee. All the time we were in school, we used to fight each other's battles. Then we both got a job in the lumber yards. Pat always got the softest job, though. He'd always manage to be the guy who tossed the lumber down to me below. I'd be standing down there, waiting, and he'd be taking it easy up above."

Somehow, I got the idea that Spencer didn't mind much if Pat got the best of the bargain. I wouldn't have been surprised if Spencer had arranged it that way, but he wouldn't be one to talk about it.

Life in the lumber yard began to irk young Pat, however, and he decided to go to New York to become an actor. Spencer didn't realize how much he'd miss his old fighting partner until he'd gone, but things weren't the same. Soon Spencer began making plans.

"I'd never thought much about being an actor," Spencer admitted. "Matter of fact, I hadn't made up my mind what I wanted to do. But when Pat went away I began to get the urge to follow him. I figured if that mug could get away with being an actor, I could, too!"

Being an actor, they both discovered, wasn't all it was cracked up to be. As a matter of fact, they couldn't find anyone at all who was even willing to give them a chance to act, much less give them any money for it.

They finally took a room in a boarding house on 96th Street. Life began to be pretty much of a problem, but the days never got so dark that the old sense of humor wasn't in evidence.

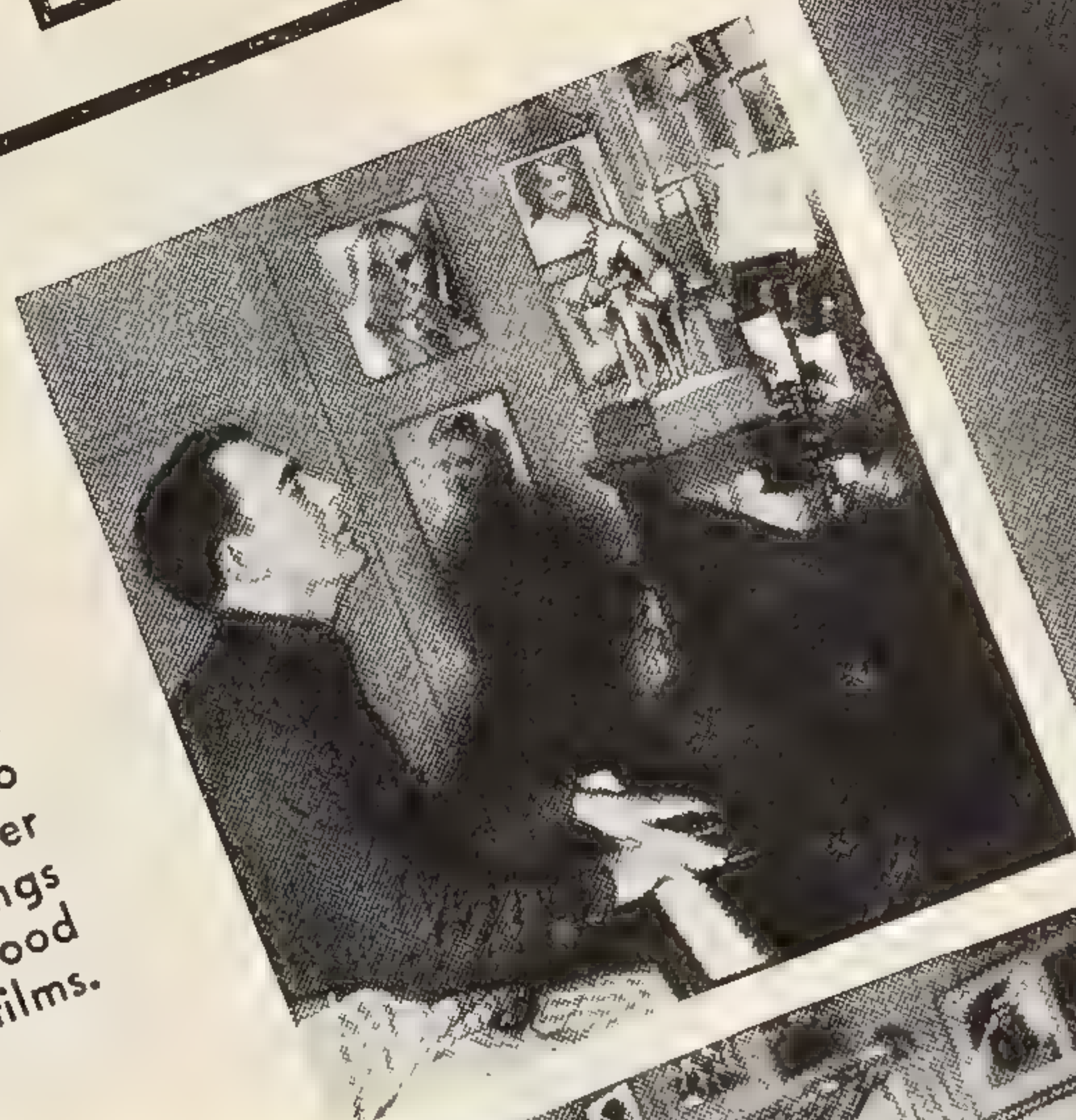
"We used to figure out more ways of dodging our landlady, Mrs. Brown," Spencer chuckled. "We'd wait until after the lights were all (Continued on page 74)

By
Virginia Wood

Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien,
neck-and-neck in the race for
fame since boyhood, tell on
each other, and make you like it

OTHER "WHEN"

Pat O'Brien, whose home was wherever his hat hung when he and Spencer were troupers together, likes his home in Brentwood so much he seldom goes out, even to pal around with Tracy. Right, Pat vocalizes to his own piano accompaniment. Below, looking over his huge scrap-book of press clippings in the living-room of his Brentwood home, where he rests between films.



"I THINK I know Spence better than he knows himself," was Pat O'Brien's opening remark, as we took our places at the luncheon table. "And," he added with a smile, "I guess he knows me pretty well, too."

Big, clean-cut and very Irish, ready to defend anyone he's fond of at the drop of a hat, I could see what Spencer meant when he told me Pat hadn't changed any. You can't conceive of Pat being anything other than he looks—honest, every inch a man, and conscientious as the day is long.

"You know, Spence was always a natural born actor," he went on. "Even in the school plays, back in Milwaukee and in the smallest parts in stock companies, Spence always made himself stand out. I don't think he ever realized it, but the rest of us did. He has that naturalness, that fine sense of humor that goes for a fine performance on either the stage or screen."

We used to have some great times together when we were first starting out. We were always broke. Did Spence tell you how we used to swipe beer bottles to

turn in for sandwiches. There wasn't any angle we overlooked.

"We used to hang around the Lambs' Club, just waiting for someone to turn up with the price of a meal. We'd get a guest card from someone, even when we didn't have money enough to belong to the club, just so we could keep in touch with people."

"George McBride showed up at the club one day. He was the son of the department store owner back in Milwaukee. Spence and I welcomed him with open arms, knowing he'd have some dough. We finally got him to ask us to dinner that night. We picked out a place that had good steaks. Gosh, we'd been dreaming of steak for days, while we'd been eating pretzels and drinking a glass of beer occasionally. It wasn't a fancy place, but the food was good."

"We all sat down and ordered. Suddenly, someone noticed a peculiar odor. We discovered one of the gas jets in the place was leaking, and nothing could be done about it until a man came to fix it. One by one, the customers began leaving. McBride and Spence wanted me to go, but I was going to have my steak or else. They finally left me there and, believe it or not, I ate all three steaks!"

"I found them waiting for me outside, Spence was mad as the devil. It wasn't (Continued on page 74)



Hollywood Nearly Passed 'Em By!

Look at them then!
And look at them now!

By
Whitney Williams



Janet Gaynor, above, as Hollywood first saw her. Right, Fay Wray, who went from school to studio sets. Above, Gary Cooper roared about Hollywood on a motorcycle then; and Joan Crawford, lower right, was known as Hollywood's Dancing Girl.



THEY'RE stars now. Popularity, wealth, and fame are theirs. Their appearance anywhere, even in Hollywood, is cause for a hasty crowd to gather. If they had a dollar for every time they have signed their names to please some autograph hunter, they could feed the nation—and still have dollars left to purchase a few Hispana-Suizas, or Austins.

Who? Why, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray. Their combined salaries soar to fabulous heights. The romance of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell has been discussed as few other romances of history. The rise of Joan Crawford to one of our most glittering dramatic stars has never been equalled. Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Fay Wray boast followings that any great star of stage or screen might well envy.

Not always have these personalities been the source of news they are today, however. When first I knew them—gosh, that's a long time ago—they rated nothing in the news or dramatic columns. They were just nobodies, insofar as the world was concerned. Hollywood almost passed them by.

All but Joan Crawford started their picture careers as extras. Joan came to Hollywood fresh from the "Scandals" in New York. But she arrived *not* as Joan Crawford but as Lucile Le Sueur, dancer. The studio decided that this name was too difficult to pronounce,

and remember. Even the producers weren't quite certain how to pronounce the name without stuttering. And it would never do for a great producer to stutter. The studio arranged, therefore, for a contest to be held, to determine a new name for Lucile. The final selection lay in Joan Arden.

So Lucile Le Sueur over-night became Joan Crawford, no explanation being advanced why she didn't remain Arden, after all the hullabaloo of finding a new name for her. For a period, she seemed lost in the shuffle, at the studio.

Joan had not been in town long before Hollywood conferred on her the title of "The Dancing Girl." At that time, she went places with a young business man named Jerry Chrysler, and the two won dancing contests almost nightly at The Montmartre, The Cocoanut Grove, The Plantation and other smart cafés that donated silver cups for the (Continued on page 95)

PRACTICALLY no one outside of his own family, even in Hollywood, has heard all of the real story of Victor McLaglen.

He finally told it to me for SCREENLAND.

It's a fantastic, "press-agent's dream" tale. The places he has been, and the things he has done; the way fate has persistently fooled him; how no plan of his has ever come fully true—curious, to put it mildly!

Behind this giant of a man's burly masculinity there's still the untamed, untired heart of the brash adventurer. He never takes no for his answer. His enthusiasm is as intact as his vitality. Victor is famous, rich; he holds the Motion Picture Academy's award for the best work in this past season by any actor. He is, today, a person of responsibility, of important affairs.

But Victor, for whom every climax is but a prelude to a more surprising denouement, hasn't been altered by this tremendous success. When he let the mask of reserve down I realized that this movie star chapter of his hasn't given him new standards. He ran away from home to see the world, and he has certainly covered plenty of ground. Yet he has emerged from each unanticipated episode with the McLaglen honor untouched by the slightest stain.

"Garbo was right," he said suddenly, on the day he decided to be more than his usual, courteous self. "No one knows what the future will bring. It's an optimistic thought, too, isn't it? There is no telling how well we may wind up!"

"Take me, for instance. Seventeen years ago I was in—of all spots—Bagdad. I was in charge of the British military and civil police, and we'd captured that sector of the country from the Turks. Bagdad! It's half-way around the globe and I hadn't the faintest idea of becoming an actor then. There couldn't be a greater change for me. But even though I'm in such a different atmosphere, how can I erase those moments from my mind? I was there in Bagdad for five long years!"

"It symbolizes magic and glamor in children's books, as Beverly Hills does to modern grown-ups. I found it a typical old-world city, with about half a million population. It wasn't especially exciting. There were no Aladdinish trimmings; life for the Asiatic-Arabbians is crude.

"We just walked in—it wasn't fortified, but it was in a strategic location on the Tigris River. The Arabs deserted the Turkish army to stay in their homes."

I was intrigued at the way. (Continued on page 70)

From Bagdad to Beverly Hills

The exciting real-life adventures
of Victor McLaglen, told at last

By Ben Maddox



Soldier-of-fortune McLaglen, above, with his daughter on the steps leading to his beautiful Beverly Hills home.

Thrill to history's most gallant adventure as retold here from the exciting new Warner Bros. screen play, starring Errol Flynn with Olivia de Havilland opposite

Please turn to page 76 for complete cast and credits



The brave company goes into battle! Heroic soldier though he was, Geoffrey Vickers was helpless in the hands of a lovely woman, Elsa, his Colonel's daughter. Then his own brother, Perry, stepped in. Meanwhile, his military life must carry on.



The Charge of the

FIRST there had been the long days away from her. Then they had stretched into a week, a month, a year. And then there had been another year and another.

Years to remember her in. The small grace of her and her eyes that had wept in farewell. Her hair, black as the tropic night that comes without warning of shadow or twilight. Her skin as softly sweet and as glowing as jasmine-scented Indian gardens.

Only one more day and he would see her again. Harder for Geoffrey to endure this day, than all the years of days that had gone by.

He gave an order to the small company of Lancers that had been ordered to Calcutta from the Chukoti Garrison and the men prodded their horses into a gallop. But it was not fast enough. A steed as fleet as a hurricane wind that would bring him to her in minutes, not hours—that was what he wanted. A steed swift as his love for her.

Yet always Elsa had been with him as she was with him now. Riding beside him as he rode over the hot Indian country with his regiment. Standing beside him that day when Sir Humphrey Harcourt, the home government official sent from England, had thought he had placated Surat Khan, the Amir of Surustan. Strange, even the day he had saved the Amir's life when a leopard had leaped upon him during the hunt, she had been there, as though he had summoned her alive and real from his heart.

Trouble was brooding in India and none knew it better than Geoffrey Vickers who was a captain of her Majesty's twenty-seventh Lancers. For a soldier, close to

"Half a league, half a league,
half a league onward! Cannon to
left of them, cannon to right of them!"





Geoffrey led his men as they swept onward to the great attack. But his heart was left behind with Elsa, who loved his brother. The gallant company presses on, Geoffrey always in the thick of the fight that sometimes threatened helpless women and children.

Romance rides again!
Daring exploits of real-life heroes are recreated in this stirring drama of unsurpassed true love and courage

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen



Light Brigade

warring native tribes, knew what a diplomat could never know. And Geoffrey had seen Surat Khan's eyes when Sir Humphrey had informed him that the bounty paid him annually by the British government was to be discontinued. All right for an English Home Government official to think his diplomacy had saved a difficult situation. Geoffrey, the soldier, knew better.

So the hours went in thinking sometimes of the uprising that was sure to be the Amir's reprisal; in thinking of his brother, seconded from the army into diplomatic service in Calcutta. But swiftest of all the hours went in dreaming of Elsa, of her eyes and her mouth and her laugh.

Then it was over, this longest day of all, and his feet running up the path through the garden, and her father, Colonel Campbell, strangely grave with him when he told him Elsa was not at home.

The almost unbearable joy was gone now. So it wasn't until that evening he saw her at the ball at the Government House. She was dancing with Perry and he thought how good they were to look upon, this tall young brother of his and the vivacious girl who scarcely reached to his shoulder. He started towards them and then other dancers came between them and when he looked again he could not find them.

Perry's arm tightened around Elsa as he led her from the dance floor. Only that afternoon he had told her of his love for her. And though she had tried to deny him at first he had seen the happiness and sadness mingle in her eyes.

"Darling, you do love me, (Continued on page 75)

"Into the jaws of death.....
into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred!"



IS TEMPERAMENT DEAD?

WELL, apparently Hollywood has settled down to a sane and sensible mode of life, worse luck, for I was always one to love a bit of bizarre extravaganza. Nearly all the movie stars have become such goody-goody boys and girls ("goody-goody for you") who are early to bed and early to rise, and depressingly healthy, wealthy, and wise, that I am up to my lobes in beastly normality. I often find myself moaning low for the good old colorful days when Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri were fighting it out over the Star Dressing-Room on the Paramount lot, and Charlie Ray was holding up production while he installed gold door-knobs in his palatial home, and Clara Bow was telling off the producers and flying down to Caliente to keep a date with the croupiers, and Elinor Glyn was burning incense and spouting about "It," and John Gilbert was loudly courting Greta Garbo much to the annoyance of the Beverly Hills police. Ah, those were colorful days. Temperament was not a thing to be shushed at then. On the contrary, the more temperament



the better and brighter for everybody.

Will you ever forget the day that Glorious Gloria, discovering that Madame Negri was frightfully superstitious of black cats, launched at least two hundred of them on the studio lot so that no matter which way Pola turned a black cat crossed her path? And the day that Gloria brought the Marquis to Hollywood as her bridegroom and tread upon a carpet of roses while the jealous ladies who had no Marquis swooned with envy? And the day that Jetta Goudal suddenly decided in the midst of an important "take" that she didn't

Don't believe it! There are still some colorful examples in cinemaland, and we've found them for you, in this feature

By Margaret Angus



Is Margaret Sullavan, above, Number One Temperamental Star in Hollywood today? Joan Crawford, left, looks too lovely to be accused of temperament. Luise Rainer, at left across the page, has her colorful caprices; while Loretta Young, extreme left on opposite page, has had her beautiful calm poise ruffled a bit recently.

like the color of the dress she was wearing and proceeded to tear it into shreds? And the day that Lilyan Tashman made that terrific scene because she tried to cut herself a slice of turkey at a certain famous wedding and discovered that the bird was a little something from the studio prop department? And will you ever forget the Tashman-Bennett feud over who was the best dressed woman in Hollywood, and who had the most chic white drawing room, not to mention Gloria and Connie's battle to the finish over the Marquis de la Falaise? (Whatever became of "Hank"?) Yes, in those days production patiently waited, at thousands of dollars a minute, while their charming leading ladies fought, or sulked, or gambled, or loved, or played tricks on each other; and it was all pretty exciting and perfectly permissible because it came under the heading of temperament.

Well, what with the depression, and sound, and salary cuts, and the legitimates from Broadway, things got more or less rational, and the temperamental pets of the celluloid died a natural death. Movie stars learned to call each other names behind backs and not to faces, (that is still the approved method), and in that way the temperamental "scene" and hair-pulling was avoided. The children of the cinema became docile, obedient, polite, responsible, and, alas for local color, ree-fined. Producers ceased ducking ink-wells, directors finished their pictures

on schedule, and hair-dressers flourished, grew stout, and lived twenty years longer.

But fortunately for the likes of you and me who love a bit of bizarre extravaganza, ye goode olde temperament isn't entirely dead in Hollywood. Though not as colorful as it used to be there are still some pretty specimens of it. Temperament, as it is flashed in Hollywood today, for the most part consists of one-third art, one-third temper, and one-third just plain common orneryness. Producers, directors, and reporters are no longer impressed by it. Nor am I, but I am greatly amused. And now let's get cozy and dish like mad.

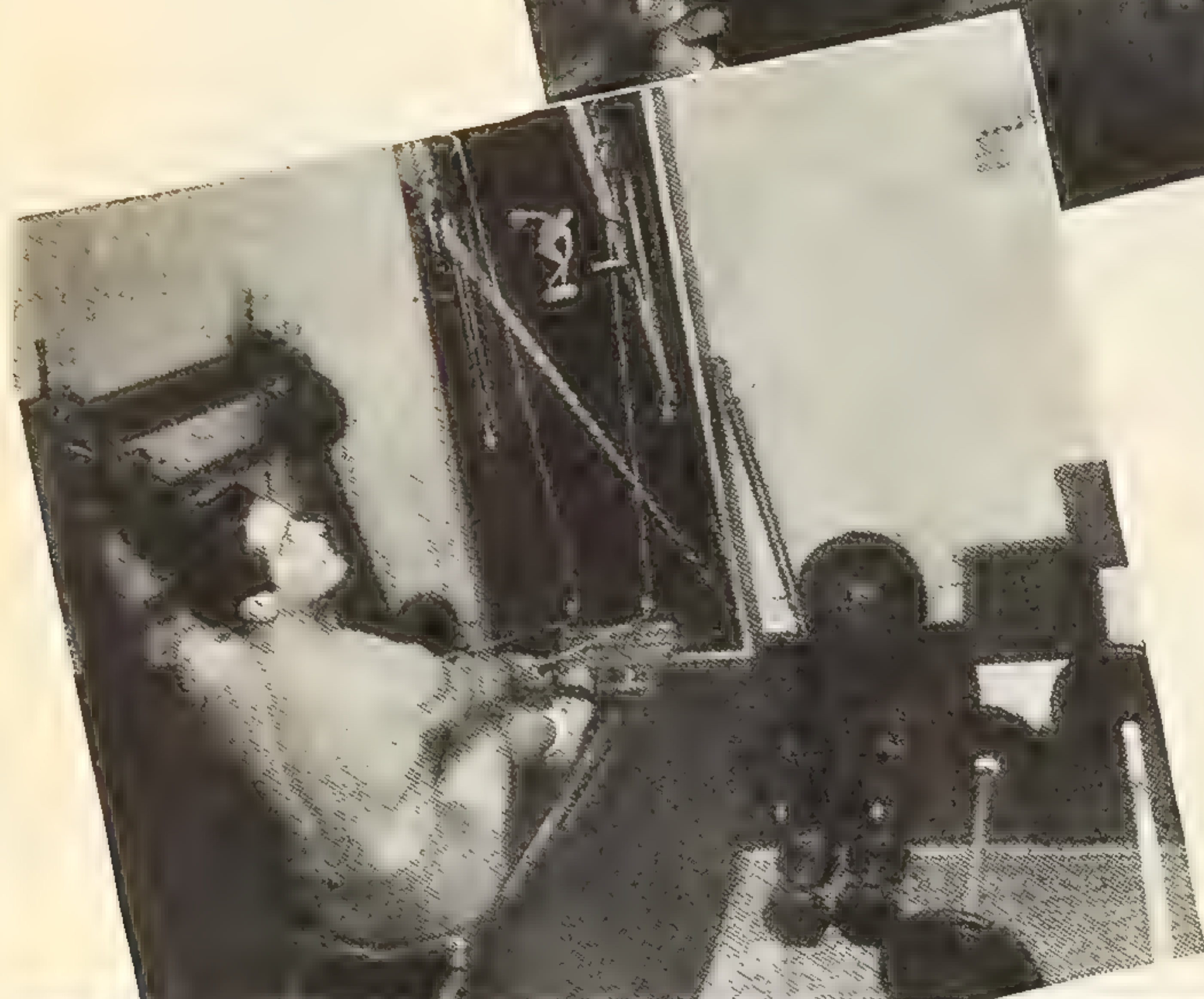
Margaret Sullavan, I guess, is Number One Temperamental Star in Hollywood today (now that Garbo has become so "gracious") but Luise Rainer, Metro's entry, bids fair to nose her out of first position at the next turn. And under wraps is Simone Simon. She'll make 'em both look like goody-goodies. Just give her time and pictures. Well, anyway, la Sullavan doesn't pick herself a rival movie star to feud with as the glamor girls did in the old days; no, her feud is with the Press and the Photographers. She just can't resist giving them the run-around. There was the time a few years ago, just after Margaret had finished her auspicious screen debut in "Only Yesterday," that she displayed a typical bit of temperament. She flew to New York and at the Omaha airport was asked by reporters if she was the former wife of Henry Fonda, Omaha's native son and young hopeful. "I don't know Henry Fonda," snapped Margaret. The reporter politely retired, (oh, we're fundamentally a polite race), and checked through the records in the newspaper files and what he found brought (Continued on page 97)

What Romance

By Jerry Asher



Lederer's home is his castle, and his home-life an amazing mixture of Spartan existence and artistic expression. He works out daily in his gymnasium, at left; models in clay, left above; enjoys the old-world atmosphere of his library, in which you see him above. Left below, a corner of the bedroom.



AS HIS first friend in Hollywood, I have always felt that Francis Lederer is his own worst enemy. He isn't as tempestuous as Hollywood would have you believe. He's much more so! Lederer has no inhibitions when it comes to honest personal conviction. He has never accomplished the art of insincerity, or that which often goes by the name of "diplomacy." In the face of ridicule, discouragement and misunderstanding, Francis has stuck to his ideals with the tenacity of a crusader. Three years have passed since his advent in Hollywood. Not in the slightest way has he swerved from the purpose of the things he believes in.

Completely unspoiled, there is no pretense in Lederer's make-up. False pride, what others might say or think, play no part in his life. Once, at a Hollywood picture theatre, word spread quickly through the auditorium that he was in the audience. Just as all eyes were turned in his direction, Francis took a paper sack from under his arm. Quite calmly and without the slightest embarrassment, he nonchalantly ate his lunch while he watched the picture on the screen.

One hot summer's night, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone invited Francis to accompany them to Joan's preview of "Dancing Lady." Franchot was sitting on one side of Joan; Francis, on the other. Suddenly Lederer stood up and took off his coat. Next his tie was removed. Then he unbuttoned his collar and loosened his belt. "Dancing Lady" on the screen had nothing on the original sitting in the midst of that preview audience! After the show Joan asked Francis if he was trying to top the "strip-tease" she did in the picture. Franchot remarked that he only wished he had the courage to do things like that when the spirit moved him. And Francis Lederer looked from one to the other in complete astonishment.

In the very heart of Hollywood, Francis lives in a home pervaded with an old-world atmosphere. It is situated opposite the Japanese gardens, right off Franklin Avenue. The house is Italian in architec-

Means to Lederer



Italian in architecture, Lederer's home is very remote from the restless excitement of Hollywood Boulevard. He takes great pride in his garden, where you see "Lothario" Lederer above; and in his many art objects, like the painting above the bed at right. Lower right, the star absorbed in a good book.

ture and stands on the sloping side of a hill. Marble steps yellowed with age lead down to the front door. The interior presents a mellowed sanctuary. It is indeed a far cry from the transient restlessness of Hollywood Boulevard, just a few hundred feet below.

For years Francis has collected books and objects of art. Special shelves line his living-room walls. There are no novels and no first editions. Books on philosophy, religion, and anything pertaining to the life of Leonardo da Vinci are what interest Francis most. His art objects are chosen for their expression of feeling rather than for perfection of workmanship. He has his own system of classification and can find a favorite passage in any of his books, instantly.

There are no paintings of a morbid nature nor portraits of religious martyrs in Lederer's collection. He has great compassion for all humanity and believes that all art should depict the joy of living. The Lederer collection of paintings and sculptures includes a great number of pictures and statues of the Madonna.

In this, his own castle, Lederer leads a Spartan existence, working out every morning in the gymnasium he has fitted out. He often walks in his garden and takes great pride in his rare plants and vine-covered statuary. Daily he arises early, and nightly he retires early, and in the matter of eating Lederer sticks to the most digestible kinds of food. He is "health-minded" and athletic in his mode of life. In Europe, before he ever thought of coming to Hollywood and such fame as he has attained was not even a dream to him, Lederer won several amateur wrestling matches.

Hollywood hostesses would never give Francis a very good recommendation as a dinner guest. Conviviality holds little attraction for him. On the other hand, he'd drive a hundred miles to see some such curiosity as a flea circus, or to attend a lecture on any one of his many pet subjects of intellectual interest. It doesn't matter to Lederer particularly what inspires him—as long as he's inspired. Experience has taught him that there is little that inspires him at the average Hollywood dinner table.

(Continued on page 82)

Full-length portrait of the screen's "Great Lover" of life, whose own words and deeds prove he isn't as tempestuous as Hollywood would have you believe



SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Jessie Matthews, who dances so delightfully, sings so saucily, and looks so lovely in her new film, we toss bouquets and make our prettiest, courtliest bow




She's the star that really twinkles, is this dainty little lady of the dance, the catchy tune, and the artfully casual comedy—and that's what makes "It's Love Again" entertainment that glows with charming cheerfulness





It took our own Robert Young to give Jessie Matthews the romantic partner needed to make her new picture the popular success it is. There's Bob with Jessie over at left; and again, below, in a scene in which Sonnie Hale also appears.





Genial, gallant,
grinning—here's
Clark as he really
is between pictures

GABLE OFF-GUARD!



Oh, sure, he likes his work! But Gable is really himself when, after finishing a new film, he turns to car-tinkering, tuning up for a hunting or fishing trip. His dog, "Snooper," shown with Clark above, goes along. Left: your favorite film hero really gets good and greasy—and likes it!

Clarence Sinclair Bull



We want to know what you think! Here are girls as lovely and as talented as most of those whose names shine brilliantly over theatres today. Then why aren't they, too, big stars? Cuddly Mary Carlisle dreams of lone stardom, above. Patrician Gail Patrick, at left, rates big billing. Devastating Frances Drake, below, deserves a more definite place in the Hollywood sun.

UNSTARRED BEAUTIES!





Madge Evans has everything—but stardom. Why can't she have that, too? Virginia Bruce, right, called Hollywood's most beautiful girl, rates more important rôles. She takes daily voice lessons and will sing in Eleanor Powell's new picture. June Lang, below, is "the only girl" in "Road to Glory," with Warner Baxter and Fredric March. May the title come true for this charmer.

Why aren't they stars instead of "support?" They have beauty, brains, ability, but do they lack that spark of box-office something?



“TRICKERS!”



Most modern of all screen sirens, Joan Crawford gets all tricked up to play a girl of yesterday in the period piece, "Gorgeous Hussy." Lionel Barrymore, supreme "Trick-er," in disguise as an old lady, at upper right, for "The Witch of Timbuktu." Cedric Hardwicke, smoothly distinguished English star, in character for "Laburnam Grove"—at far left, in group at left. Buck Jones and "Silver," below, in trick riding. Randy Scott, right, is only trickin' with Frances Drake.



"Green Pastures" introduces the expression, meaning a worker of magic. You'll be using it, and we thought you'd enjoy seeing some of your best cinema "Trickers" in action



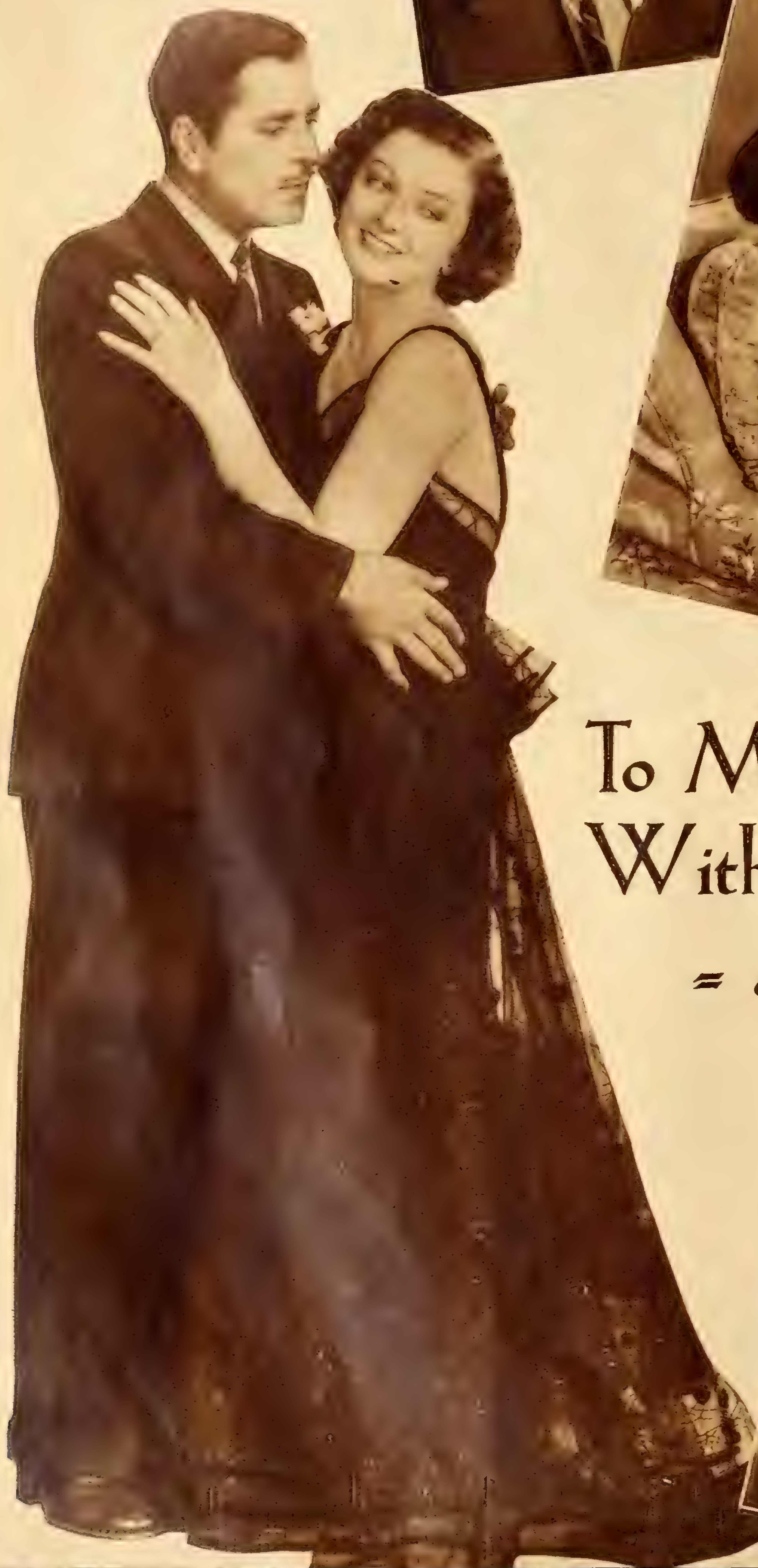
High-powered dancing "Tricker," Eleanore Whitney, in a saucy bit of double-exposure, above—a good trick if you and the photographer can do it. Upper left, Bruce Cabot, "trick" Indian in "Last of the Mohicans." Florence Eldridge, (Mrs. Fredric March), at left, as Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland." One of those trick movie punches is exhibited at right by Edward G. Robinson in "Bullets or Ballots." Kay Francis, below, as the world's best-dressed scrub-woman in "White Angel."



Usually we don't trifle with titles—they change too fast. But here's one we like: "To Mary—With Love," the new Myrna Loy-Warner Baxter "Mister and Missus" modern romance. Myrna plays the "Mary" of the title, Warner contributes the love, and we have—we hope—another "Thin Man" or something almost as good. Remember this Loy-Baxter team in "Broadway Bill?"



To Myrna =
With Love from Warner
= and Vice Versa!



School for Stars

Simone Simon can take lessons in technique from Ruth Chatterton and Herbert Marshall, who help make the little French girl's first Hollywood film an interesting experiment



You've read about her, have seen her photographs in newspapers and magazines; but you've not yet seen her on the American screen because she never made a picture! Scheduled for "Under Two Flags," Simone Simon withdrew from the cast, and Claudette Colbert won the rôle of *Cigarette*. But now "Girls' Dormitory," a daring story of boarding-school life, will introduce the French girl to our audiences. Ruth Chatterton, that accomplished actress, plays the school-mistress, with Herbert Marshall as a man torn between two loves. Simon had better be good!



Petting Permitted



Go ahead and gossip! The stars love their animal pals and don't care who knows it



Luise Rainer, top left, takes her Scottie for a Chinese buggy ride 'tween scenes for "The Good Earth." Center left, mutual admiration between Jane Withers and her dachshund. At left, Errol Flynn rides high over the jumps on his pet hunter. Above, top, Jackie Cooper proudly poses with his smart Schnauzer, and just above is Beverly Roberts with "Binnie," a Scottie.

Glamor embraces two pet Dalmatians as Merle Oberon shows affection for her dogs. Below we see Georgie Breakston, and Henry Daniell, with their doggie pals; and at bottom, Hugh Herbert—no kidding either—with his pet goats.



Marlene Dietrich adopted this baby camel as her pet on location for "The Garden of Allah." Left, Charles Ruggles with his Bedlington terrier.



Three's Grand Company

Jean, Franchot, and Cary together!
We'll be seeing you, "Suzy"



Cary Grant looks for romance—and does he find it! Cast as a French aviator opposite Jean Harlow, with Paris the romantic playground. But there's opposition—as why not, with Jean as the prize—since Franchot Tone is very much in the picture.



Here's opportunity for a little study in comparative styles. You look at the way Franchot makes love to Jean above, compare the Tone technique with that of Cary Grant in the embrace with Harlow at the right, and you take your choice—if you can.



Pals of the Plains

MacMurray and Oakie at home on the range! It's a combination to assure he-man thrills and laughs



They've played dudes in society settings, now Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie take to the wild country in "The Texas Rangers," just like old-timers who are glad to be in the great open spaces, where men are men and Oakie doesn't have to shave every day. This is Fred's first outdoor picture, and if you examine that close-up of him over to the right you'll find he sure likes it.

Sea Sirens



"Sea Sirens?" The answer to that is, we'd love to! All right—come along to Hollywood, where the sun seems to shine more brightly, and the girls seem to dazzle more brilliantly, and dress more smartly, than anywhere else in the world



All suits shown are Catalina Swim Suits.



The girl at the top of the page is Olivia de Havilland, adorning the diving-board at one of California's smartest outdoor pools. Olivia's suit is a one-piece, heavy white ribbed wool number. The pretty newcomer, Carol Hughes, above, sports a white suit, too. Little Sybil Jason is shown at left in her pet swim-suit. Marie Wilson, that clever comedienne, rests between swims and looks lovely doing it.



Josephine Hutchinson At Home



Exclusive pictures of Miss Hutchinson's home made for SCREENLAND By Scotty Welbourne, Warners.



Here's no pretentious palace, but a charming, comfortable home! First, exclusive pictures of the private life of the Broadway actress now completely converted to Hollywood

Josephine Hutchinson has a radiant beauty so far uncaptured by the cameras. Wait until color comes in! Top, the titian-haired star at her dressing-table. Above, her living-room, with a glimpse of the dining-room through the door. Right and upper right, views showing the livability of the Hutchinson home. Below, the Spanish-style house; and, right below, our hostess in her garden.



The Wholesome Side of



Believe it or not, but we hope you do because it's true: it's the wholesome, athletic, outdoor life that appeals to most players. Take Leslie Howard, shown exercising above, and with his young daughter. Or Allan Jones, left, at ease. Buck Jones, family man, is seen below with Mrs. Jones and their daughter, Maxine; while at upper left, "Spanky" McFarland, star of "Our Gang," is pictured at the home his cleverness built for himself and his parents.



Hollywood

Stars stay home from parties, night-clubs, and picture premieres sometimes; and here are good reasons



Gracie Allen isn't a bit goofy about bringing up her two adopted children, Sandra, 2, and Ronnie, 9 months. Husband George Burns is just as proud of his new family as Gracie is. Ian Hunter, below, goes in for the Hollywood hobby of running a miniature railroad, in the play-room of his home. Ida Lupino takes all the comforts of home with her to the open road in her new trailer above. Joan Blondell, top right, hurries home to her son, Norman.





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Virginia Weidler in "Girl of the Ozarks"

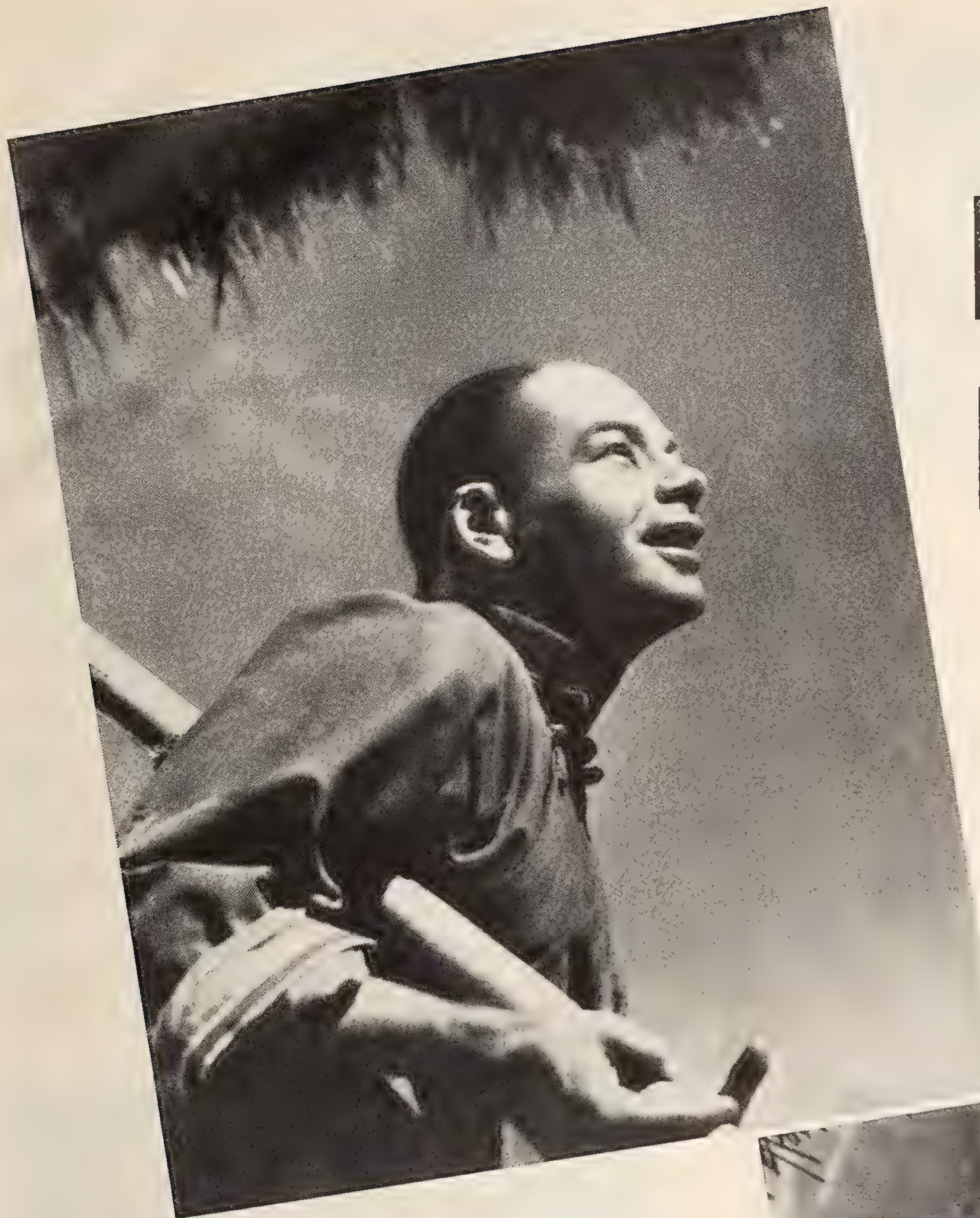
Little Virginia Weidler, our "Still" star this month, is shown at right "in character," and at far right with Elizabeth Russell and Leif Erikson, partners in her film.



Muni Denies It, But—

He's Hollywood's most conscientious actor, and the proof is here in his own words

By Ruth Rankin



Study, tireless research and experiment go into every Paul Muni rôle. Above, his amazing make-up for WANG in "The Good Earth." Right, a scene with Luise Rainer who plays the part of the wife in the Pearl Buck story.



IT IS A RARE privilege to write about an actor who has no need for superlatives. One can simply state facts and let the adjectives ride, when Paul Muni is the subject.

He is too modest to claim our title, wondering if it is not more that he really loves his work, than that he is conscientious. I think perhaps the two are synonymous. Certainly you have to love your work to get up at four-thirty A.M. to begin it, as Muni has many times. He is probably the most accurate authority in town on whether the dawn comes up like thunder—and he didn't find out coming home from parties, either.

It was one P.M. when I approached his dressing-room at M-G-M, so if he started his make-up at the top hour, he had already put in a full day.

The door was opened by a slant-eyed Chinese gentleman with beautiful manners and not a hair on his head. He spoke in the voice of Muni, which was the sole clue to his identity. He had been working on that make-up since all hours and was still arriving at and discarding methods for perfecting it. He had made more tests in the past few weeks than he could remember. None of them satisfied him.

Muni is about to play *Wang* in "The Good Earth."

With the same pride a scientist takes in his micro-

scope, Muni displayed a pair of the little dinguses similar to the ones placed on his eyelids to give the slant effect. The business of drawing up the eyes at the outer corners and hitching them somewhere back of the ears, is completely outmoded. Muni's pleasure in the ultimate achievement of his make-up was as detached as if he had no personal part in it, and as if someone else were wearing it. It was something he had created with his hands and his mind, as a sculptor would.

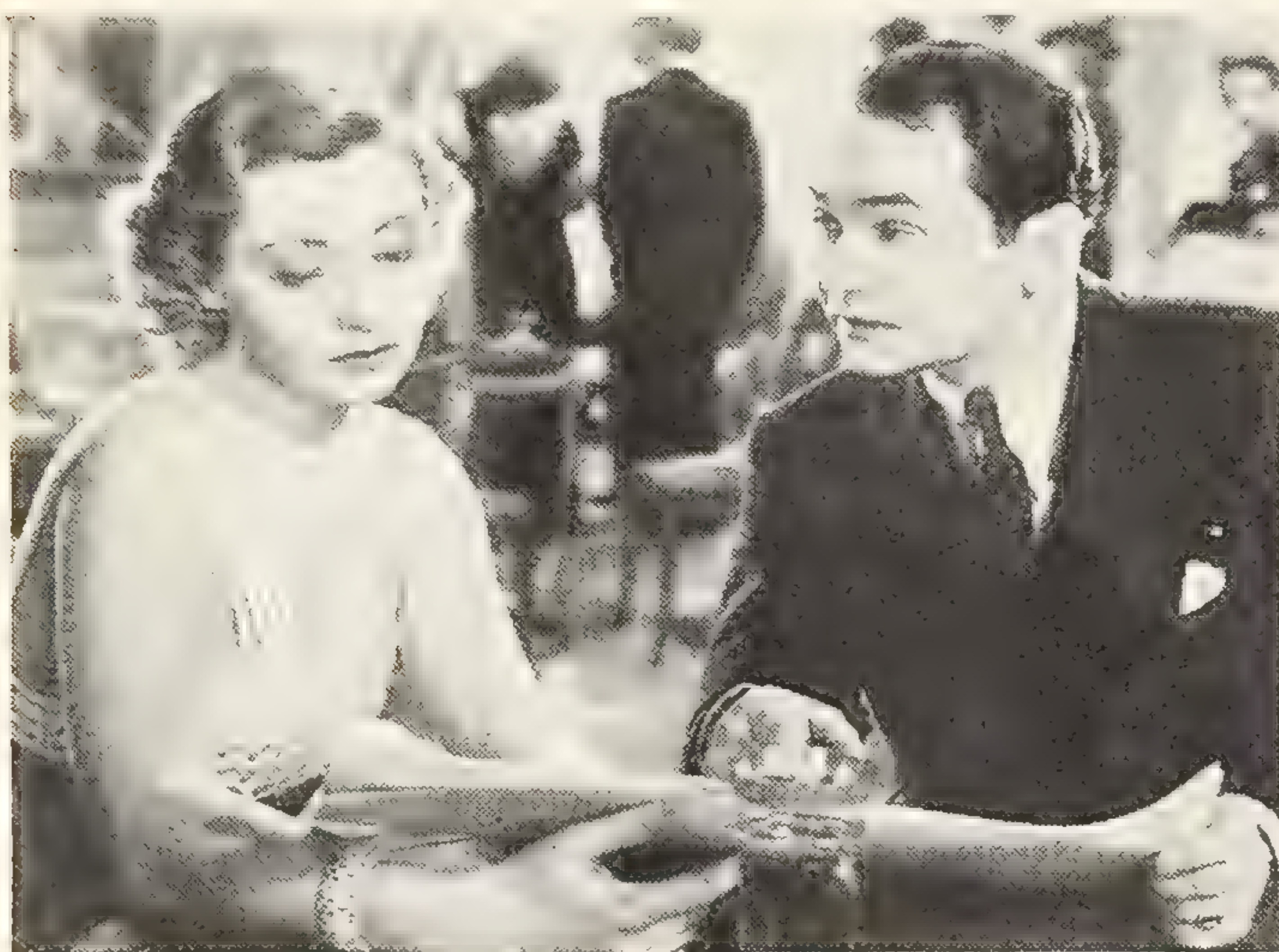
When the waiter arrived with a luncheon menu, one felt that under the circumstances, the least one could do was order chop suey. It was good chop suey, but Muni refused to demonstrate his accuracy with chop-sticks, although he has been rehears- (Continued on page 80)



Fury—M-G-M



YOU will be swept away by "Fury!" Here's the outstanding melodrama of the month, a vital motion picture of terrific power and intensity. Whether you will find it too realistic for your taste I cannot predict; I recommend that you see it for yourself, but be prepared for a shocking experience in the theatre. The theme is mob violence; the message is a ringing indictment of blind injustice; and the treatment throughout—direction, dialogue, acting—is uncompromisingly stark and strong. Spencer Tracy gives the performance of his notable career, and Sylvia Sidney has never been better. Briefly, "Fury" tells the story of a decent, nice guy, on his way to be married, who becomes the innocent victim of circumstances when he is jailed as a kidnapper. A lynch-mad mob storms the jail, sets it on fire and finally dynamites the building. Unknown to them, Tracy barely escapes with his life and a burning desire for vengeance, and dedicates his life to prosecuting his "murderers." You will be held in horror-struck fascination through all of this unprecedented picture.



Bullets or Ballots—Warners



ROUSING melodrama, important not only as excellent and authentic entertainment but also as the vehicle for Edward G. Robinson's finest performance since "Little Caesar." Yes, the "old" Robinson is back and packing a meaner wallop than ever before, with all of his sinister suavity, his menacing "iron hand in the velvet glove" manner, his quietly compelling power. This time he plays a detective who pretends to turn racketeer to get evidence with which to clean up the gangs. Working with the boss bad boy, gradually gaining his confidence, he finally discovers the big secret of the identity of the "highest-ups," and in a final series of highly dramatic scenes he leads the police to them—at what cost to himself you must see the picture to discover. It's always a fast-moving picture, with crisp dialogue and never too much histrionics by any member of the splendid cast which includes Joan Blondell, Humphrey "Petrified Forest" Bogart, and Barton McLane. There's a clear ring of truth to these cinematic proceedings that holds you from first scene to last; and Robinson's performance, particularly, is worth your time and the admission price.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



Poppy—Paramount



ALL I can say is, here's W. C. Fields again. You'll go—and I wouldn't stop you. Just one close-up of that effulgent face with the bulbous nose and I am off with a good case of galloping giggles—in this instance for no very good reason. For "Poppy," my friends, is not first-rate Fields, I'm sorry to report. It has those priceless moments which only Fields can impart to a picture—for example, when he sells a sucker a "talking dog;" or when he makes his impassioned appeal to more suckers to buy his cure-all remedy. But there are also long, dreary scenes in which Fields flounders in a mess of pre-Sennett slapsticks, such as the very sad croquet game; and the "plot" wanders all over the screen with only Rochelle Hudson as a very sweet and wistful *Poppy* to make it bearable. The little Hudson brings her quiet beauty and refreshing sincerity to the sappiest heroine rôle of the season, and she shines as brightly as possible. Her one song is sung "with expression," and her tender scenes with Richard Crom-



The King Steps Out—Columbia



AND the movie Queen of Song steps out with him! Here's a Grace Moore picture without one operatic aria, and I think you'll welcome the novelty. Miss Moore plays the impulsive, capricious heroine of Fritz Kreisler's operetta, originally titled "Cissy," in highly spirited style—in fact, I thought once or twice that Miss Moore would shake that curly, imperious little head of hers right off at us. However, *Cissy* is that sort of a heroine, so don't blame Grace too much—and she more than atones by the graceful picture she makes in the exquisite period clothes created for her, and the glorious sound of her vibrant voice singing Kreisler's melodies. The direction of Von Sternberg strikes just the right note of continental charm and gaiety. As a cameraman he's a genius. Grace plays the incognito—except to the audience—Bavarian Princess Elizabeth who wins the heart of Franz Joseph of Austria. There are gay goings-on by Walter Connolly as a beer expert. Franchot Tone with curly hair and Grace Moore as his "heart" seems slightly ill at ease as the young monarch—and we don't blame him.



The White Angel—Warners



WHAT a woman's picture! Whether you're career woman or home-girl, you'll respond to the deep appeal of this fine film tribute to Florence Nightingale. "The White Angel" has a rare quality of nobility about it. Frankly, I thought I'd dislike this picture. Gladly I admit I was mistaken; it "got" me because it shows such great good taste and admirable restraint, makes so few obvious bids for sympathy, and refuses to descend to any cheapness of false sentimentality. In addition, it is a very beautiful series of *moving* pictures; Director Dieterle has told his impressive story in picture terms, so that even without dialogue it would be an important contribution to the screen. Simply, almost austere, the story of Florence Nightingale unfolds, from her first efforts to shake off the shackles that bound conventional Victorian womanhood and became a nurse, to her splendid achievements as "the angel of the Crimea." No Hollywood romance this, but an inspiring record of a real woman's work. Kay Francis is always a lovely picture as Miss Nightingale, and at times rises to real heights. The supporting cast is superb.



It's Love Again—Gaumont-British



MEANING it's Miss Jessie Matthews again, that lovely little English girl who is actually one of the two or three screen stars who lives up to her billing. Her grateful film company refers to Jessie as "The Dancing Divinity," and her company is rather right. I suggest "The Gossamer Goddess" or even "The Revolving Venus" as alternate appellations, for Jessie will not let us down. She is always completely captivating, with the rare combination of deviltry and daintiness whose secret has so far been undiscovered by Hollywood charmers. Jessie does several dances that would be censored right out of one of our native chorus numbers; but as Jessie does them they become minor masterpieces. My favorite is the cleverly satirical "Temple Dance." The plot which requires Miss Matthews to masquerade as a mythical *Mrs. Smythe-Smythe*, intrepid adventuress, has its bright moments; "our own" Robert Young is swell as the *Prince of Wales*; and Miss Matthews' amusing husband, Sonnie Hale, helps with his comedy. It's mostly Miss Matthews—her lovely sunny smiles, her delicious dances—there, Gaumont-British has got me doing it!



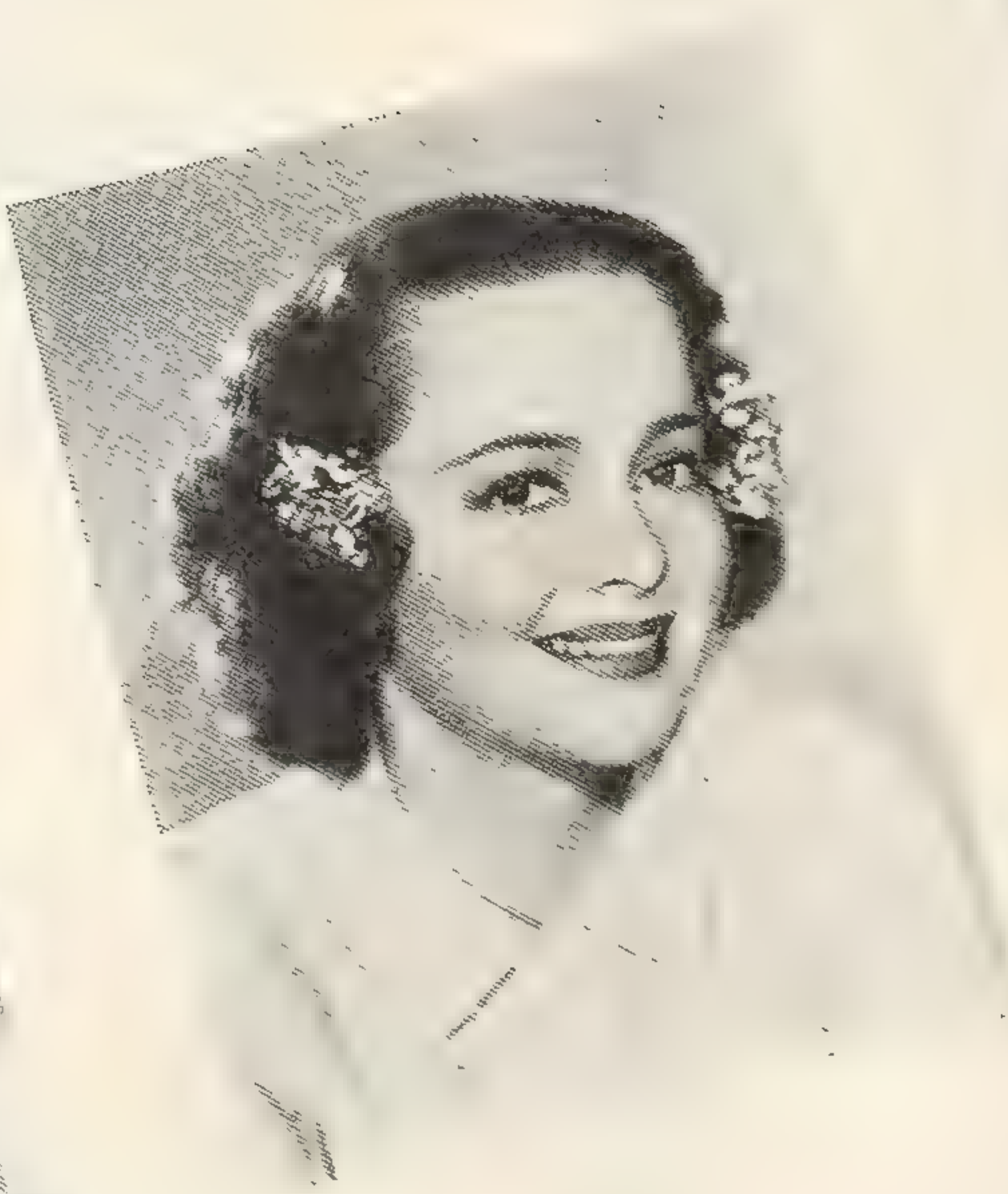
Green Pastures—Warners



THIS classic of the American theatre becomes a classic of the screen. Marc Connelly's world-acclaimed play has received such reverent and at the same time humanly sympathetic screen treatment that it emerges as even more important entertainment than before. The wider scope of the studio cameras was never more helpful than in translating "Green Pastures;" for now we have the famous "Fish Fry" on a gigantic scale; we look in on *Ol' King Herod* and his court, and the Babylonian revels; we meet flocks of angels; we watch Noah's Ark being built and loaded—yes, we actually see all "the animals two by two" in person, except the aardvark. All the quaint humor and touching faith of the childlike Southern Negro's conception of Heaven have been preserved. Rex Ingram plays *De Lawd* superbly; in fact, every member of the big cast is excellent, with the actors who portray the *Angel Gabriel*, *Noah* and *Moses* especially fine. The most unique of all motion pictures, "Green Pastures" must be seen, and should run forever. All honor to Warner Bros. for their courage in producing it and their good taste in preserving its spirit intact.

When you saw her with the handsome Errol Flynn in "Captain Blood," you probably never imagined that this charming creature could ever look "right" in any but period costumes. And when you see her again in "Anthony Adverse" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" you may be even more convinced that her beauty is enhanced only by the clothes of an earlier, more romantic day. But now, Olivia herself has selected a Summer, 1936, wardrobe to make you change your mind. Right, her tailored dinner suit, with navy chiffon skirt, pale pink top, and white mess jacket. Left, below, her play-suit of "magazine" print. Below, center, flowers in her hair: two small clusters of Parma violets at her temples. Right, below: her one-piece culotte of linen splashed with orange and green dots.

SCREENLAND Glamor School



Edited by

Olivia de Havilland

Hollywood's most romantic young heroine, screen sweetheart of Fredric "Anthony Adverse" March, knows her modern clothes as well as her period costumes. Here she pictures for you her personally selected Summer wardrobe. Just nineteen, Olivia reveals a fashion sense and that certain casual chic usually achieved only by the mature sophisticate. Study her clothes, her coiffure, her fresh charm—for such good taste as hers is timeless!

SCREENLAND Glamor School pictures of Miss Olivia de Havilland posed exclusively by Scotty Welbourne.

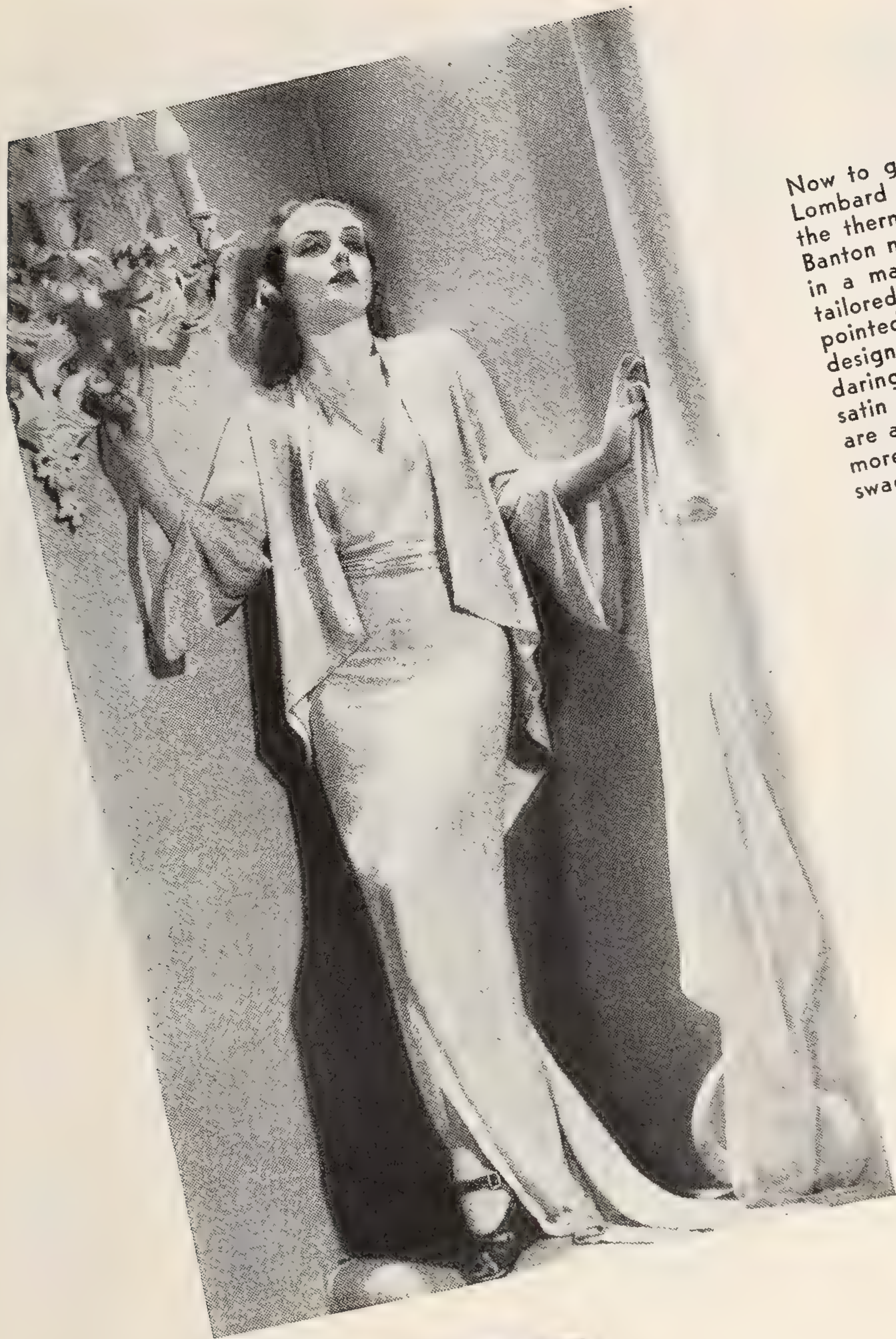


One sports dress such as Olivia is wearing, at left, can help make a glorious Summer! It's hand-blocked linen in a bold red and blue design. Dance hot Summer evenings away in a gay little two-piece frock like this, above. White rick-rack braid is used for trimming. Top, nautical but very nice: Olivia's navy and white linen sports dress.

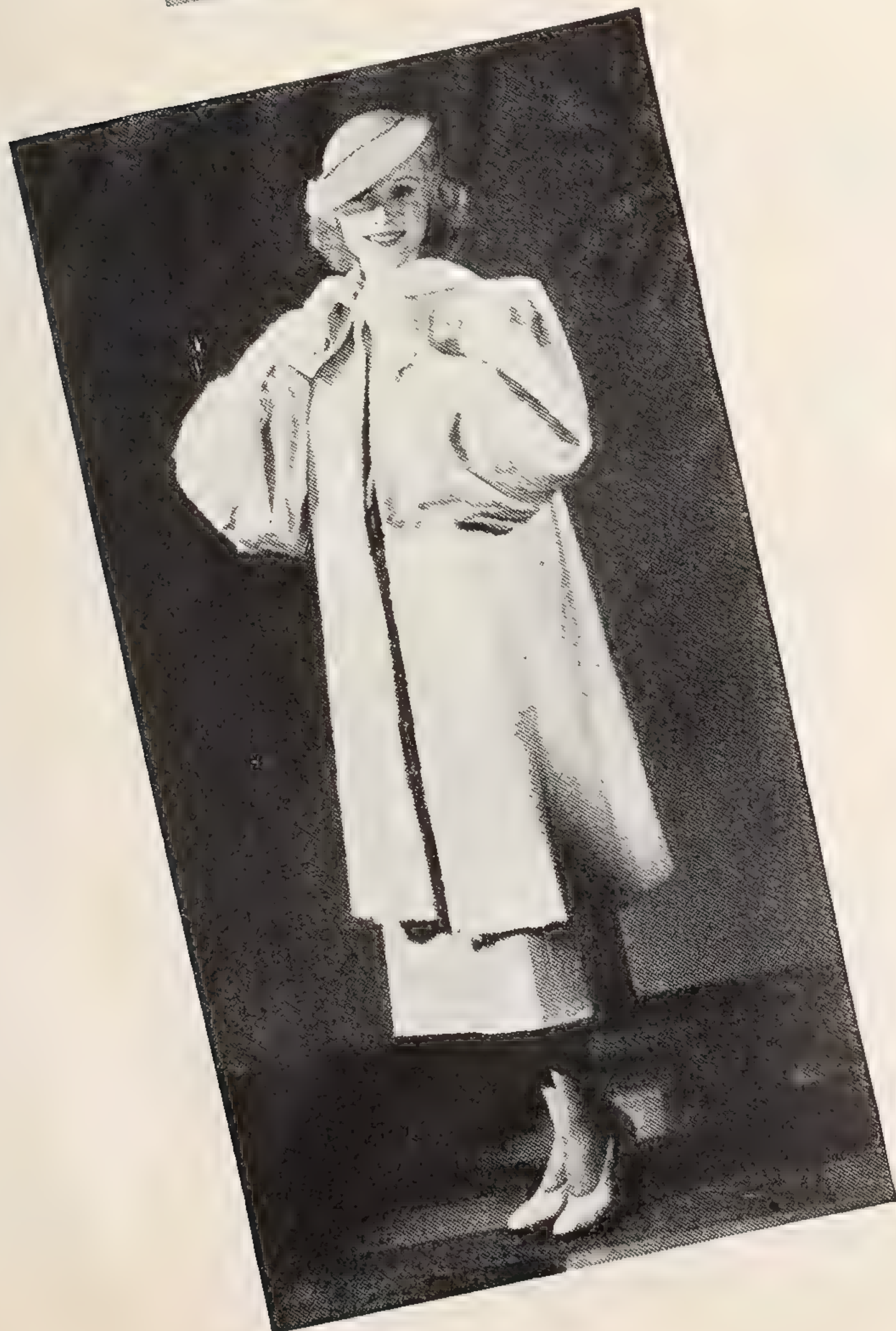
Summer Extremes



Hollywood decrees you must be gay this Summer but stay always gorgeous! Look lovely while lounging in the sun. Be decorative at all times. The beauties on this page have learned the secret of how to be charming though sun-struck. Pat Paterson, who is in private life married to that fascinating Frenchman, Charles Boyer, chooses a culotte costume of beige and deep brown linen, pictured at top left. Pat's sweetly silly hat is a modified mandarin affair topped by woolly pom-poms. Anita Louise, above, wears Chinese lounging pajamas trimmed with brightly printed red crêpe. Gail Patrick, left, combines beige and green in her spectator-sports suit: jacket and skirt of beige wool, silk crêpe blouse beige-dotted green. Gail's hat is beige tipped with the ever-popular pom-pom.



Now to go to the other extreme of high fashion! Carole Lombard must glitter and be glamorous no matter what the thermometer says. Left, Lombard is wearing a Travis Banton number of flesh-colored crystal beads embroidered in a mass pattern on sheer chiffon. The gown follows a tailored silhouette, always favored by Carole, but has a pointed jacket with a train which reflects the same pointed design. Brilliant red open-toe sandals, all wrapped up in daring note! Whew! See Carole, below, for an additional satin and "simian"—bands of this high-toned monkey fur are applied upside-down for the novel effect. Left, below, more Summer fur: Julie Haydon in a very new white swagger. Then see Peggy Conklin, of screen and stage, trying out her new Chinese-red lipstick.





Hugh Herbert

Picture Stealer No. 1

By Carlisle Jones

SO HE took the somewhat less than fifty thousand dollars and the three lines of dialogue—and this is what he did with them. He “stole the picture,” walked away with a majority of the laughs, dominated the best scenes and came out of what was supposed to be a minor funny rôle with the rating of a star comedian.

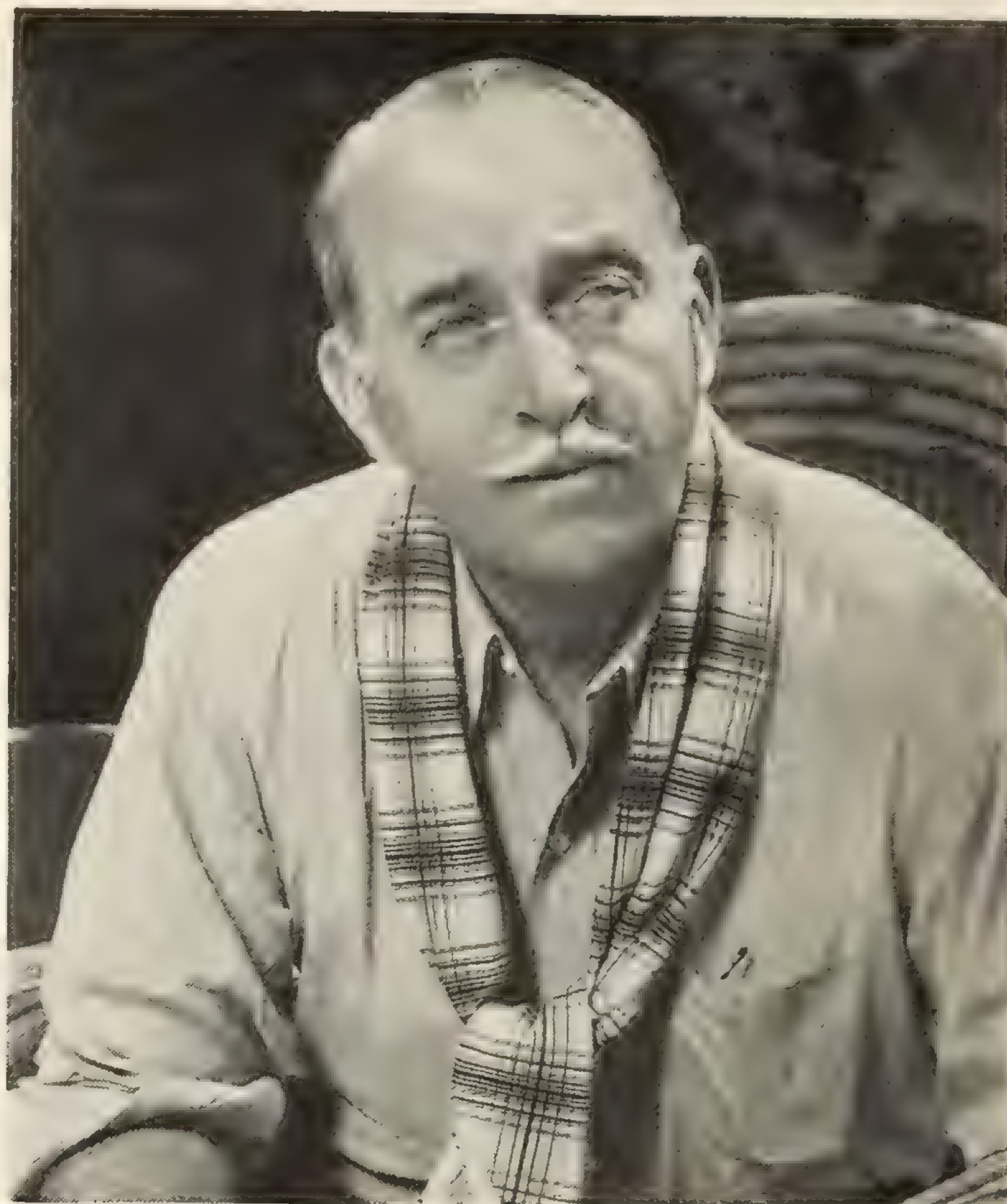
The picture was the box-office hit, “Convention City,” and the actor’s name is Hugh Herbert. Lack of lines was no handicap to Herbert. He can’t remember lines, anyway, and those he improvises are generally funnier than those written for him—even when he writes his own, as he does sometimes.

For Hugh Herbert is a writer as well as an actor. Even so, he isn’t as funny when he writes as when he acts. Just *seeing* him is enough to send the average audience off into chuckles. It was in a certain picture made a few years ago, called “Goodbye Again.”

A critical studio audience, made up of cutters, a few minor executives and the men who were to make the “trailer” for the picture, saw “Goodbye Again” for the first time in a studio projection room. All of them knew that Warren William and Joan Blondell were playing leading rôles in the picture and the confidential reports about the stages were that it was almost certain to be a comedy hit.

The first reel rolled on and off the screen without comment from this “we’ve seen it all before” sort of audience. Then Miss Blondell, in answer to a sound-effects knock on the door, let a stranger into the picture.

He sidled through the door, (*Continued on page 88*)



Sir Guy Standing

“I’m Sixty— But What of It?”

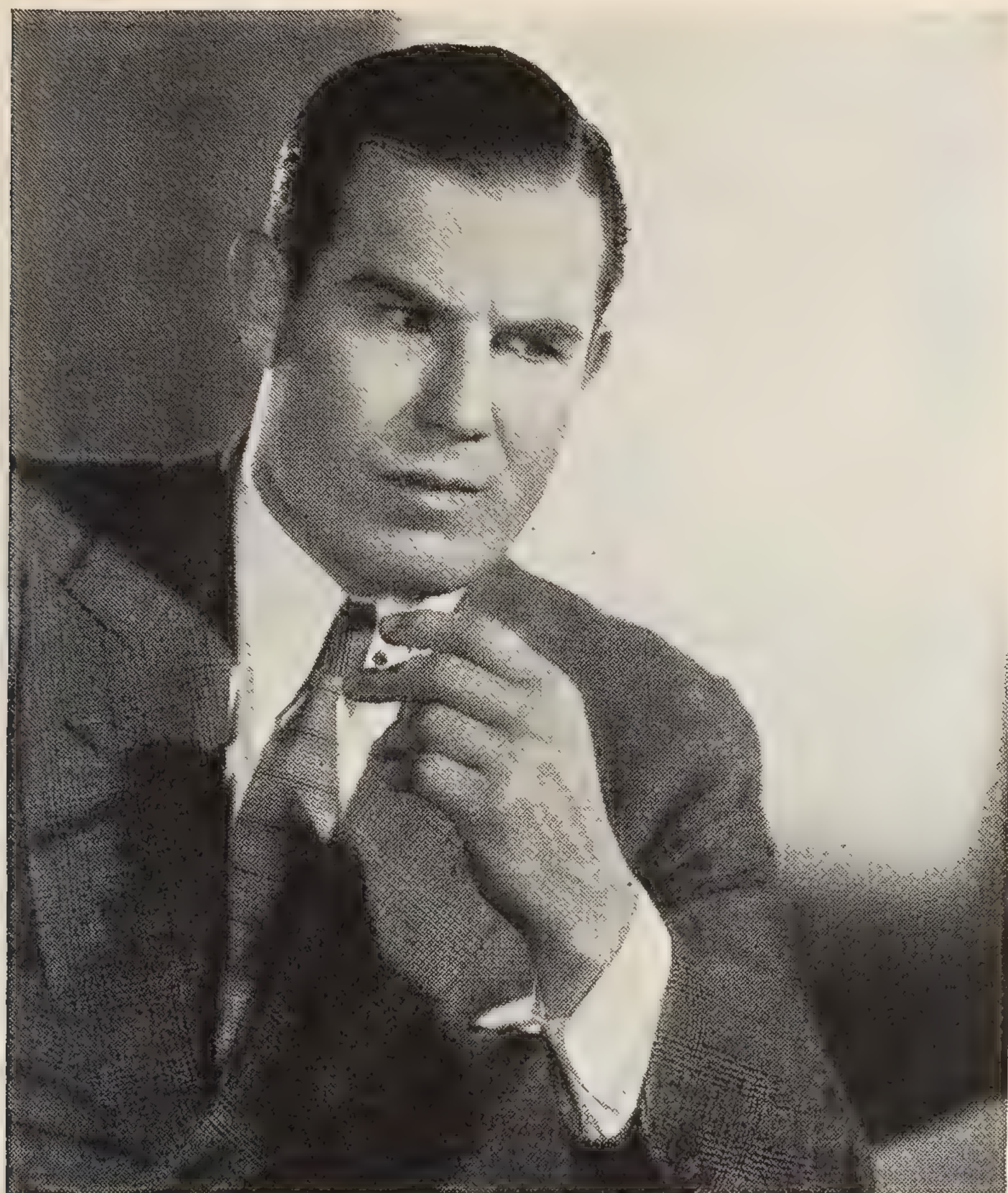
By William A. Ulman, Jr.

COMMANDER Sir Guy Standing, C.B.E., K.B.E., R.N.V.R., and a swell fellow for all of that, has rounded the corner of three score years and is looking upon life with fervor and benignity.

At the age when most men begin to relax and think in terms of breaking a hundred on the golf course and the sad plight of the younger generation, Sir Guy cannot find enough to do. From the prancing young buck of sixteen with jaunty step and conquering eye to the seasoned veteran of today, life has been one adventure after another—enough to exhaust a dozen lesser men. But Sir Guy is looking forward with pleasant anticipation to more.

It was raining like the devil outside as Guy sat at the piano playing an altogether grand waltz of his own composition. I sat in a deep lounge chair in his new home with that deep sense of ease that only a perfect host can bestow upon you. The music trailed off into infinity. Silhouetted against the luminous grey of the stormy afternoon was my host, his fine, white-crested head turned toward the lake and dim mountains beyond. There was a hint of something vaguely disturbing about his pose that made me feel as though I were looking at something not meant for anyone to see; he might have been thinking of past romances or a puppy he had befriended years before—but whatever it was I was sure that it was too intimate for conversation.

But curiosity overcame manners. “What’s up?” I inquired, hoping that there might be a new facet of that amazing and ever-changing life about here. He sighed heavily



Nat Pendleton

He Was Smart to Play Dumb

By Thornton Sargent

SO THIS was Nat Pendleton!

I'd expected a hard-boiled mug you wouldn't want to meet on a dark night; a "deeze, dem, and dose" conversationalist, and a guy who couldn't count to twelve except on a pair of dice.

Instead I found—a gentleman! Believe it or not, this plug-ugly of the screen sitting opposite me was conversing in a well-modulated voice and expressing himself in the language of a cultured, well-bred American without pose but with plenty of poise.

"I just drifted into acting. You know it's funny the way I got my first job," he chuckled in a restrained way. "I had been producing pictures, and when the company blew up, an agent from whom I'd hired a lot of actors told me of the trouble Irene Bordoni was having in getting a man to play in 'Naughty Cinderella.' 'You're the only intelligent, baboon-looking guy I know,' he told me. 'Why don't you come over and try out for it?'"

"Ever since then I've been playing heavies and lugs," said Pendleton. "Maybe it was smart to be dumb. With a face like mine I couldn't have got in any other way. Now I think I've built myself up to where I'm within striking distance of stronger character parts like the kind McLaglen and Pat O'Brien play. I can do them," insisted Pendleton, and then he added in an apologetic tone, "You know I'm really not such a horrible-looking person as I seem on the screen."

I studied him more closely—200 pounds of solid muscle and a clean, clear face that stands out squarely below his sleek black hair. He's the type (*Continued on page 90*)



Edward Arnold

Arnold's 10 Rules for Romance

By Mark Dowling

THE amazing difference between Edward Arnold's marriage and most Hollywood marriages was shown to us by a little thing that happened the last time we visited Eddie's white hilltop home in Beverly Hills—a thing that could have happened in none of the other houses of the movie colony, stretched out below us. He called his wife, the lovely Olive Emerson, by a pet name he has for her—"Mamma."

Human, deep-rooted, sure—you feel all this in the relationship of these two people. Eddie told me, "When we were married, seven years ago, I just had a job. I was touring in vaudeville, and we were married for three years before things really began to break for me." We asked if Mrs. Arnold had been surprised, as another woman might, over her husband's sudden, breathtaking success. He shook his head, smiling. "Olive always had a lot of confidence in me."

Their marriage is like that, too. They have confidence in each other. Eddie told me, "One of the most important of my rules for romance is my belief that no man should be too finicky over what a woman spends." He paused for a moment. "Whatever they do spend, I've found, is usually for some good."

"I don't believe, either, in keeping a wife in the dark about your business affairs, as so many men seem to do. Olive knows just as much about my contracts, salary, and so forth as I do. We have a business manager who gives us a set allowance, and we each have our bankbooks for our joint account."

"It's as much to her interest (*Continued on page 92*)

Monarch of Menace

Peter Lorre tells how a mere accident made him famous as the screen's craftiest "bad man"

By Tom Kennedy

THE wide-shouldered, chunkily-built man with the round, pink-complected face and very prominent brown eyes, rose from his chair, stamped heavily on the solid floor beneath his feet.

"The story," he said as he gave this emphatic demonstration, "is the ground I walk on. If I know how to walk—understand the character I am playing—I must

go in the right direction, and the character must be 'right,' convincing, interesting to the audience. If the ground crumbles under me, I am lost."

Peter Lorre, hailed in Europe, America and far corners of the world as one of the most forceful character delineators the screen has ever known, is voluble, never verbose; a ready, willing and compelling conversationalist who commands attention by a steady flow of ideas, tersely expressed without vocal bombast, gesticulation or other acting tricks.

I thought you would like to hear him tell how he puts characters together, makes creatures of fiction and dramatic invention "tick," become startlingly real on the screen. Also why, even as a youth whose father forbade him and his three brothers and sister to enter a theatre, he had determined to be an actor. And why, after creating a sensation in his first film, he had spurned lucrative offers from the film magnates of Hollywood, Paris, London, and returned to the stage.

A cordial, friendly chap, a bit past thirty, is this man who burst upon the consciousness of film-goers with his terribly realistic portrayal of the gruesomely warped creature in the German production, "M." Short, (he's about five-feet three), stocky, (his weight is about 160 pounds), Lorre has sandy-brown hair, brushed flat and close to his scalp from a part that makes a line as straight as a draughtsman's rule at the left side of his head. His is a beaming, smiling countenance that certainly does not associate itself with characterizations in "M," "The Man Who Knew Too Much," and "Crime and Punishment," the three films by which he was best known before release of the new Alfred Hitchcock English production, "Secret Agent."

"There are tricks in acting," Lorre began. "Anybody of intelligence can acquire skill in their use. It doesn't take long—a few years."

That's pretty encouraging for all who would like to become actors. But wait, before you take heart for yourself, if you aspire to an acting career, or for friends who may have such ambitions.

"A part can be built up by means of these tricks," he continued. "Those who are adroit at mimicry may take some person they know, or have merely observed walking along the street, and put that person into the situation called for by the dramatist. It is not a difficult trick to thus transplant a certain type. But I don't think we have seen any great acting produced by that method. 'Great acting' is an intangible. But we know it instantly when we see it. An audience lounging in the chairs of the auditorium, listless, only partly interested in what's taking place on the stage or screen, sees a door open, perhaps, a man or woman appears, and immediately the audience comes to attention, eager, alert, interested. Why? That is great acting—there is something essentially 'right' about that person, maybe it's only the way the door is opened, perhaps the lift of an eyebrow. But whatever it is, you are seeing not an actor using an effective trick, but a living character who belongs in the world of illusion before you."

In other words, the talent—something inside a per- (Continued on page 93)



The eyes have "it," the it of suggesting a form of terror that has thrilled film audiences; but Lorre, the man behind the mask of menace, is a genial, scholarly chap, who applies psychology as well as art to screen acting.

Beauty Against the Sun

Hollywood complexions retain their smooth, clear beauty despite Summer ravages—care does it!

By
Elin Neil

Jean Chatburn's clear-cut, colorful charm is heralded as one of Hollywood's newest discoveries. This lovely young actress threatens to equal the historic "Gibson Girl" for honors as the all-American beauty.



IS THERE a new Gibson Girl looming on the horizon? Look at this picture of Jean Chatburn, who is opening critical fan eyes wide in her rôle as *Mary Lou* in "The Great Ziegfeld." Now, what do you think?

Jean's a comparative newcomer in Hollywood and it's forecast by heretofore infallible prophets that she has a one-way ticket to the firmament! She was recently chosen as the perfect beauty by the noted artist and illustrator, McClelland Barclay. Like the original Gibson Girl of the late 90's, (artistic creation of Charles Dana Gibson), who held sway as the ideal American girl for a generation, Jean is a product of our own United States. No foreign flavor here. It's her glowing health and vitality, grey eyes that shine, classic features and lustrous naturally wavy blonde hair *plus* a positively luminous complexion.

Although the parasol of the 90's might somewhat hamper a modern American girl, such as Jean undeniably is, I'm willing to wager that she protects that priceless complexion against the sun! I strongly suspect that we're taking the vogue for ultra-femininity on the dance floor with reservations as to how we spend the rest of the day. And luckily, we're living in an age when we can be carefree hoydens by day and lovely lilies in organdie the very same evening! Thanks for this fortunate state

of affairs goes to the protective sun creams and lotions that keep the burning rays from reaching our skin.

Of course, if you wish to pretend to a glowing tan, until you're ready to take it off, there are perfectly grand preparations that you simply smooth over the parts of your skin you expect to expose. They give a golden or coppery richness at the same time they protect against actual sunburn. This is the secret of "liquid stockings," happy accessory to the bare-legged mode. So, you can wear a synthetic tan by day, when you're sailing or bathing or basking on the beach. Then simply wash it off with your favorite beauty soap and a complexion brush before you go ladylike for the evening's date.

If you aspire to an honest-to-goodness tan that won't wash off, be sure it's even and flattering—minus sunburn and freckles. There are preparations to give it to you painlessly. For instance, a sun cream, sparsely applied, permits a gradual and even tan. Or if you want to shine in the sun, use a sun-tan oil. You can get a kind that is absorbed, so it won't leave you with an uncomfortable greasy feeling or rub off on clothes, (your own, or other people's). Then, if your evening décolletage doesn't match that of your bathing suit, there are artfully tinted foundation creams or lotions to cover up the line of demarcation between the tan and the white.

Provided you go in for a (Continued on page 87)

Screen Town topics! News shorts and camera shots of the stars

HOLLYWOOD is watching Ginger Rogers and James Stewart with interest. Since her separation from Lew Ayres, Ginger has been seen only in the company of Stewart. The story of their first date is amusing. Stewart is a newcomer in Hollywood and doesn't know his way around very well. When he called for Ginger at her hill-top home, he got lost on the winding road. Then to make matters worse, the fog began rolling in. (Yes, it *was* unusual weather.) By the time Jimmy found the house, Ginger was on the point of going to bed. They got to their party just in time to tell everyone—good night!

YOU'RE going to like the new Crawford make-up in "Gorgeous Hussy." There will be no false eyelashes for Joan and very little mascara on her natural ones. Her lips will be made up with the lip-stick she uses for street wear. It's Joan's idea, but her many admirers wish she had done it long ago.

WHEN you see "Anthony Adverse" be sure and take particular notice of a long coat with a ruffled cape collar, worn by Fredric March. Merle Oberon went to the preview of the picture, took one look at Fred's coat, and ordered it copied for herself in evening materials.



Anita Louise arriving on the maiden voyage of the Queen Mary, and just about stealing the show as the big liner was boarded in New York by cameramen.



SCREENLAND's special advance preview! A first glimpse of Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, appearing together for the first time in a drama of mystery and adventure.

Now Here's

ALL OF a sudden like, the little stenographers in the upstairs executive offices at the Warner studios started bringing their lunch. No one could quite understand the sudden love for office routine, until the reason leaked out. Below the windows is a tennis court where the stars some time play. Temporarily it has been surrounded by canvas. Clark Gable is using it to train for his rôle of the prize fighter in the next Marion Davies picture. Well, girls—how would *you* like to sit up in a window for sixty minutes and gaze down upon Clark Gable, wearing little more than a smile?

DICK POWELL has returned to work and the Warner powers-that-be are happy. For a while they were quite concerned over Dick's loss of his singing voice. It was just a temporary affliction, caused by over-work. After a long rest on the desert, Dick is his old smiling self again. As a gag, Joan Blondell sent him a box of patent throat medicines and pills, his first day on the set.

WHAT threatened to be a nasty scandal, has now been settled out of court. A certain young star admitted to me recently, that he had spent an afternoon at Shirley Temple's house. And horrors, of all things—the young hostess was caught guilty of cheating at marbles!

FRED ASTAIRE'S set is the popular place these days. In his new contract, (he only makes two pictures a year), Fred has it understood that he quits work every night at six. He remains only if he himself sees fit to stay later and finish some particularly important bit of work. No wonder they all want to work with him.

LORETTA YOUNG, playing the title rôle of "Ramona," has solved a beauty problem. Naturally, for the part, Loretta had to go without polish and cut her nails short. When she had a few days off and was invited to a formal party, her short nails made her quite self-conscious. Her manicurists solved the problem. Artificial nails of thin celluloid are now being manufactured. They fit right over the natural nail, are completely covered and held fast by a heavy coat of red polish. When the polish is removed, the artificial nail comes with it. The actress can go back in character again.

HELEN HAYES may not foster a great love for the movies, but she doesn't forget those at the studio who were kind to her. Lillian Rosene, Helen's expert make-up woman, and the hairdressers are continuously receiving surprise packages from the star. She sends them notes, tells them the latest jokes, and never forgets holidays or sentimental occasions.

By Weston East



Loretta Young and Don Ameche as RAMONA and ALESSANDRO in the forthcoming color production of "Ramona." A scene presented by another SCREENLAND special advance preview picture.

Hollywood!

WHILE Hollywood columnists have practically insisted there is a romance between Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, that gentleman has been casting his eyes in an entirely different direction. Remember Nancy Dover, who used to act in the old Christy comedies? She gave up her career when she married Cliff Edwards. Now that romance is a thing of the past and somehow Nancy and Taylor have gotten together. As yet most of Hollywood isn't aware of it.

THE Monday Night Club is going to get you if you don't watch out. Just in case you don't know, they carry on something scandalous. The members are George and Julie Murphy, Cesar Romero and Betty Furness, Mary Brian and Cary Grant. They all get on roller skates and chase each other 'round in circles. At ten o'clock they go back to the Murphys' and have hot drinks and sandwiches. Gosh, but Hollywood's a wicked town.

IT ISN'T possible to mention names here, but it's too good a story to disregard. Director "Woody" Van Dyke is no respecter of persons. He never can remember names, so he just calls people any pet name that happens to come into his mind. Usually it's "Kid." Believe it or not, this is what he called Garbo when he did re-takes on her picture and he liked it. But the other

day Van passed an open office door. Glancing in, he saw one of the screen's most luscious, (but not so bright) blondes, having an interview.

"Hello, beautiful," called out Van, as he walked on.

"Oh, hello," said the dumb dame, without a bit of argument.

EVEN in the face of personal tragedy, never let it be said that Frank Faye is at a loss for a snappy answer. Right after his separation from Barbara Stanwyck, someone asked him what had caused the trouble. "She turned on her heel," was his quick retort.

WE KNEW it would happen sooner or later. Joan Bennett is going glamorous on us. For her new make-up, Joan is wearing false eyelashes, arched brows, and making her mouth fuller and heavier. We liked the old way better.

ORDINARILY it isn't news when a movie star buys an automobile. But when Kay Francis blows herself to a new sedan, even the yawning press agents sit up and take notice. For years, Kay has stuck to her old model, popular-make coupé. The day she drove on the lot with her new purchase, production practically came to a standstill, while everyone ran out to make sure they weren't seeing things.

JEAN HARLOW told us this story, so to her goes the credit. It seems there were three little mice who ran away from home. But the big, bad truant officer caught up with them and took them to juvenile hall. The magistrate bawled them out, telling them how bad it was to run away. After scolding them severely, he asked them if they didn't know they'd be caught.

"Ye-e-s, your honor," they sobbed, in shaking voice.

"Then why did you run away?" his honor boomed out.

"Be-e-cause—be-e-cause," sobbed the little mice, "we found out our father was a rat!"

NIGEL BRUCE, who is an old friend of Ronnie Colman, tells an interesting story about the reticent star. According to Nigel, Colman got his first job working on the stage with George Arliss in "The Green Goddess." Ronnie appeared briefly in the third act, but his entrance came at a vital point in the play. After the first week he was given his notice. The producer felt he should have an important name, even for such an unimportant part.

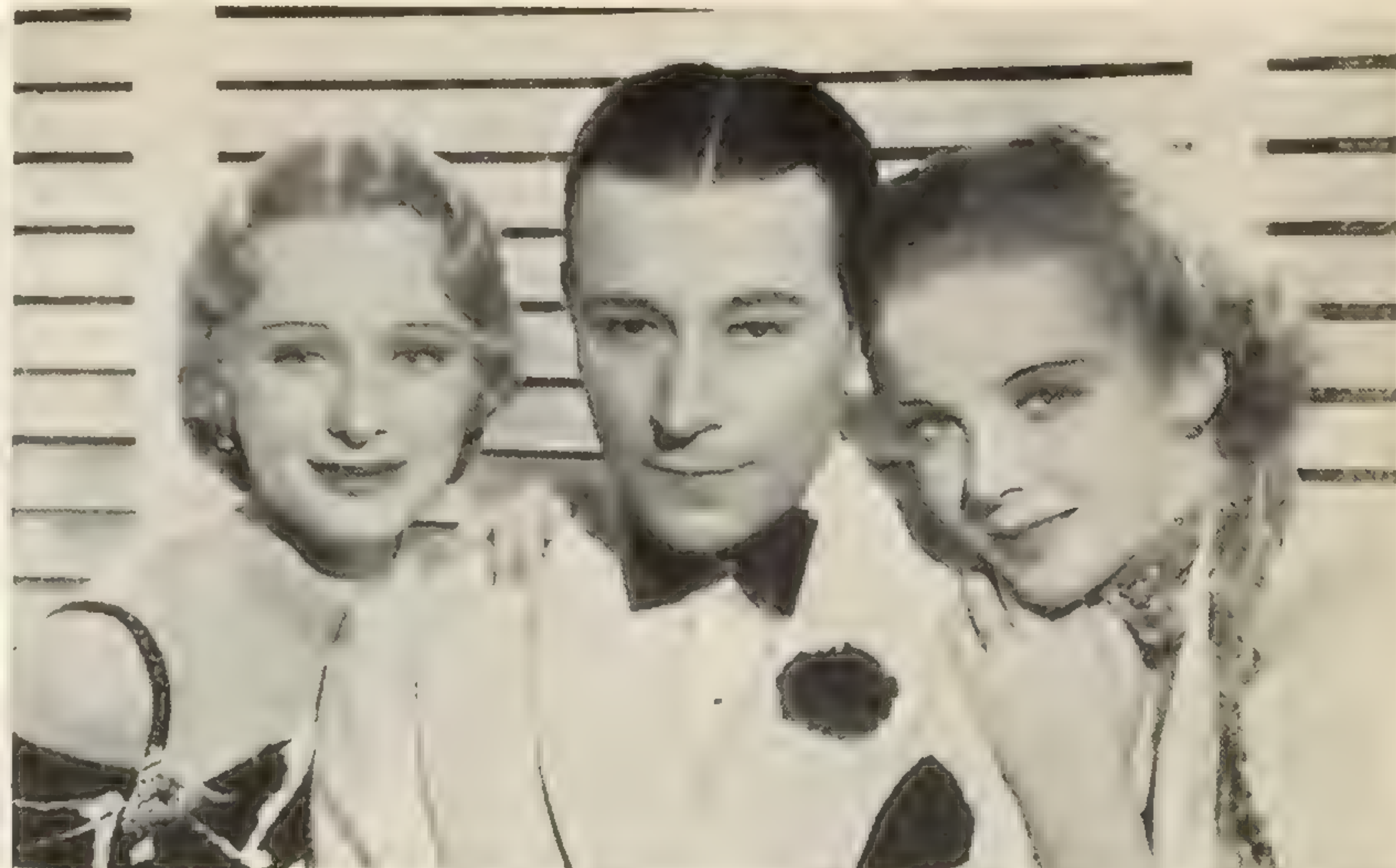
BING CROSBY burned the midnight oil learning how to roll his own. Bing's new picture is a musical with a Western locale. As a cowboy, he makes an awfully good crooner.



The statuesque beauty the sun shines on so brilliantly is Merle Oberon, wearing satin shorts and her most glamorous air at her Santa Monica beach home.



Barbara Stanwyck has two suitors, no less, in her new starring picture. Tall and dark Robert Young, and also tall, but blond, Gene Raymond. Here's a sample scene.



And George Raft figures if Barbara Stanwyck there at the left can have two leading ladies, he can have two leading men, so he picks Dolores Costello Barrymore and Ida Lupino.

THEY were lining up on a close-up shot of Joan Crawford, putting her arms around the neck of Lionel Barrymore. Joan and Lionel stood under the hot lights for all of two minutes and held the position while the camera was being adjusted. Director Clarence Brown called for action, Joan started to speak her lines, and suddenly discovered that Lionel was fast asleep.

"And they used to call me the glamor girl!" cracked Joan, as she joined in the laughter that shook the set.

HENRY FONDA'S birthday party was celebrated in gay fashion at the Trocadero. Included in the party were Margaret Sullavan with ex-hubby Henry, and Ginger Rogers with James Stewart. Just to give themselves a good time, everyone sat around the long table and played "Handies." This is the new game that is causing such a furore in Hollywood. The idea is to demonstrate with your hands abjects, slang expressions, or figures of speech. Everyone but the one doing it, has to guess what is being represented and *he* is supposed to know.

THE romance of Francis Lederer and Mary Loos continues to flourish. Mary had a birthday last month and Francis presented her with one of the finest motion picture cameras on the market. And speaking of Francis—that reminds us of Steffi Duna, once the Lederer heart-interest. At the preview of "Dancing Pirate," she was escorted by Chic Chandler. And just when we had about decided that her romance with John Carroll was a thing of the past, she appeared the following week with John, at the preview of "Anthony Adverse."

TO CELEBRATE her Hollywood wave of success, Ann Sothern returned from a New York vacation with her own private hairdresser. Ann has him under a personal contract. He was once assistant to the famous Antoine, who astounded blasé Hollywood with his glass heels. (Hollywood is just used to the common every-day variety.)

ACTOR friends of Henry Wadsworth aren't exactly sure, if there was a friendly gesture that prompted him to send them a present from Maysville, Kentucky. When Henry returned to his ancestral home to straighten out some business affairs, he had the old family cook cure half a dozen hams. Considering them a rare delicacy in Hollywood, Henry proceeded to send them to all his friends. Knowing the Wadsworth sense of humor, they're wondering now.

LESLIE HOWARD, his wife and children, all his luggage and seven horses were safely on the train that was to start them on their way to England. Dozens of friends had come down to see them off. At the very last moment a messenger arrived informing Leslie he was needed for retakes on "Romeo and Juliet." This was at seven-thirty in the evening. Leslie managed to get everything and everyone together but the horses and get off from Pasadena. He dashed back to M-G-M, literally threw himself into the mood and costume of Shakespeare's immortal lover, and gave his all to art's sake. Then, for his horses' sake, Leslie chartered a plane and caught up with the train at eleven o'clock that same night.

WHEN Mrs. Astaire, mother of the famous Fred left for Ireland, what do you think Fred sent along for his sister Adele? He went out and bought hundreds of packages of seeds. Lady Cavendish, (Delly-Welly to her friends), has gone in for gardening and can't find enough things to stick in the ground.



Lo, what poor Indian? Bruce Cabot plays a red-man, and who should come to cheer him on but his former wife Adrienne Ames. Is it a reconciliation?

FOR some unknown reason, Sylvia Sydney just couldn't wait to get out of Hollywood. The moment they took the final scene of "Fury" Sylvia was on her way to Europe. After a sneak preview they discovered they needed her for retakes. If you think they could locate Sylvia, then you don't know Mrs. Sidney's little girl. As a result Sylvia would have had several more important scenes in the finished picture, if she hadn't been so hasty.

DIRECTOR EDDIE SUTHERLAND, (no he hasn't married Loretta Young—yet), tells an amusing story at W. C. Fields' expense. Eddie says he visited the island of Samoa, fifteen years after Fields had spent a summer there. The natives met Eddie at the boat, still juggling bananas.

DIXIE DUNBAR, the little hotcha dancer (who would like to play Anita Louise parts), contracted a slight case of make-up poisoning. Just Dixie's luck a special boy friend would ask her for a date. Undaunted, she went to the make-up department and a small miracle was performed. By covering her temporary blemishes with transparent adhesive and a little make-up, Dixie had that school girl complexion you've heard so much about.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY was in a terrific accident. He got his thumb in the way of the electric train belonging to his small child. Bob says he's awfully glad he doesn't make his living by hitchhiking.

IN THE case of Al Jolson, virtue is its own reward. The mammy star has a heart that big and recently staked a miner to two hundred dollars, to work a claim. The man disappeared and was never heard of again. Then one day Al received a notice that he had inherited a mine. He didn't pay much attention until he discovered his claim adjoined one of the richest gold mines in United States. Any moment now, Al is expecting a great yellow streak.

FRED KEATING, sitting in back of us at a preview, was much funnier than the picture. On the screen was a short subject, showing the dangers of diving to the bottom of the sea for sponges. "It's so stupid going to all that trouble," cracked Fred, not too softly, "when you can buy them at any drug store for 10 cents a piece."

DICK CROMWELL is planning a cocktail party, for the sole purpose of exhibiting his new oil painting of Katharine Hepburn. Even though Dick has met the tempestuous Kate, he has painted the portrait from memory, as an experiment.

Distant Star

Continued from page 17

came from. Marty for Martha. Now she's Mavis Dorian, and says she was born on the corner of Forty-Second Street and the Rue de la Paix! If you ask me, she's bad medicine. She's got a temper like all get out, and a mean line of talk. Once she threw a slipper at me—it almost hit me, too. Why do you want to know about her?"

Bill said easily, "She's so darned pretty."

He didn't explain that the thing which really attracted him to Mavis Dorian was the way in which she moved. He didn't explain *then*. But later, when he was talking to Carol Kelly, the little chorus girl, he went farther.

"Sure, she's probably everything they say," he agreed, "but that doesn't stop me from liking to watch her on the screen. I don't care much about her voice, and her prettiness comes second. It's the way she walks that gets me. Every step she takes is so—so natural. Like light rippling over water, or the sound of music. As if walking"—without his own volition his voice grew a trifle bitter—"was the easiest thing in the world. As if she enjoyed it . . ." He stopped, and Carol said—

"You ought to see me tap dance, Bill. If they'd give me a spot, just once!" She sighed, but her eyes—as they slowly traveled the length of Bill's twisted leg—held complete understanding.

* * *

Bill was, more or less, allowed the run, (did I say run?), of the Ultra-Alta lot. He could always get a pass for the mere asking. Not that he took advantage of his special privileges. There weren't many times during the day when he was able to close up his stand, and there weren't any times at all when he dared go off, leaving it open. The stand was too precious to risk; it stood for too much. Bill had put all his money into that stand, money he'd saved from being a newsboy, the couple of hundred dollars he'd scraped together by rigorous self-denial. That it gave him a comfortable living, now, was only justice.

Comfortable living? As Bill told Carol, "I do myself very well!" Very well meant that he had a pleasant room a hobbling distance from his place of business, that he could buy a good dinner when he wanted it, in some restaurant with soft chairs and shaded corners. It meant that he possessed a broad striped umbrella which kept off the sun and rain—that, at times, he treated himself to a massage when things were too bad. Not that Bill would often admit, even to himself, that they were too bad—he had been a cripple for so long that he was used to it. He'd been a cripple since before he could talk. Since before—this was the ultimate misery—he'd been old enough to take a normal step.

"Yeah," he answered a tactless and inquiring customer, one day, "Yeah, my nurse dropped me out of her arms when she was carrying me from my plush-upholstered nursery to the plush-upholstered Rolls."

He'd grinned mirthlessly, to say it, but it wasn't far from the truth. His doll-faced, careless mother—widowed too young—had been talking voraciously in the doorway, with a handsome delivery man. She hadn't taken the time to glance back across her shoulder at the baby who was balanced in his high chair in front of an open window. She hadn't noticed that the high chair was empty until she heard a commotion in the street, three stories below. Well, she'd paid for her carelessness in grief, Bill reminded himself whenever the

pain was so great that it couldn't be ignored—God rest her soul, anyway! His mother had died during his twelfth year.

From twelve to thirty, (Bill had told Carol Kelly the truth about his age), had been tortuous years, lonely years. But—heaven be praised—they were busy years! Bill had been a success at selling papers—folk nearly always tell a lame lad to keep the change. His only interest, outside of his work, had been the movies. In a dim theatre, with music swaying through the air, and adventure rampant, he could watch the shadows of the world appear.

The movies—they were not only casual entertainment to Bill. They lent him color, and life, and joy and escape. They taught him how to talk, and what kind of ties gentlemen wear. They taught him some of the facts of existence, and gave him an opportunity to recognize some of life's fiction. As he grew older they gave him glamor and a sort of vicarious love life. He often shut his eyes, after seeing some picture, and visioned himself swift and clean-limbed and carefree. Making suave speeches to this or that feminine star. Barbara La Marr was his first romance—and the flowers he sent to her funeral, without a name, were neither unelaborate nor in bad taste. Others followed her, and they were invariably women who moved with grace and dignity, who had strong, splendid bodies and grave smiles—women like Garbo and Dietrich and Kay Francis. Never your hoydenish Joan Blondells, or your tiny Janet Gaynors, or your brownette-tressed Harlows. In his dream Bill Banton paused before stately ladies and they glanced hopefully up into his face.

It was his interest in the movies—his acute interest—that gave Bill's newsstand, when he finally achieved a stand, its locale. The Ultra-Alta lot was the largest lot of all—for that reason there'd be more business than at any other corner. And—far more important—with only two years of her much publicized seven-year contract in the past, Mavis Dorian—once of Wisconsin, and Bill's latest ideal—would be constantly

going in and out of the magic gateway. Passing so close to him that her trailing, filmy garments would brush against the rough wool of his suit. Passing close to him for half a decade.

* * *

Carol Kelly stopped by to pay Bill his five dollars. She handed it to him a trifle wistfully.

"What do you do with your money, Bill?" she asked, as she counted the five slender bills into his hand. "Not holding out a sweetie on me, are you?"

Bill felt himself flushing as he made answer. He experienced an intense desire to shake Carol, and she was so small that he could have shaken her without much difficulty.

"Sweetie, my eye—cripples don't go out with girls," he told her.

Carol said, "I never think of you as a cripple. What's a bum leg, between friends? I only know that your private life's not what anyone would call an open book. But," her grin was impish, "why don't you break the rule? The five dollars I just gave you is found money—you never expected it back, and you better admit it! Why don't you invest the works in dinner—with me?"

Bill Banton said: "Kidding, are you? You probably wouldn't be seen with me, in public."

Carol said, "Wouldn't I? Ask me!"

Bill laughed harshly. "I will ask you," he said. "There's a spaghetti place not far from here. They have good food, and good wine, and soft lights. So soft that you won't be able to see me very well."

Carol's fingers—they were slim, child-like fingers—touched Bill's arm. "I sort of like seeing you. You're a good looking guy, Bill—you don't know the power—" she dimpled—"your profile has over me! I'll meet you here, around seven."

As Bill watched her racing down the avenue, he told himself that she was a good kid—and kind. And that it would be an adventure to eat with a girl. Even though the girl fell very far short of his ideal of perfection!

* * *

The dinner was pleasant. Carol had worn a new frock, and Bill's table manners—a legacy, also, from the movies—were not bad. They had a couple of dry Martinis, and Chianti in a straw bottle. Carol said:

"This is a real party, Bill. You're doing me proud."

Bill said: "I'm doing myself proud, but I'm afraid you're taking me for a ride. I bet you go to the Brown Derby every night with a different guy."

Carol sighed. "That's where you're wrong; I don't. Being a movie chorus girl isn't all lobster and champagne and opera hats. I spend a lot of my evenings sitting home, darning the heels of my stockings, wondering when I'm going to get another job—and my next meal. I'm full of luck today—" she beamed at Bill above her wine glass—"I'm not only eating, I'm to have a little part in the picture. You know, don't you, Bill, that I'm working in that new costume thing of Dorian's? I wear a powdered wig, and a hoop-skirt, and do minuets and quadrilles and old-time dances like that. And today the director told me I'm going to have a couple of lines to speak. Believe it or not!"

Bill leaned forward. He said, "You're working with Miss Dorian? No, you hadn't mentioned it before. Tell me about her picture."



Sun-tanning made easy on the eyes for all of us! Rosalind Marquis, film newcomer, seen at Santa Monica.

Carol Kelly said: "This broiled chicken is grand, the way they fix it! Well, Dorian plays a French courtesan, and I guess she'll do the part kind of well, at that." Carol chuckled and Bill glared at her. "It's sort of a tragedy, but they say the costumes'll be lovely. Why don't you come in tomorrow, Bill, and mosey around? We'll be doing a rehearsal of the court sequence on stage six."

Bill said, "Maybe I will drop by if I can get anybody to mind my newsstand."

Carol laughed. "Ask one of the chorus boys to take it over for an hour, but lock up your fairy stories," she said. "Have you any of the five dollars left, Bill? Can I have a cordial? I love Chartreuse."

Bill said, "You can have anything you want."

* * *

They were rehearsing on stage six, sure enough, when Bill came through the lot next day. He'd come slowly—stopping to see a knife thrower do his stuff, watching the lithe bodies of a couple of girls, in Nautch costume, as they sauntered past. He'd even paused to listen to a cowboy quartette, and he hated cowboy quartettes. "I'm like a kid," he told himself, "eating my cake and saving the icing until last. I wonder if Mavis—" he called her Mavis to himself—"will be in costume?"

There was a tension in the air—Bill could sense it beating against him like a surf—as he approached stage six. A sound man, who knew him, said—"Howdy, Banton. Coming to see the fireworks?" At Bill's "I don't get you," he explained: "Dorian, I mean. She's raising hell about the sets and the clothes and the props and her director and God alone knows what."

Bill said: "Well, a great actress has a right to be temperamental." He shuffled along toward the stage. He pushed open a door very quietly and heard a feminine voice raised in passionate speech.

"I tell you," Mavis Dorian was saying angrily to her harassed director, "there's no contrast! You surround me with a hundred pretty little girls all showing their ankles and their teeth. You put me in a gown like every extra's gown, and expect me to stand out from the crowd. You cover up my hair with a woolly wig, and give me a mask to hold in front of my eyes—what's the big idea, anyway?"

Bill drew near the stage. He was appalled by Mavis Dorian's rage—and yet he was fascinated—for she was more gorgeous in her anger than he had ever seen her. The hours he had watched her on the silver screen—the more intimate glimpses he had caught of her as she hurried, face

averted, past his stall—had not prepared him for her amazing beauty. Even the thick make-up she wore didn't detract from that beauty. The abandon with which she raised her clenched fists to the heavens, the way she tossed back her head, the stamp of her foot, were dramatic poetry to Bill. When she flung her magnificent body into a great, carved, throne-like chair, he found himself creeping nearer. He didn't know the simile of the bird and the snake—in fact he didn't see any resemblance to a snake in the sinuous turn of the woman's hips. He was almost at her feet when she started to speak again.

"I'm the star of this picture," she fairly screamed at the world of jittery extras, and mechanics, and scenario writers, "and you don't give me a break. What I want is *contrast*. I've got to have background, see? You don't put a diamond in a sea of rhinestones, do you, and expect it to look like a diamond? You don't—"



Irene Dunne and her mother as they attended a special screening of "Show Boat," Irene's biggest hit.

Somebody to the rear of Bill coughed. Not deservingly, nervously.

Mavis turned her glorious head in the direction of the cough. She shrieked: "Shut up! Do you think this is Denver? Do you—" All at once she caught sight of Bill, standing there.

"For the love of heaven," she said, and her

tone was even more shrill, "get that cripple out of the way. Broken things make me sick to my stomach!"

Bill stared at Mavis Dorian. He had never seen her more alluring. Not in "Flowers of Passion," her hit picture. Not in "Seeds of Despair." He started to turn blindly—a fugitive from her anger and her disdain—and was aware that a little voice, somewhere in the extra ranks, was murmuring: "Bill, *Bill*, don't you care."

Bill, hearing his name, wavered ever so slightly. In the split second of his indecision, somebody nudging somebody else, pushed against him. He stumbled on a step, felt his bad leg crumple under him, reached out with impotent hands to keep himself from falling. He caught at something, felt rather than heard the ripping of some satiny fabric as he crashed to the floor. And then—still feeling rather than hearing—he was conscious of Mavis Dorian's voice. As sharp, as metallic, as robbed of romance, as a steel file.

"Idiot," stormed the voice, "that's *my* dress! You've torn it. I could kill you—you clumsy fool!"

The fall had shaken Bill Banton. Worse than that, it had hurt him cruelly. But the knowledge that he had torn his lady's gown—the knowledge that he had merited her scorn—hurt much more bitterly. His eyes were filmed with despair as he raised them to the face of the star. He looked at her beseechingly, aware of the awkwardness of his posture, of his inability to scramble up and hurry away. Something untranslatable in his glance broke the thread of the Dorian rage.

The lady from Wisconsin began to laugh. "Damned if he doesn't look like a stray dog, waiting to be kicked!" she giggled. "He's the funniest thing!" Daintily, cruelly, she touched Bill Banton's crouching body with the toe of a silver slipper.

There was a stir from somewhere among the extras. A girl's voice cried, with a touch of hysteria, "That beast! *I could murder her . . .*"

But, perhaps fortunately, no one heard the girl.

For the director—with a throb of incredulous excitement in his erstwhile weary voice—was speaking.

"I never saw anything like him," he said, "He's a natural, if ever there was one. He has a sort of Lon Chaney quality. Maybe it's his leg—but man, it's the expression in his eyes—I dunno . . ." He paused, cleared his throat, and then—

"You wanted contrast, did you, Mavis? Well, you've got what you wanted. There it is at your feet—made to order!"

(To Be Continued)

Can A Career Kill Romance?

Continued from page 18

Her father was a prominent federal official there and a theatrical future did not loom for her until they moved to California. That was when Rochelle was twelve. She had such an engaging manner that the following year, by accidentally meeting a studio woman friend of a friend of her mother, she found herself under contract. So the truth is that she has had six full years of training for her present opportunity.

I begged her to continue with her romantic revelations. Here is someone who knows what's what in Hollywood's younger set.

"Well," she said, "getting an agreeable escort isn't easy. Most young men outside the picture industry seem immature. I mean, when they're exactly your age and you've been working since your early 'teens.

They're cute, but generally too collegiate to be very interesting.

"And then there are comparatively few men acting themselves who are eligible. When you come down to facts, Hollywood has always had far more unattached women than men. It's a woman's town.

"So the result is obvious, isn't it? The handsome young men who are pleasant, free, and financially able to date—and it does require more than quarters to go to the local popular spots—are keenly sought-after. Consequently, being so much in demand they are usually inclined to be provokingly masculine. If a girl has chosen to be what is so quaintly described as 'old-fashioned,' there are others, one is told, who aren't!"

Curled up on a soft divan in the library of her new house in Beverly Hills, Rochelle

during all this frank talk was a vision in satin lounging pajamas of Alice-blue shade. She had met me at the door, too. She doesn't bother to impress, and I would say that candidness is perhaps her most evident trait. She is not in the least fooled by flattery, and she pays one the compliment of speaking her mind in straightforward, sincere fashion.

With more urging, she amplified further. "Honestly, it is downright difficult for a girl in pictures to meet a young man with whom she can have a good time. Someone to go to shows with. To dance with. You see, there are two social crowds here. Every girl learns about cliques, and they are as big a problem to us here as in any other town. We have the Los Angeles 'society,' and the film lot hundred. And of course you have to pitch in and be a

regular attendant at all the parties to be successful in either.

"I have discovered that an actress is still viewed with alarm by the women in Los Angeles society. The men are charming, but the women manage to be aloof. You don't care to try to mix when that is obviously brought to your attention.

"Now so far as Hollywood's 'society' is concerned, I myself haven't enough energy left, when I've finished work, to be a steady gadabout. Players who have definitely arrived at the top can afford to be on the go. Unfortunately, it's almost impossible for one to intimate that you want to step out only when you're really in the mood. You know how people are offended when you decline invitations!"

Experience, it seems, has also taught Rochelle how handicapped a Hollywood girl is by the constant surveillance she rates from the press. Two hundred eager reporters avidly pounce upon every budding romance; indeed, upon every date. Very often considerable damage is unwittingly done by this spotlighting.

Again, Rochelle can call on her own memories. Only a year or so ago she fell in love. It was the first time—no one has come along since to intrigue her. He was an extremely good-looking youth, in no way connected with the movies. Finally he had understood her aspirations for acting success. She had tried so earnestly for a break, and at last things were shaping up with genuine promise. He, too, had much to effect before settling down to marriage.

They were quiet about their affection for each other. Never once did they make a public show of it. They felt too deeply to be the slightest bit anxious to parade. They agreed that they wanted to wait awhile, until each had accomplished a material goal.

Then he went to Europe, and while he was on the high seas a news-hound suddenly published an announcement of their engagement, crediting it to Rochelle. Because he was socially important, the newspapers radiogrammed him for a statement. He was astounded. Rochelle was aghast.

Hollywood's brash ways are seldom fathomed by those not thoroughly inured to the town's peculiar brand of interference. Distance added complications, made explanation evolved and twisted. Somehow that fine promising friendship was spoiled.

No doubt, so far as Rochelle's career goes, it's all been for the best. Anyway, she has a remarkable philosophy for one so young. She truly is convinced that everything happens for an advantageous reason. Maybe it is hard to rationalize, but she has never been a weakling. Her attitude has enabled her to look forward to falling in love again sometime. She will have none of impotent tears and futile regrets.

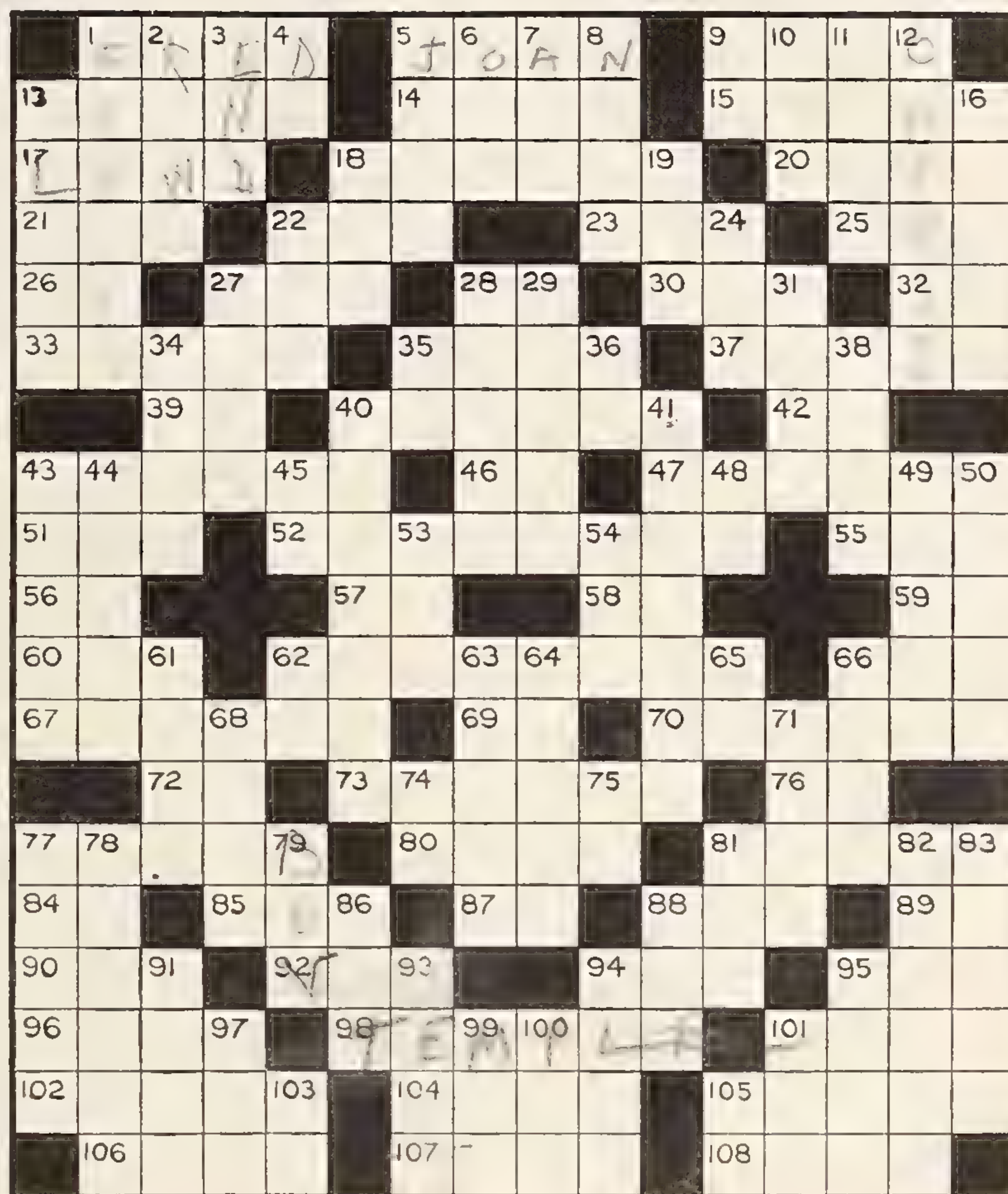
At the studio they are glad she has no strings on her, for she can devote herself completely to getting ahead. Which is what she is doing these days. Well, *nearly* all the time! For in spare moments her thoughts, as any girl's will anywhere, roam to the fascinating subject of love—and men, and dates.

Among her accomplishments is a special skill with a delicate paint brush. "I shall be staying home painting petunias!" she exclaimed, as I departed. An impatient hand waved towards her canvas on an easel by a window. Her evening's program was very evidently depressing. "I'm positive those vexing leaves I've been trying to get right will give me the willies. Tonight I'd so enjoy meeting a very nice young—!"

With a start she stopped, aware that she'd begun confessing more than might be wise. But I didn't miss hearing a sigh. It was direct from her heart. So Hollywood isn't heaven!

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

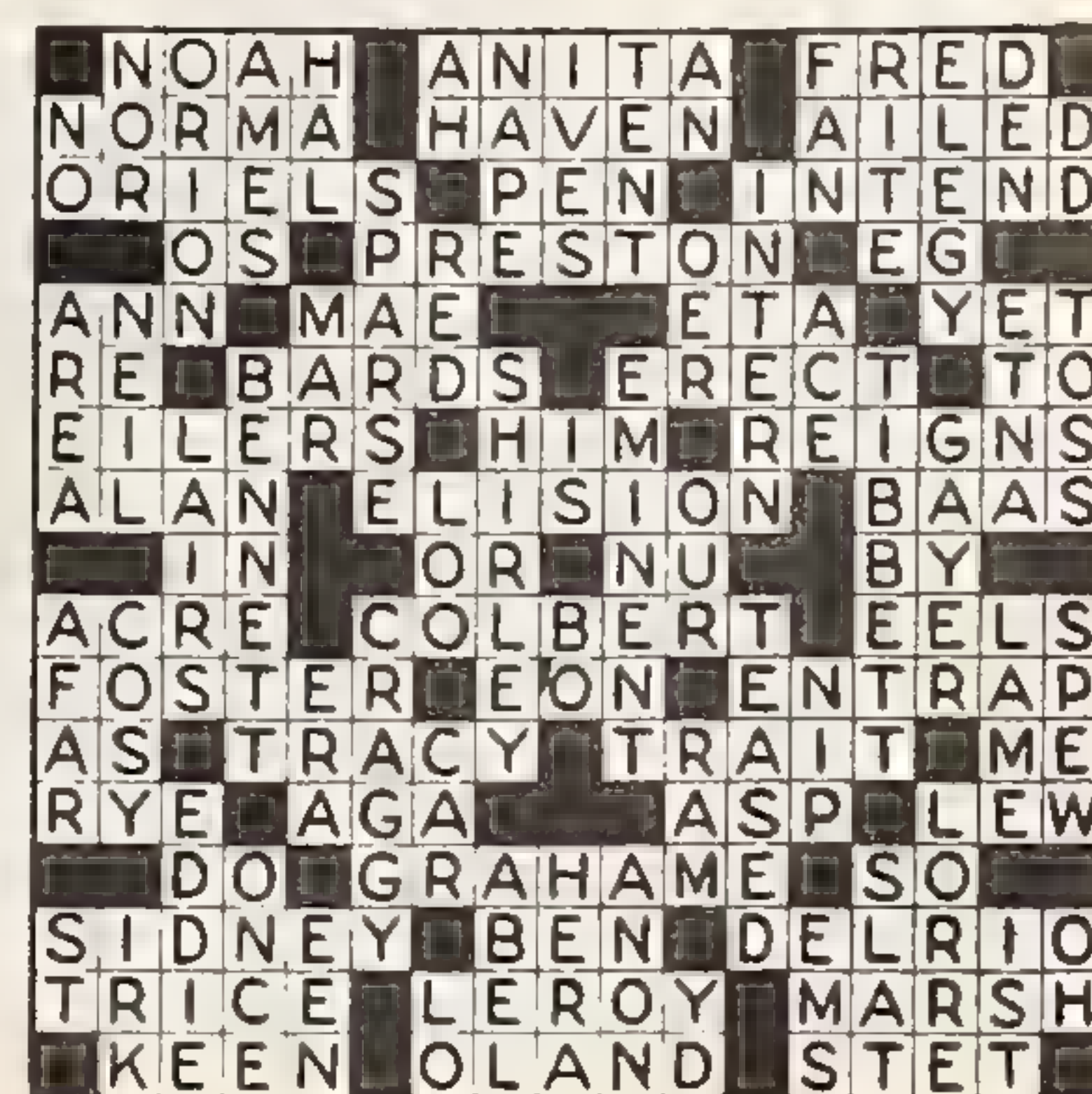
1. Co-star of "Follow the Fleet"
5. Mrs. Franchot Tone
9. He's featured in "Dracula's Daughter"
13. Musical instrument
14. Comfort
15. One of the Marx brothers
17. To loan
18. Ingenue in "The Ghost Goes West"
20. A sly look
21. A large deer
22. He's married to Bebe Daniels
23. Leading lady in "Half Angel"
25. Before
26. Advertisement (abbrev.)
27. One of the props in gangster films
28. Nearby
30. In favor of
32. One
33. Former Russian rulers
35. Her new one is "Abdul the Damned"
37. What you drink out of
39. Note of the scale
40. Herbert Marshall's girl friend
42. The, in an Italian version
43. Killer
46. You and me
47. Crooner in "Anything Goes"
51. A sailor
52. Star of "Metropolitan"
55. Crude metal
56. Printer's measure
57. Exclamation of triumph
58. That is (abbrev.)
59. Each (abbrev.)
60. Soft drink
62. Astaire's buddy in "Follow the Fleet"
66. Remote
67. One of "These Three"
69. Part of to be
70. Walks
72. Upon
73. Her new one is "Florida Special"
76. Physician's title (abbrev.)
77. Disguises
80. Ward off
81. Skillful
84. Exclamation
85. Yonder (poetic)
87. Ocean liner (abbrev.)
88. One of several
89. Either

90. Moisture
92. At this moment
94. An actor calls his career this
95. Reverence
96. Grotto (poetic)
98. Star of "Captain January"
101. Range or scope
102. Boredom
104. To start on sea voyage
105. Overflowed
106. What omelets are made of
107. Three spot in cards
108. Actual

DOWN

1. His new one is "Poppy"
2. Degree
3. Last moment of a film
4. To perform
5. Co-star in "Wife vs. Secretary"
6. Boat propeller
7. Inquire
8. To find necessary
9. Exclamation
10. The kind of dancing Eleanor Powell does
11. Large woody plant
12. Tibbett, Pons, Grace Moore used to sing in these
13. Fold of material
16. Uncloses
18. Writing implement
19. Corded fabric
22. Means of travel
24. Unit of work
27. A color
28. A love affair
29. Curt
31. Medley
34. At a distance
35. Star of "The Singing Kid"
36. Note of the scale
38. Too
40. Featured actress in "Two in the Dark"
41. Takes
43. Vapor from hot water
44. Co-star of "The Amateur Gentleman"
45. Means of transportation (abbrev.)
48. Note of the scale
49. Staple food
50. Measurements of time
53. Pale
54. Nothing
61. God of love
62. Sun god
63. Valleys
64. Prophetic signs
65. Period of time (abbrev.)
66. Passage money
68. Black
71. Co-star of "Rose Marie"
74. Provided that
75. Thoroughfare (abbrev.)
77. Leading lady in "Exclusive Story"
78. Leading man in "Sylvia Scarlett"
79. Male child
81. Insect
82. Star of "The Great Ziegfeld"
83. Negotiate
86. Negative
88. Part of to be
91. Famous Chinese screen actress
93. Klondike Annie
94. Partner
95. Solo
97. To pull
99. To deface
100. A dessert
101. To imitate
103. Exists
105. The elder (abbrev.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



Girls They Could Really Love

Continued from page 21

really attracted Clark Gable all share one particular quality in common: they are intense, vivid, even dominant personalities, mature in their experiences and their outlook on life. Check the cultured and studious Josephine Dillon, Clark's first wife, against that picture of "the girl in the gingham dress." Or Rea Gable, his second wife, whose personality is so vivid she rates as one of the few non-professional women to come out from behind the stigma of "just an actor's wife" to make her mark on Hollywood. Rea Gable is a grandmother now, yet her dusky beauty, her keen wit, and her subtle knowledge of the world earned her as many close personal friends in Hollywood as Clark's fame. Since his separation, Clark is said to be vitally interested in Carole Lombard, and certainly Carole's forceful, worldly personality needs no added explanation. Two brunettes against one blonde in his love record, color-type seems to make no difference to the Greatest Lover Of Them All if the women themselves are vivid, intense, and colorful! With Gable, it's a case of please omit ingénues.

But don't get too discouraged, you nice little girls with nice homes, and nice reputations, and nice neat little thoughts; because Bob Montgomery apparently finds you the most attractive type of all. If you have a grand sense of humor, and real poise along with your *petiteness*, you're just about tops with Bob. The girl he married, Betty Montgomery, is a walking model of every quality Bob admires in a girl. He's such a devoted husband that even the girls Bob admires in the abstract are the same type! Maybe it is because he is so tall, that he prefers very small, very dainty girls. And maybe it is because he is so clever at repartee, himself, that he prefers the girl who talks softly and gently, minus the wisecracks! They say opposites attract. In Bob's case, I believe they do.

Eddie Lowe once told me that ever since he could remember he had been in love with a blonde! "I don't know whether it is purely accidental, or not," Eddie grinned, "but that's the record." But just because you are a blonde in coloring doesn't particularly recommend you to Eddie's atten-

tion. For he is the first to admit it is a *certain* type of blonde that attracts him most. Eddie likes the sleek, magnificently groomed, expensive blonde type you find cocktail-ing on Park Avenue at tea time. He likes women who are as daringly original in their thought and speech as they are in their clothes. The late Lilyan Tashman, Eddie's second wife, was a perfect model of the type. But no more so than the brand new Mrs. Edmund Lowe, (Rita Kaufman), whose reputation for chic is equalled only by her reputation for great wit and devastating honesty of speech.

While we are on the subject of blondes, and gentlemen who really prefer 'em, we might as well break down and admit that another fascinating cosmopolite of the screen, William Powell, has a marked weakness for them, too. Not exclusively, you understand, (his first wife, Eileen Wilson, was a brunette), but blondes do catch Ziegfeld-Powell's eye in a crowd a little more quickly than any other type. But where Eddie prefers the tall, stately blonde orchid, Bill likes the "laughing blonde," the good-time girl, the fair-haired beauty who gets a kick out of life. He's not even averse to practical-joking blondes. If you still don't grasp what I mean, think back on Carole Lombard ex-Powell, and forward to Jean Harlow, who the columnists insist will be the next Mrs. Powell. Here are gay, decorative girls who take their beauty in stride, and while the world "ahs" over their contours, they'd just as soon run around in slacks with bows tied on their hair, as not! If there's any other qualification to be made in Willie's favorite type it is the single little factor of curves where they belong. He's perfectly frank to admit that he likes the feminine figure *feminine*! And again Miss Harlow and Miss Lombard may take a bow! Bill likes them beautiful, all right, but he doesn't care if they forget it in being good scouts now and then.

On the other hand, if any woman ever did break up Warner Baxter's happy home, I bet she would be a slender brunette, (only I'm not taking any bets on this, you understand. In the first place, Warner's one of the most completely happily married men

in Hollywood, and in the second place, Winnie Baxter is a slender brunette herself—so what chance have you with a man who is already married to his favorite type?). Warner is so very much married and contented that the only way it has ever been possible to get a line on his favorite type is by a casually dropped comment on certain actresses whose work he admires on the screen or from a luke-warm compliment on the appearance of a stranger in a crowd. Only by these slender straws have I been able to ferret out, after years of interviewing Warner on one subject or another, that the brunette is more eye-catching to him than the blonde or the red-head. It should be enough of a tip to say that Warner enjoys particularly looking at Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer on the screen, and that he believes little Rochelle Hudson has an interesting future.

A long time ago, I read a story about John Barrymore in which he drew a composite picture of his "dream woman." This lady, *via* print, was wise, worldly, and witty, and you got the very definite impression that she was old enough to know her way around. Well, "Jawn" was always the kidder, because ever since his divorce from Michael Strange, he has been the most ardent worshipper at the shrine of sheer, unadulterated youth, of any adult in Hollywood! He married the dewy-eyed Dolores Costello before she had reached her twentieth birthday. And when that marriage went on the rocks, who should he catch up with—(or did she catch up with him?)—but Elaine "Ariel" Barrie. If the nineteen-year-old Elaine becomes the next Mrs. Barrymore, as it is believed she will, she will be the second "child bride" in the life of the 47-year-old actor who says his "dream woman" is worldly and mature!

Another gentleman who has considerable "word eating" to do concerning his Dream Girl, is none other than Gary Cooper who once went on record as a great admirer of the type of girl whose heart was in her home, husband, children, and fireside, "just like the girls back home" in Montana, where Gary was raised. Well, maybe these clinging vines, and good cake-bakers, may be Gary's dreams—but they certainly are not his experiences! Or am I seriously mistaken about Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, a very wealthy and dynamic titled lady, and last, but far from least, Sandra Shaw Cooper? Some of the women Gary has loved at one time or another have been blondes, some brunettes, one red-head. But one trait they have shared in common is that, one and all, they are no retiring violets! The women in Gary's real life have been colorful, dominating, daring and original thinkers and doers, and somehow I've never had the impression any one of them were bending that amazing will power in the direction of getting out the laundry on time, or fretting over a date for the Spring housecleaning "like the girls back home."

But you don't have to be a vital force among women, or even an orchid blonde to catch Gene Raymond's eye. If the truth be known, Gene seems to like just ordinary "nice girls" who live in homes with their folks, who wear pretty and becoming clothes without knocking out the eyes of the cash customers, and who just talk sweetly and softly without achieving any great reputation for wit or frankness. I doubt if Gene would even lift an eyelash if you told him he'd have to get your orders. Gene is a



Nelson Eddy, his mother, and Dr. E. Lippe, Nelson's vocal teacher, stage happy reunion when the star returned from his triumphant concert tour.

and these are the kind of girls he grew up with! Apparently Hollywood hasn't changed his ideas any, for the type he still prefers, even after years of proximity to the Glamor Girls, are the Janet Gaynors, the Margaret Lindsays and the Jeanette MacDonalds of the movies. And Janet, Margaret, and Jeanette are just about the "nicest girls" in town! On second thought, I wonder if there is anything in the added factor that all three are red-heads!

Bing Crosby has the reputation in Hollywood of never having looked at another woman but Dixie Lee Crosby, and with Dixie as our only criterion, the only possible conclusion to be reached is that Bing likes "cute girls." He married the "cutest" he could find, and as far as his personal life goes, he has let it rest at that. But Bing's preference in types does come out a little when it comes to putting his okay on leading ladies—and even for make-believe love making on the screen, he's consistent. He still wants them "cute."

Back in the F. Scott Fitzgerald era, I think Bing would have been a great admirer of the flapper. He likes to work in pictures with Joan Bennett, and with Joan in his studio life, and Dixie in his home life, where is Bing going to find more "cuteness"?

Ronald Colman has the reputation for being a "woman hater," a Hollywood legend I have always doubted. There are only certain types of women Ronnie hates, and judging by his conduct at the few Hollywood gatherings he attends, they are the effusive, overly-enthusiastic ladies, especially when their effusiveness and enthusiasm is directed toward him!

Colman has never hinted who or what his Dream Girl might be, though he has been cast in so many pictures opposite blondes, (they try to mix up the color schemes for the camera—dark male draws blonde foil and *vice versa*), it might be believed that he prefers them. But every time it has been rumored that Mr. Colman was "interested" in private life, the lady has been toward the brunette. Incidentally, a majority of the rumors have involved that particular type of clean-cut, clear-thinking, direct girl who can talk intelligently on subjects that interest men, who can play golf and tennis, emphasis on the latter, and who can get her hair damp in the swimming pool without reaching for her vanity. Also, I believe Ronnie has a marked leaning toward his own countrywomen.

Fredric March once told me the most attractive qualities a woman could have as far as he was concerned were vitality, aliveness, and good health. But where Freddy likes them peppy, animated, and intense, Maurice Chevalier has confessed that nothing or no one in Hollywood was more delightful to his eye than Marlene Dietrich, "because she knows the secret of perfect repose. Relaxation is a delightful quality in a woman." Dick Powell likes pretty girls who are "good scouts" and Nelson Eddy likes mature women who have achieved something on their own in life, particularly in the literary or musical fields.

I've saved Robert Taylor, the current heartbeat of America for the last, because Bob seems to like all the girls, in all types, coloring, and moods. Certainly he has been attentive to the widest variety in the short time he has been a sensation on the screen. Yet, Bob's feelings got very hurt when a radio commentator took him to task for "playing the field." "I went with one girl for three years," Mr. Taylor offered by way of justifying the consistency of his affections.

But that's the way it is in Hollywood where they talk one Dream Girl for publicity purposes—and get engaged or married to, two or three other types.



Salutes and Snubs

Una Merkel heads our hit parade this month

SALUTES AND SNUBS, PURELY PERSONAL

Say what you will, here's what I think:
Favorite Actor: Gene Raymond. Prettiest teeth: Jeanette MacDonald. Prettiest hair: Anita Louise. Cutest nose: Joan Bennett. Best figure: Ruby Keeler. Best dresser: Kay Francis. Prettiest eyes: Joan Blondell.

Worst actress: Jean Muir. Worst actor: Leslie Howard.

Virginia King,
Clinton, Ia.

THE MERRY MERKEL

The "real Una Merkel" is not only one of the most remarkable actresses on the screen, but she is one of the most lovable little girls in show business. Una's "the tops" in any picture.

Jack Kilroy,
512 Glenwood Ave.,
Fort Huron, Mich.

"PRINCE" NELSON

If you really want to know what we think of Nelson Eddy way up here in Canada, well here it is: He's just another Prince of Wales to me, and we'll never get too much of him. He's that fine.

Jean Ferris,
Vancouver, B. C.

"KING" CLAUDE

Speaking of vibrant personalities, I place Claude Rains above all others. His genuinely fine performances surpass those of more popular actors. He deserves much credit and more applause.

Marguerite Palmero,
134 Marston St.,
Lawrence, Mass.

CHUCKLING WITH CHAPLIN

Charlie Chaplin must be laughing up his sleeve at the poor talkie stars—and who can blame him, after "Modern Times"? Without that spoken word other stars
(Continued on page 97)

Hollywood's Waiting To Hear From You

Ever stop to think that you, the picture patrons, are the real starmakers? Well, you are—and Hollywood knows it. But what can Hollywood do about promoting a young player to stardom, or picking the story you'll like best for some top-notch screen celebrity, if you don't make your ideas known?

So help Hollywood to turn out the kind of films that mean more enjoyment for the public, advancement for some gifted star, as well as improvement of the motion picture as a popular art. Send your thoughts direct to Hollywood via this public forum. Your letters are welcome. Please restrict them to fifty words, but write as many letters as you please. Address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

From Bagdad to Beverly Hills

Continued from page 27

he'd opened up. "As head man," I inquired hastily, "did you have a regal residence?"

He grinned. "It wasn't royal, but it was sanitary. And I designed it and had the building done by prison labor."

Victor was off on his reminiscing and what "copy!" His English, in passing, is as precise as Freddie Bartholomew's—when he's out of character. His splendid physique, also, has always served him well. There have been many dramatic hours when he has had to depend upon sheer strength. His inherited respect for decency and, strangely, for beauty carried him through a conglomeration of circumstances and to his present position.

"I remember wondering, there in Bagdad, what would ever happen to me. When I was eventually demobilized, and returned to

boxing in earnest. Only I was sidetracked into a heap of wrestling. I loved to fight. According to my clippings, I rose to being ranked as one of the seven foremost heavy-weights in America. By then I'd moved on to Seattle. But at that particular period there was so much red tape and grief for aspiring pugilists that I was discouraged. I probably could have fought for the title if I'd stuck at the game for two or three years. That appeared to be centuries!"

Therefore Victor went into the circus, no less. He dug up a partner; they formed a "unit"—challenging every would-be fighter in the state of Washington and British Columbia. Their proposition was three rounds of boxing or fifteen minutes' wrestling, and anyone who could lick them was to be handed \$25. They took turns allotting

to sign our act for three weeks. We were to open in San Francisco. On our way South we tarried in Seattle and we were introduced to a gentleman who owned a brewery. We accepted his invitation to inspect it. Of course, we had to sample his products; the sequel was a quarrel with my associate. Consequently, I materialized in San Francisco minus him. The Orpheum gave me a day to round up a suitable athlete—we were to anoint our skin with a shiny ointment and illustrate the knock-out blows in familiar title bouts.

"I was stumped; frantic. At the last minute when I was climbing onto the street-car to go down and admit defeat I glanced at the conductor. He was it! I induced him to run his street-car to its barn and go on the stage with me. I learned, afterwards, that he was a fighter temporarily out of the running. His nickname, incidentally, was 'the lantern-jawed Swede.'"

Victor's vaudeville memories are highlighted by a special night in San Diego.

"I tried to stop two marines from squabbling and shortly the three of us were taking on the crowd that gathered. I must confess that when the police arrived they picked on me, and when I sassed them I was ridden to the jail for a reprimand.

"To me, being behind footlights was artificial and boring. I was soon off for the Fiji Islands and some pearl-fishing. The ship I got on was stranded in the terrible calm that can follow typhoons. For an entire month we had no wind. Our provisions diminished as fever developed. Very literally, in the nick of time we were rescued.

"One of my brothers chanced to be in Australia. Being broke, I resurrected the vaudeville act with him and we played it for a year. Then I examined my cash and observed I had a couple of hundred dollars. I'd never seen India. A couple of days after landing in Bombay I again checked my funds and they were a mere \$15."

But trust Victor! Something perfectly astounding inevitably has been around the corners for him. He met the rajah of that district and was installed in the palace as physical instructor. The rajah took a fancy to his company and their chats were mutually interesting. For three months Victor's address was this potentate's elegant abode.

"I was ready to learn something new, so I went to Africa and shot lions next. When my money was all gone I aided a trader in selling his goats. That requires unique technique! After which I revived the act to earn my passage back to England to join the army in the World War."

Cited by the King for his gallant and distinguished services on the field of battle, he was assigned control of all police when Bagdad was occupied. His chief duty was detecting spies.

So this was Victor's past—and hardly an uneventful one, don't you agree?—when he was completing his Bagdad chapter.

"My getting into pictures was all accidental," he declared, pacing the floor in his ultra-swanky dressing-room at the 20th Century-Fox studios in Beverly Hills. He thinks better on his feet, because he has been so accustomed to action. "After the War I was anxious to settle down, to a steady job. I was too old to hope to reach the boxing top. I couldn't find any work, except an offer for a fight at a London club. I needed that purse. I lost the fray and was feeling gloomy indeed when a film producer who had been in a ringside seat came back to where I was being rubbed



Anne Shirley co-stars with John Beal, returning to films after a season on the New York stage, in "M'liss." Here you see them with Director George Nicholls, Jr., who has guided Anne to stardom, on the studio set.

London, there wasn't a promising future. I was thirty-three and I had nothing dependable in view.

"Maybe I can explain what sort of person I had been. My father was a bishop, and I was one of a raft of husky brothers. We were all daredevils. At fourteen I ran away from our little English village to London, where I lied about my age and enlisted boldly in the King's Life Guards. A while of that and I was off to Canada, via steerage. I hired out as a farm-hand, then discovered a silver rush was on. I dropped silver-mining to prospect for gold. And quit searching for gold when I determined to become the heavy-weight champion.

"The one genuine regret I have is that I never did acquire that boxing title. I started after it by seizing my first opportunity, which was—to wrestle! Then in fighting the fire that destroyed the mining town I was in—Cobalt—a falling roof injured my back. A doctor advised me to exercise the ache away, so I got a job as a railway stevedore. To my astonishment I was promoted to a policeman's job, to hunt for fur thieves.

"The thieves were nabbed and I took up

the evenings of the week; each cared for at least half a dozen hick gladiators a night. In the year they "trouped" they never once lost a single encounter.

You can estimate what a strenuous pace Victor set for himself.

"It was a grand existence," he yowled. I hated the notion of settling down. My office job was an appalling thing. I never intended to take. With the circus tour, my tramp about. No strings attached—the new dawn was a perpetual

"I had my introduction to the natives. When we tired of that local, we put on a boxing exhibition. It was profitable, so we appeared in the neighboring villages. I engaged an ex-carnival fiddler to deliver 'The Face in the Bathroom Floor' as our curtain-raiser. Then I portrayed noted classical figures—frankly, I posed however I was inspired and no one ever knew the difference!

"This minor success gave me a lunch. I went to the Orpheum and persuaded them

down. He suggested I play the lead in a movie he was casting.

"I never imagined myself as a possibility for the screen. Being confronted with this bolt from the blue I had grave doubts whether I could register any emotion before a camera. But it meant money—and that was my essential need."

Victor clicked. He was doing nicely when, in the following year, the same producer came on to Hollywood and cabled him an offer for a California production. Victor debated leaving his modest niche, but took the gamble. He can't resist trying new things.

When he stepped off the train at the station in Los Angeles he had exactly \$20 in his pockets. A former fighter, recognizing that Victor had been a brother-under-the-skin, rushed up with so sad a line that he was "loaned" \$10.

"My picture was put off for a month. I didn't think it would give the correct impression if I asked for an advance." Actually, his integrity was so sterling that he proceeded to exist in an attic on twenty-five cents worth of fruit a day—until they called him to begin his lead.

"If a publicity man hadn't helped me by keeping my name in the news I mightn't have secured another part. I was satisfactory enough in the picture for which I came over, but received no further assignments. Things like that happen in Hollywood, believe it or not! However, thanks to being continually mentioned in the local columns, I did become an employed actor—as a 'heavy.'

"Here's an odder twist: one night at the American Legion fights I was hurrying in. I collided with a stranger. We glared. Next day I was telephoned to come out to a studio. The gentleman who sent for me was that man—Frank Lloyd, the director. I was the type he'd been seeking for a particular rôle. It established me and ever since my luck has been excellent."

While Victor may credit his many acting triumphs to luck, if you could watch him study every line and figure out each gesture before venturing into a scene you'd understand how much he deserves this fine zenith to his life.

He's still impetuous; his sense of humor—he'll frame up some gag on the slightest encouragement—is as acute as ever. He has been able to earn big money and has managed his income wonderfully well.

As popular with women as he is with men, he is married to Enid Lamont, a stately blue-eyed brunette. This daughter of a British admiral shares his fondness for both the outdoors and gracious living. They have two children. Andrew, at fourteen, is six-feet-five! Victor is sending him to an exclusive Santa Barbara school, and secretly hopes the lad will go into the diplomatic service. Twelve-year-old Sheila is mostly concerned with learning to ride as marvelously as her parents do.

The estate he has provided for his family in La Canada, above Pasadena, is that of an English squire. There is open house on Sundays, and if the McLaglens aren't insisting that you sample the swimming pool they are guiding you towards the tennis courts. Victor delights in his beautiful aviaries; he has peacocks and pheasants, too. And it is a sight to watch him tiptoe over to peek into a humming bird's nest.

A decade in Beverly and he is keen for new achievements. The wanderlust is faded; in its place is the desire to enact rôles that will honestly mean something to the fans. No more "Sez you, sez I" things! He's devoted to his home—and he has time for his sports arena. To give the men and women of Los Angeles a patriotic sports outlet he's formed McLaglen's Lighthorse Cavalry and donated a headquarters that buzzes with happy people.



Max Factor's Hollywood beauty aids inspire Summer evening frivolity.

BEAUTY by moonlight and under the sun is Max Factor's contribution to Hollywood stars—and you who aspire to be like them! From his famous Hollywood studio come two essentials of Summer make-up—Foundation Cream to give a smooth, protected surface to complexions, and Make-up Blender to bring arms, neck, and shoulders into matching harmony. And, we've saved the best until the last—there's a thrilling new Max Factor Sum'r Tan Make-up! Blondeen rouge and Vermillion lipstick harmonize with Sum'r Tan face powder. And this make-up expert for the stars sends you this tip for Summer loveliness—use brown eye-shadow, whatever your individual coloring.

WE'RE mighty glad to welcome to our own dressing-table the new Pompeian beauty products. Grand old name that it is, Pompeian carries us back to the childhood days when we got a surreptitious thrill out of dipping our fingers into Mother's jar of "pink massage cream." Now this concern has a complete new line of beauty preparations that didn't even make their début until many months of testing and research had proved them right. We're especially enthusiastic about the face powder which is wind-blown through silk to make it gossamer-fine, smooth and lasting. The shades are Naturelle Nude, Peach, Rachel #1, Rachel #2 and the Summer-inspired Sunglo. Their cream rouge is as easy to apply as the compact—and wonderfully adherent. And there are ultra-modern shades of fragrant, non-drying lipstick. All these and the creams and lotions are unbelievably inexpensive.

Femi-nifties

Moon Shines on August Beauty!



Chinese Red Make-up by Helena Rubinstein accents the Oriental vogue.



New Pompeian face powder is wind-blown through silk for added beauty.



An eye to beauty welcomes "Eye-Gene" for refreshing sparkle.

YOU devotees to the mode Chinese should thank Helena Rubinstein for giving you Chinese Red lipstick and rouge to match! They're gorgeous shades, gay but not gaudy, that flatter dusky sun-tanned skins as well as pallid complexions. And you'll love the lipstick—the case is so smart, the contents simply immense and the consistency delightfully smooth. Indulge your flair for the high fashion of Chinese Red accessories—gloves, belt, handbag, boutonniere and kerchief. Then add Helena Rubinstein's Chinese Red make-up as a subtle lift toward perfection.

WHEN you slip off a cigarette or raise a glass to your lips—critical eyes are on your hands. See to it they're ready for inspection to the tip of each little finger! Well-groomed fingernails, (and toenails, too, now that beach and sandal days are here), are easy to have at a very small cost. For instance, at five-and-ten cent stores you'll find a whole array of liquid nail polishes from ultra-conservative colorless and natural to rich ruby and exotic deep red, by name of "Chic" and "FO." We've used them and been delighted with them. They come in the standard transparent type as well as the new creamy liquid form which is duller in finish, has more body and covers up blemishes in the nails. Polish remover of the same excellent brands may be had in plain liquid, oily type, or a removing cream that comes in a tube.

MAKE the most of your eyes, wise damsels. They can and should be your No. One beauty asset! It's all very well to frame them with long curling lashes and shapely brows. But the picture comes before the frame, and your eyes themselves should have the care to give them a clear, fresh shine. A

grand aid to eye beauty we're glad we discovered is called "Eye-Gene." It comes in a convenient little blue bottle with a dropper top. Just let two or three drops fall into the inner corner of each eye, lids closed. Then open your eye and allow the soothing liquid to spread over the surface. It's instantly refreshing, removes tell-tale pink from overworked or underslept eyes, and leaves them with a vibrant sparkle.

Paris

Continued from page 22

short trip over here. Anyway we enjoyed hugely the short glimpse of the lovely Dolores. If they shoot the scenes here I'll certainly be on hand to report on any snappy bits that will surely occur when an English company makes scenes in France. Novarro was on his way back to Hollywood after his rather unfortunate experiences on the stage in England. I am sure he will be glad to be back home once more in California.

The last visit to France of Lily Pons was an interesting proof of the glamor that is inevitably associated with a film star. She used to play small parts in comedies in the theatre here. Couldn't even get an engagement at the Opéra or Opéra Comique. Her discovery in a French Provincial Opera House and sensational début at the Metropolitan in New York is a familiar tale to everyone now. Her first appearance in a Paris concert after that was a triumph but was as nothing compared to the furore she caused when next she appeared after her film was released. "I Dream Too Much" attracted great attention here even though done in English. This Spring she appeared at the Opéra in Monte Carlo and the enthusiasm knew no bounds. I was paying a flying visit to Monte Carlo at the time and watched with great amusement the sensation the diminutive Lily caused. Her every move was in the papers. One day she visited the gardens of Dr. Voronoff, the famous monkey-gland specialist, just across the Italian border, with Sascha Guitry, the great French actor-dramatist. An admir-

ing monkey attacked her and Actor-dramatist Guitry gallantly rescued her. Yes, yes—that got headlines in all the European papers! The vivacious Pons is delightful to talk to. Her accent is a charming mixture of Yankee and French and even her French has the warm accent of the Midi, her native land. In the south she was happy in the family circle once more with her mother and two sisters. One sister, Nenette, has a baby which Lily proudly says is as big as she is, which really isn't saying much. Lily's love for America is evidently sincere for on this trip she gathered together her mother, her teacher, her furniture, goods and chattels so as to settle permanently in America. New York to be exact. Showing good taste, and appreciation for what the American public has done for her.

One's idea of a Swede is generally that of a big blond with not very much of the romantic in his make-up. Nils Asther lives up to only one of these characteristics. He is big as to height, though very slim, but he is very dark and extremely romantic. In fact seeing him in Paris one would think of him as an Italian or a native of the south of France, the Midi, they call it here. He loves the very atmosphere of Paris and to wander about the streets, sit at the sidewalk cafés or on his balcony overlooking the banks of the Seine. We would cover miles of an evening in our strolls talking of Sweden, old times in Hollywood, and the latest gossip of the London studios, where he is making pictures. Yes, and he even told me charm-

ing and amusing things of Garbo whom he has seen on a recent visit to Sweden.

Mervyn LeRoy sought relaxation in London and Paris after the arduous task of directing "Anthony Adverse." I should think that after just reading the book one would need to take a holiday! The youth of the big American directors is always a source of surprise to the French, for over here, with the exception of Rene Clair, the directors are of middle-age or over.

The most beautiful young woman I ever saw is in Paris at the moment: the Princess Karam of Kapurthala. Two years ago she paid her first visit here from her native India and was the sensation of Europe. The Princess was mobbed whenever she stepped out. I painted her miniature and never were brushes so inspired! All the film directors and executives who could reach her pleaded with her to go to Hollywood. She smiled sweetly and was amused. After two years she has returned and again they are pleading with her to go out there and show the Hollywood starlets what real glamor is. Joseph Schenck is in town and between his 'phone calls and Walter Wanger's cables she might weaken and go for a visit. Her young husband, Prince Karam, is as handsome as she is beautiful, so all the directors gaze and think what a pair for pictures! Samuel Goldwyn has just been on a trip to scour Europe for promising star material but has returned to America without a single discovery, so Garbo, Dietrich, and other flowers can still sit securely on their celluloid thrones.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Lorraine T. Yes, Mary Brian was the adorable *Wendy* in the film version of "Peter Pan" and Betty Bronson was *Peter*. Mary is back in Hollywood after picture-making and stage appearances in England. She is with Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal., and you can drop her a line of welcome at that studio. In 1929 Mary played in "Black Waters," "Man I Love," "Kibitzer," "River of Romance," "Virginian" and "Marriage Playground." Mary is now in the cast of "Spendthrift" with Henry Fonda, Pat Paterson, George Barbier and Richard Carle. What's more, she is leading lady in Cary Grant's romantic life at present, and it looks serious, too.

Miss Florence S. Thanks a million for your kindly interest and your information about several films of ten years ago. Attention Maynard L.! It was Donald Keith who played opposite Clara Bow in "Plastic Age" in 1925. A grand guy we have wanted to see at the top of the famous ladder is Lane Chandler, who is in the cast of "Winds of the Wastelands," featuring John Wayne and Phyllis Frazier. So give Lane a big hand, all you girls and boys, to help him make the top rung on the cinema ladder.

Blue Eyes. You won't find "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" under that title at your library for the story was written by Clarence Budington Kelland under the name "Opera Hat." The film had several working



Youth marches on, and two of the youngsters now progressing with speed are Johnny Downs and Jane Rhodes, teamed in a new picture.

titles before "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" was selected. Among them, "A Gent Goes to Town" and "Cinderella Man." Remember Mme. Matzenauer in the picture? She took that rôle with only twenty-four hours' notice. She is the once-famous Metropolitan Opera star, singing opposite the late

Caruso, the golden-voiced tenor. Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur made cinema history in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Miss Helen D. It's nice to hear from the Lone Star state and we hope you'll like to see your name in print so well, you'll ask me another question. Alan Baxter was born in Cleveland, Ohio; graduated from Williams College, took a dramatic course at Yale University and later was a member of the Theatre Guild. He is a very versatile chap; he paints, dashes off musical comedy shorts, swims, plays golf, and knows all about the theatre from the box-office to the doorman. Alan has light brown hair, brown eyes, and is 5 feet 11 inches tall and 25 years old. He made a hit in "Mary Burns, Fugitive" with Sylvia Sydney. His most recent releases are "Thirteen Hours by Air," and "Big Brown Eyes."

Hannah and Ann. "The Count of Monte Cristo" was Robert Donat's first American film. You may remember his rôle of *Thomas Culpeper* in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" with Charles Laughton; and also "Thirty-nine Steps." His latest showing is "The Ghost Goes West," made in England with Jean Parker and Eugene Pallette. Robert was born on March 18, 1905, in Withington, Manchester, England. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, and is 6 feet tall. He was on the British stage in 1921 and has made a number of films in England.

London

Continued from page 23

year ago told us stories of the soft-voiced star.

"She's a retiring kind of girl," he said. "Not quite sure of herself and always very nervous at parties. She has a curious little superstition. Whenever she walks along a passage she always touches the wall with one hand for luck. She generally wears something green because she believes it is her fortunate color."

Even so, we were hardly prepared for Sylvia herself. Wearing a trim dark brown suit with a frilled white vest, she alighted from her carriage and as her welcoming admirers clustered around, she suddenly burst into tears and hid her face in her hands. Police came to the rescue and carried her bodily off the platform into the waiting car, anxiously followed by the reception committee of studio officials, speech and presentation flowers forgotten now. "She's had an attack of panic," they said. "She'll recover when she gets away from the crowd."

So it was several hours later before we could actually meet Sylvia at her hotel. Still looking frightened, she sat beside masses of summer lilac like a modernistic porcelain figure completing the picture. Her dark hair was brushed away from her face into a boyish crop and thick deep crimson lacquer covered her finger-nails, valiant touch of sophistication for this sensitive little girl—you'd never believe she was twenty-six years old.

"I'm just a worker," she averred. "I've made seventeen pictures these last five years because I love work so much. I think I should die if I had to give it up. Work is all I live for—work and being alone."

Visitors are forbidden at the studio where Sylvia enacts her passionate tragic wife-rôle behind locked doors and lunches alone in her dressing-room rather than join her fellow-players in the big restaurant. Certainly she's the shyest and most individual of all the lovely ladies who have come to grace London for us this summer season!

Then there's glamorous little Lupe Velez of the dark flashing eyes, come to play the star part in a new British musical film called "Gypsy Melody." Lupe must be dreaming rhythm these sunny days, for in addition to all the tunes in the Elstree studios, she is nightly serenaded by a crowd of street musicians—shabby singers, ragged violinists, pavement maestros of the trumpet and the saxophone and even the ancient grinding barrel-organ who stand outside her window and play her favorite songs.

You see, on the night Lupe first arrived in London two old vagrant banjoists happened to set up their tinkling airs in the street adjoining Lupe's hotel. With characteristic impetuosity, the Mexican star rushed out on to her balcony and threw them a handful of money—nearly twenty pound notes for she hadn't been told about British currency and vaguely imagined each green and white bill was only worth about a dollar instead of nearly five!

Naturally the news of this sensational generosity travelled, and the next night there was such a grand concourse of music-vendors ranged before Lupe's window the hotel manager wondered whether to summon the police. But although Lupe had learned about pound notes during the day, she was still far from skinflint, and she went out to toss down some money and a gay kiss to her new friends. Now they come every evening and Lupe adores it, listening to her favorite tango tunes as she dresses for din-

ner and putting on that flaming lipstick to the sound of a real old English country ballad.

If you watch the striped awning of another great hotel farther along the street you may see Dolores Del Rio walk out, graceful, vital, and so flawlessly beautiful with her cream satin skin and classic features. She is making a dramatic film "Accused!" for Criterion Films, the new producing company headed by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Dolores plays *Gaby Seymour*, a vaudeville dancer who is put on trial for murdering another artiste, and Douglas Junior is her devoted husband, *Tony*. It's rather an unusual part for her, modern and sophisticated with touches of clever humor to counterbalance the tenser moments.

Going to have tea with Dolores the other afternoon, I opened the white door of her suite and thought the lovely exotic star



Acme

Anna Sten says hello as she comes back to America to make another Hollywood film. Welcome, Anna!

ner had suddenly gone mad. There she stood in the center of the room holding a wicked-looking knife, her brown eyes glowing, her chiselled nostrils dilated with fury. As she bent forward and hurled the blade I turned to flee, but Dolores' laugh rang out like the clear chime of the convent bells in her native land.

"Come in! I shall not murder you. I am only rehearsing."

She showed me her target-board fixed on the wall, at which she practices assiduously every day for the big emotional scene of the film which calls for her to throw a Spanish knife with deadly accuracy. Then she sat down and talked.

She told me how pleased she was to find she could still enjoy regular tennis and swimming exercise in London, how she had bought some old books and several flagons of our garden scents like lavender and fern to add to the celebrated perfume "collection" she keeps on illuminated glass shelves in her Hollywood home. She confessed unexpectedly that *Ramona* was her own favorite rôle. "I am happier playing a simple woman because I am one myself. I did not feel at ease when I had to be an elaborate worldly lady like *Madame Du Barry*."

She smiled affectionately at husband Cedric Gibbons, who's handsome enough to turn romantic actor if he grows tired of being an art director. He drives her out to

the studio every day and they often have a quiet supper together at a little tamale restaurant in Bohemian Soho rather than join the gay society throng.

Miriam Hopkins has been another of our stellar visitors this summer, welcomed so enthusiastically that admiring fans went down to meet her ship and stormed her stateroom at six o'clock in the morning. When Miriam sleepily opened the door—in oyster satin pajamas and a quilted rose-pink wrap.

Miriam really called in at London to look us over for she is due to make a film here this fall for Criterion—Fairbanks, Junior, is certainly becoming Star Stealer No. 1.

Then she left for Russia, first stopping-place of a hustling vacation trip that included Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Holland—to see the bulbfields in bloom—France and several other countries. She beat Harpo Marx's famous time-record for The Complete Grand European Tour by half a day, afterwards returning to London for another brief stay before sailing for home, tireless, eager, electrically vital as ever.

Wearing a Grecian-style frock of glowing green, Miriam was able to attend one of the gayest events of our social season, the opening of the new cabaret at the stately Dorchester overlooking Hyde Park. The show is called "A Bit of Hollywood in London" because all the girls have danced in the big musical films in the California studios.

There was Helen Vinson in a close-fitting scarlet crêpe gown that had a huge diamond clasp at the high neckline and pretty Diana Napier with Richard Tauber, full of enthusiasm about his operatic picture "Pagliacci" just completed and proudly calling his friends' attention to his greatly-diminished waistline. Sandra Rambeau looked as though she had stepped out of a Goldwyn spectacle in a silver lamé suit with long black gloves and over two feet of paradise plumes mounted on her skull-cap. Virginia Cherrill was demure in pearl-grey chiffon.

Even Anna Sten made one of her rare appearances in public. Placid and gentle, almost earnest-looking in repose, she wore unrelieved white and seemed somehow odd in those brilliant sophisticated surroundings. "I don't like a lot of people," Anna said to me once, "I wish I could enjoy myself among crowds but they only seem to overwhelm me." Now Anna and her dark muscular husband Eugene Frencke have gone to America so that Anna can fulfill her old-standing contract to make another Hollywood picture which will be a love-legend of medieval Italy called "The Witch." In the early winter they are due back for Anna to act with Leslie Howard here in a historical romance—Leslie arrived for his British filming season last week with eleven polo ponies, a car, and over fifty trunks.

Margot Grahame is home in London too for a spell, chiefly to see her husband, curly-haired Francis Lister, who is one of the finest dramatic players on the British lots. (He was recently Otto Kruger's doctor friend in "Living Dangerously.") Valerie Hobson has also hurried over for a few breaths of her native air and is hoping very much she won't find herself assigned to yet another murder film when she returns to Hollywood.

Anita Louise spent her vacation looking round London, sweetly shy with the reporters, for she takes her sightseeing very seriously.

They Knew Each Other "When—"

Continued from page 24

out in the house and then we'd sneak in. We'd make a lot of noise in the front hallway so the old lady would think it was burglars and then we'd duck up the back stairs. The poor old soul died while we were there and we never had caught up on our rent! We really felt pretty bad about it, but times were awfully tough.

"Plenty of days, we'd live on pretzels and water. If one of us managed to make a couple of dollars doing odd jobs or something, we'd buy some beer. Beer was a swell investment because it was pretty filling and we could always get a nickel refund on the bottles.

"Pat got the first job," he admitted in answer to my question. "I think it was in a musical comedy. Then he landed with a stock company and I later got a job with them. That was the only time we ever

played together as professional actors.

"I'll never forget a pongee shirt Pat had," he went on, his eyes twinkling. "Pat would wear it a couple of days and then I'd wear it. There isn't much to laundering pongee, you know. Just wash it out and put it under the mattress to press it.

"Oh, yes, and the library books," he went on. "Someone had signed for us at the library so we could take out books. We went down and got half a dozen to take home and read. They never were returned. Two years later, when I was working in a show, they tried to sue me. Guess we must have owed about a thousand dollars on them by that time. Of course, I'd forgotten all about them by that time, so I couldn't return them. But I sent them a set of books for their library, instead."

As times began to improve, Spencer and

Pat moved to better quarters. Came the day when Pat was working in stock and Spencer was with a New York show. Spencer had fallen madly in love with his leading lady and asked Pat to drop over to meet her. Pat saw the show, met the charming lady, and then went backstage to see Spencer.

"I don't know what a nice girl like that sees in you," he bantered, "but if she'll have you, you'd better grab her in a hurry before she changes her mind."

Spencer proposed the next day.

And Spencer, in turn, quite approved of Pat's selection when he fell in love. By the time she and Pat had set the date for the wedding, Spencer had come to know her quite well.

Eventually, Spencer's career landed him in Hollywood and the movies. Pat was still in New York. Throughout the years, they'd keep in touch with each other by sending telegrams. One day a wire was delivered to Spencer, announcing the arrival of Pat for the picture, "Front Page." Needless to say, there was a grand reunion that night.

"I don't see Pat nearly as often as I'd like to," Spencer volunteered. "We're both kept pretty busy, working on different studio lots, and of course I live out in the country. Pat's wife comes out to go riding with us quite often, but Pat doesn't like to ride. Can't even get him to play golf with me. He doesn't go in for sports much, except handball.

"Of course, we visit the O'Briens now and then," he chuckled. "He's just as crazy as ever, too. Got an invitation to a party over there not long ago. I didn't know what to make of it. It read something like this:

"'I'm having a few people over—probably thirty or forty thousand. If convenient, I'd like you to drop by.'

"There was no date or time mentioned. I sent him a wire back:

"'Typical O'Brien invitation. No date. No time. Nothing.'

"His answer supplied the information and ended with:

"'And don't forget my pongee shirt!'

"He remembered that, after ten years! Can you imagine?"



Having a good time at W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke's party, are Spencer Tracy, his wife, and Jeanette MacDonald's mother, all smiling in the corner above.

Pat O'Brien

Continued from page 25

the fact that I'd eaten the steaks so much as that I'd been endangering my life by staying in the place. We got into a terrific argument.

"Did Spence tell you about the peanut machine?" Pat continued. "We were in Baltimore, looking for a job. We hadn't had a square meal for days. Suddenly, we came upon this peanut machine. Neither of us had a penny to put in the thing. We covered every inch of the ground, trying to find one, but with no luck. Finally, we looked around carefully, saw that no one was watching, and smashed the thing.

"There's one thing that's been worrying me," I told him. "Whatever happened to the library books Spencer was telling me about? He said you had them, the last he remembered."

"Oh, those—" Pat chuckled. "That was

pretty bad, wasn't it? I don't know what happened to them. I must have left them somewhere."

Later, he was telling me about the fine new library he's had built on his home. I must have looked a bit peculiar because he looked up quickly, and said:

"And those library books aren't in it, if that's what you're thinking!

"There's something I know Spence didn't tell you," he said, firmly. "But I want you to know about it. It was while he was in Chicago, working in 'Baby Cyclone.' I was in New York, and plenty broke. I managed to borrow some money to send a wire to Spence on the opening night. It read something like this:

"'Just repeat that grand performance you gave in New York. I'm still on the loose.'

"The next day, I walked in the Lambs' Club and the clerk called over to me.

"'Expecting a telegram?' he asked.

"When he was satisfied of my identity and that the wire was really for me, he turned it over to me. The telegram read:

"'You aren't on the loose any more.

Here's a hundred.'

"It was signed 'S.B.T.', which I of course knew was Spencer. Wasn't that swell? That's the kind of a guy he is. And of course he'd never tell anyone about it."

"Spencer tells me you don't see so much of each other in Hollywood," I offered.

"You know, it's a funny thing about Hollywood," Pat said, most seriously. "It makes pretty much of a homebody out of you. In the first place, there's no Lambs' Club, where the boys drop in every night just to be sociable."

"The whole thing is that you approach your work from a different angle here. In the theatre, there is never any surety from one season to the next. You might be set for the next year, and you might not. In Hollywood, you have a long-term contract. I just signed one the other day which assures me work for three solid years. I know I'm going to be here for at least that long, so I make plans to fix up my home, build an addition to the house, and all that. It's the same with Spencer. He's got his ranch, his horses, his family. We're settled down in the first homes we've had since we were kids.

"We send goofy wires to each other now and then. We've always done that. We always sign them 'Joe Cook.' He was always our favorite comedian in the old days, and we just got in the habit of signing wires like that so the other would know who they were from.

"I got one from Spence not long ago when I did that broadcast on the Hollywood Hotel program. It read:

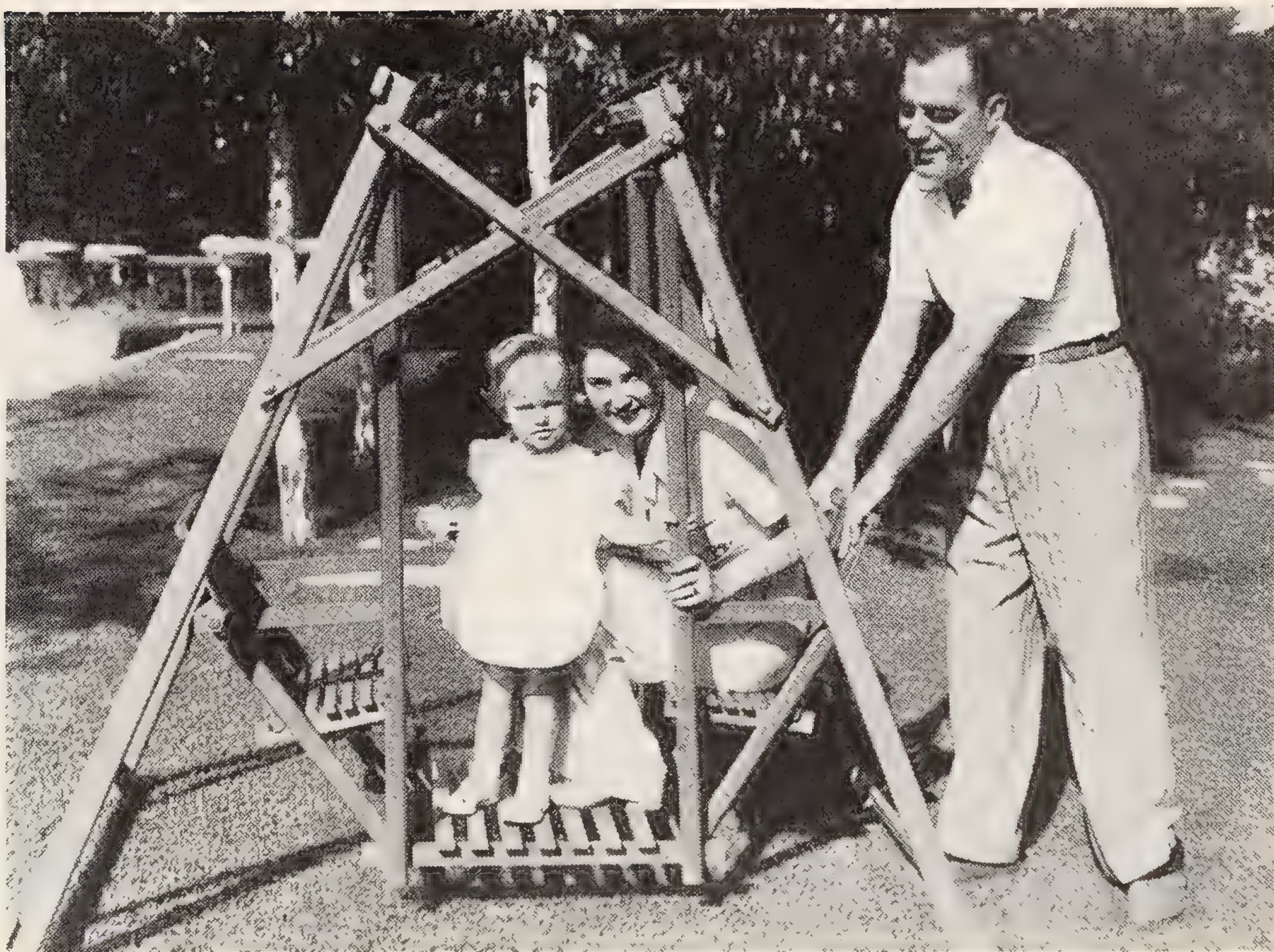
"'Broadcast was swell but where the hell did you get that necktie? Joe Cook.'"

I wondered if there existed another such sincere friendship in all of Hollywood—outwardly so casual—inwardly so deep. I haven't heard of one.

Pat interrupted my thoughts.

"Spence just did a swell thing for me not so long ago. I was dying to play in 'Oil for the Lamps of China.' I pestered everyone in the studio. They just laughed at me, said I wasn't the type. It made me a little bit mad. No one in Hollywood seemed to realize that I'd never played a character like a newspaper reporter until I came to pictures, but they just couldn't seem to see me do anything else. I talked to Mervyn LeRoy, who was to direct the picture. He was very nice, but couldn't see it at all. Finally, I gave up.

"A few weeks later, I bumped into



Aeme

Pat O'Brien proves what he says in our interview with him here. It's the home life that appeals now. Here he is with his wife and young daughter.

Spence at the fights. He asked me to drop over to the Derby for a cup of coffee. Said he had something to tell me.

"They're trying to borrow me for the lead in 'Oil for the Lamps of China,'" he said, casually.

"That's swell," I answered, trying to hide my disappointment.

"I told them they had an actor on their own lot who would be better," he went on, a little embarrassed. "Meaning you, of course."

"Darned nice of you, old man," I told him, "but they won't give me a crack at it. I've already asked them."

"And I let it go at that."

"Two days later LeRoy handed me the script to read. Everyone has been taking credit for trying me out in a new type of rôle, since the picture has been released. But I know who was directly responsible for getting me the part I've wanted more than any other in years. It was my old pal Spence."

The Charge of the Light Brigade

Continued from page 29

your eyes cannot hide the truth whatever you try to tell me," he had whispered. "We've both known for a long time, only we've tried desperately to hide our love because of Geoff. But that couldn't alter anything. It's there, Elsa, right inside of us."

He had kissed her and nothing had mattered for that little moment. Even hurting Geoffrey whom she had loved first. Oh, so different, that love! Calm and sweet. Too calm, too sweet, to defeat the turbulent ecstasy that held her.

But after that quick glimpse of Geoffrey when he had tried to make his way toward them, a deep pity stirred in her heart, so that as Perry led her to the conservatory she looked up at him and there was only sadness in her eyes.

"Suppose Geoff doesn't understand?" Her voice came small and hushed. "Suppose we make him terribly unhappy? It's—it's wrong."

"Wrong to be in love?" Perry demanded, and she was in his arms and the turmoil was beating in her heart again like frenzied wings. "Never, my darling, never! When two people are in love with each other, it's wrong to hide that love. Geoffrey will understand. We love each other. We always shall. Nothing can ever prevent that."

She started as the door opened behind them and her father's voice came to her cold and taut in the rage he was trying so hard to suppress.

"Elsa, you will be good enough to return to the ballroom."

Elsa met his eyes and her head went back in a defiance new to her as she put her hand on Perry's arm, and the boy covered her hand with his as he turned to face the Colonel's wrath.

"May I say, sir—" he began, but the other's curt words cut him off.

"I'm not interested in the excuses of a man who tries to worm his way into the affections of his brother's fiancée. Come with me, Elsa. I forbid you to see or speak to this man again. If I were a younger man and you were a man at all I would thrash you within an inch of your life."

Seeing Perry's face blanch like that, feeling his hand tremble on hers, Elsa managed somehow to summon a smile to her trembling lips, to find the voice to speak to him.

"Please go, Perry," she said softly.

The man held her hand to his lips.

"I shall see you again," he said, and his shoulders squared defiantly as he went from the room. Elsa looked after him with still, despairing eyes.

"I'm sorry, Elsa." The old tenderness for her had come back to her father's voice. "You are far too young to know your own heart. Remember you loved Geoffrey when you accepted him. The moment you see him again you will realize that love is still there and this was merely a passing infatuation."

"I wish that were so!" The cry was

torn from her. Strange how much easier it would be to hurt Perry—Perry whom she loved with such unreasoning madness, than Geoffrey, whom she loved as a brother.

"You cannot casually toss Geoffrey aside," her father went on. "Wantonly hurt him. Take time, my child. Know your own heart. You cannot plunge him and me into an unsavory scandal. When you see him this evening you must behave as if nothing has happened."

"I can't." She talked so low he could scarcely hear her.

"That is no more than your duty." Her father had become the soldier again, stern and a little forbidding. "You owe that much, if not to yourself, at least to me."

For a little space she stood without speaking. Honor. Duty. How could they take the place of the ecstasy, the enchantment? When she lifted her head again, her face was forlorn in her hopelessness.

"Very well, Father." Even her voice had changed in that moment. "But I beg of you, please try to understand Perry."

She took his arm and walked with him across the ballroom to Geoffrey. And somehow she managed to smile, knowing that if she did not smile she must weep for Perry and all lost, lovely things.

Only when Geoffrey, seeing her, started towards her with his eyes glowing with love for her, she faltered.

"Elsa, my dearest, at last!" His voice trembled at her nearness, her dearness.

"Do you know I nearly wept when I missed you at the house?"

"It's wonderful to see you, Geoff," she said slowly.

"I've waited so long that—that I hardly know what to say." Strange this feeling he had of being almost shy with her. Almost frightened. "Shall we dance?"

With his arms around her again, looking down at the small oval of her face and drinking deep of her charm, it was easier to find words for the thing that held him.

"Look around you, darling," he whispered. "You can see gathered in this room priceless riches, endless intrigue. Great native princes hiding their suspicion of one another. Surat Khan here in Calcutta and altogether too interested in Volonoff, the Russian, for England's peace. Seeds of mutiny and war and smouldering hatred. The world is on fire, my dear, and do you know what I think of it all?" He smiled down on her. "Nothing. Nothing at all! *You* are the only thing real to me here. All I know is that you are in my arms again. You'll never stop loving me, will you, Elsa?"

Somehow she managed to meet his eyes, to whisper, "Of course not, Geoffrey." And steeled herself to the touch of his lips on her hair, to his arms closing tighter around her. Later when they drove home through the stillness of the Indian night and his lips found hers in the darkness the tears she dared not shed lay heavy on her heart.

Perry was waiting for Geoffrey when he came back to his quarters.

"Geoffrey." The boy had planned to lead up to the thing he had to say, but now the words came blurted from his lips. "I have fallen in love with Elsa."

"Oh!" Geoffrey looked at him with that quick sympathy he had always shown this younger brother. "I'm sorry. How rotten for you."

"And Elsa is in love with me," Perry went on defiantly. "We tried not to, Geoff. Honestly we did."

"Splendid." Geoffrey tried to light his pipe but the light flickered and went out in his hand. "Behind my back my brother tries to steal the one thing I love most in the world. Get out! Take your dirty, diplomatic intrigues elsewhere, but get out of my sight and stay out!"

All that night he paced the floor. He could not really believe that Elsa returned his brother's love and yet the fear was there gnawing and alive. And in the morning when a messenger arrived with a dispatch ordering him north to the Arab country he set grimly out for Elsa's home. Then at the sight of her, smiling as she came to meet him, the fear was gone.

"Oh, Elsa!" He could almost laugh again. "There's something, it's silly, but I think I ought to tell you. After the ball last night Perry came to see me. The boy is in love with you. Did you know that?"

Elsa held back the wild words that struggled to her lips. It would be so much easier to tell Geoffrey everything than this pretending. But there was her promise to her father.

"You mustn't take Perry seriously." The words came haltingly to her lips. "He's young and impressionable. You need not worry. Father had orders this morning to leave for Chukoti and of course I go with him. And Perry—well, Perry will soon forget."

"Of course he will." It was good to be able to laugh again. "And when I get back we will be married. Perry will be best man and kiss the bride without a tremor of emotion."

All the doubt was gone as he kissed her. And Elsa, as she had always been before,

was with him in his heart as he started the long journey north.

Trouble was brewing in India. There was unrest among the Sikhs in the border town of Chukoti who were loyal to the English. Whispers of reprisal from Surat Khan and his followers, the Suristani. But Sir Charles Macefield, general of the Bengal army, had given orders that peace must be maintained, that the British troops must not fire under any duress.

So it was when Geoffrey returned to Chukoti. Returned to a greater unrest than any uprising of native tribes. For now, seeing Elsa every day, he felt that something had changed in her. Always there was that little diffidence in her, that reluctance to meet his eyes. And yet he held desperately to his faith in her love. Should he lose that faith there would be nothing left him.

Then came the orders that sent most of the men at the garrison to manoeuvres at Lohara leaving Chukoti guarded by a handful of men. A diplomatic move this,

The Charge of the Light Brigade

Fictionized from the Warner Bros. Picture

THE CAST

MAJOR GEOFFREY VICKERS.....Errol Flynn
ELSA CAMPBELL.....Olivia de Havilland
CAPT. PERRY VICKERS.....Patric Knowles
COL. CAMPBELL.....Donald Crisp
SURAT KAHN.....C. Henry Gordon
SUBAH DAR-MAJOR PURAN SINGH,
J. Carroll Naish
SIR WARRENTON.....Nigel Bruce
LADY WARRENTON.....Spring Byington
SIR HARCOURT.....E. E. Clive
COL. WOODWARD.....Lumsden Hare
MAJOR JOWETT.....G. P. Huntley, Jr.
CAPT. RANDALL.....David Niven
COUNT VOLONOFF.....Robt. Barrat

Directed by Michael Curtiz. Screen Play
by Rowland Leigh and Abe Jacoby.

to impress the Amir with Britain's strength. A move Colonel Campbell obeyed grimly, knowing it left Chukoti open to attack.

The attack came swiftly. One moment Chukoti had lain still and calm in the hot sun and children had played on the streets and women had gone about their tasks, and the native sepoys and the few British soldiers that remained had idled at their posts.

The next moment and a fusillade of shots had sent the sentry on the parapet reeling dead to the ground. The streets were confusion now and a small native boy wept over the dog dead in his arms.

Elsa worked with the soldiers marshalling the natives into the barracks, ministering to the wounded who lay about her, and taking orders from Geoffrey and her father.

The Suristani swarmed down on the village like a plague of locusts and then Geoffrey saw they were not alone in the attack, for Volonoff's Cossacks were bringing up in the rear.

All that night the fighting went on. Then it was that Surat Khan sent for Geoffrey. Suavely he talked, this man known for his intrigue in a land of intrigue. His voice deep, almost caressing as he talked of the day Geoffrey had saved his life.

How long ago that seemed, that leopard

hunt. As if it had happened in another life-time. A life in which Elsa's love had filled Geoffrey's being. A life in which apart from him she had been so much nearer, so much closer, than now when she was with him always.

"And so I am offering you, your life." The Amir bowed his head.

Geoffrey looked at him wonderingly. "Any suggestion Your Highness may make must guarantee the safety of the women and children of the garrison," he said.

"I am willing to grant the garrison safe conduct to Lohara." The words seemed so sincere that even Geoffrey, the soldier, had to believe him.

Then back to the garrison again and the old hope flaming new in his heart when Elsa worked with him to marshal the survivors to the boats anchored in the river.

Women laughed again, white women and natives alike as they gathered their children about them, the awful horror of the night over. Then at last the boats were filled with their cargo of wounded, of unarmed men, of women and the children who clung to their skirts.

In another moment they would be starting their journey to Lohara, to safety and the husbands and fathers they had thought they might never see again. In another moment—

A shot rang out and then another. The Suristani swooped down on the defenseless boats and Geoffrey heard Surat Khan laugh as the river reddened before him.

Geoffrey felt a tearing pain in his shoulder as a bullet tore through it and in another moment he was struggling in the river. And then Elsa's scream came as a Suristani caught her and flung her in the water.

The arm that had hung useless at his side was strengthened by his need as he swam to Elsa and pulled her with him to the old scow floating in front of them. The firing ceased as they climbed into the boat, and they saw those who had escaped the fury of the onslaught being escorted to the pier by the enemy sepoys.

Then on to Lohara they went, rowing until their backs ached with the strain. On to Lohara with the news of what had happened. Then there were endless hours of waiting before the word came, more terrible than even they had thought. For every one of the survivors had been herded into the evacuated barracks and shot ruthlessly down—the women, the children, Colonel Campbell, and the handful of men left him to guard the garrison.

It was open warfare now. War with Russia, too. News that Surat Khan had fled to the Crimea with the Cossack Regiment. Men waiting grimly for a chance to avenge their wives and children. Geoffrey promoted to the rank of major and recalled to Calcutta to leave with his regiment for the Crimea.

It was on the eve of his departure that Elsa came to his quarters. An Elsa seemingly smaller and more fragile in the heavy black of her mourning for her father.

"Geoffrey, I had to come." Her hands twisted desperately as she looked at him. "Perry has been recalled to the army. He's gone. Oh, Geoffrey, he'll be killed. I know he will."

Geoffrey's heart sickened within him. Hoping and doubting alike were gone now. There in Elsa's eyes he read the truth. Knew it for a fact at last.

"You know, Elsa," he found that he could speak after all, "one day you will have to tell the truth. Why not now?"

Somehow she managed to find the words to tell him, and as he listened Geoffrey knew that nothing she could say could tear

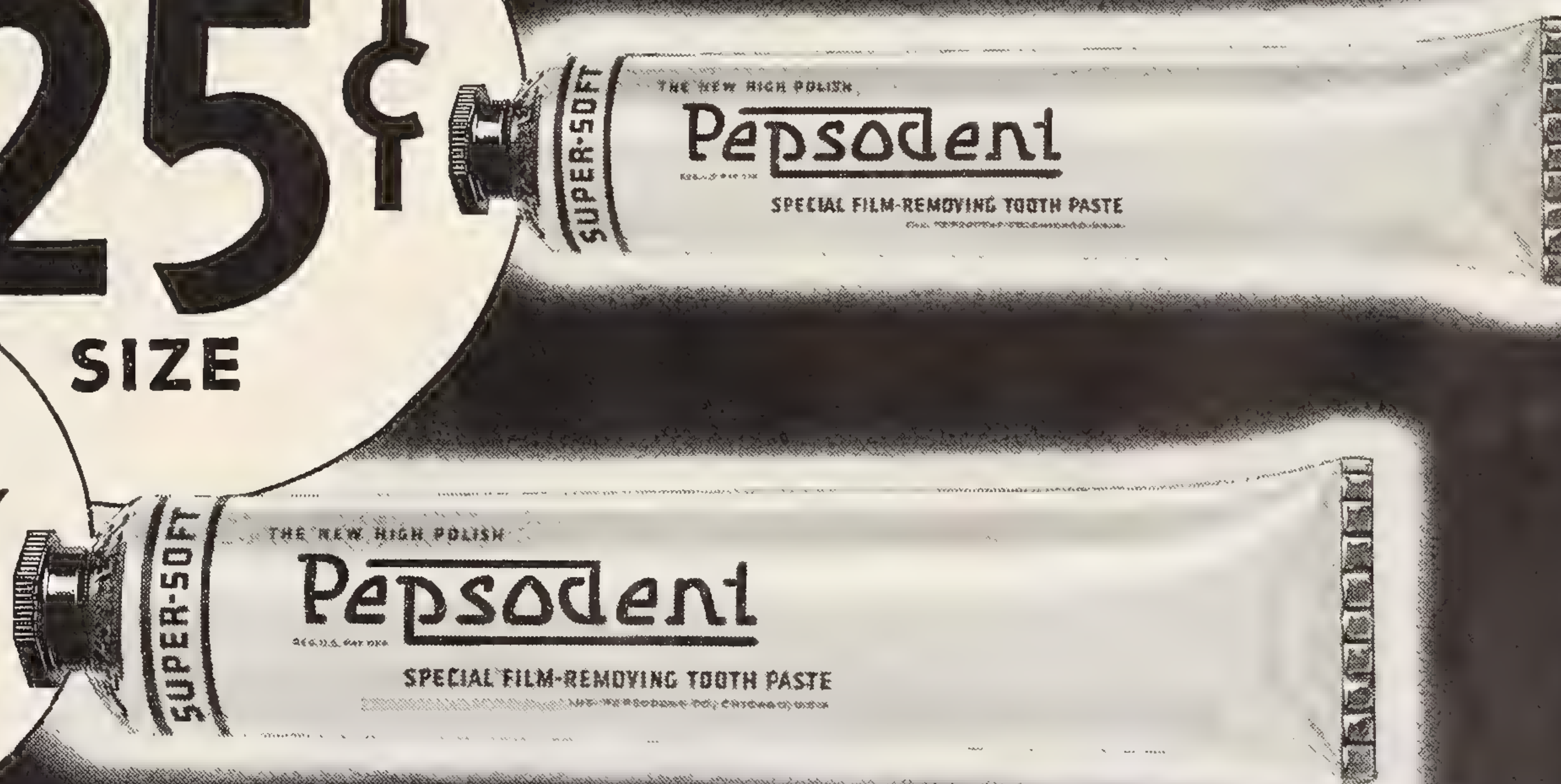
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In keeping with the 1936 trend to give more value for less money, we announce the lowest prices in Pepsodent's history!

**A BIG NEW 25c SIZE TUBE
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Now everyone can afford the safest, most effective tooth paste known . . . Super-Soft HIGH-POLISH PEPSODENT! Try it today. See why millions are switching to this new-day discovery!

New! Super-Soft High-Polish Pepsodent Tooth Paste

1. GETS TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS BRIGHT—SAFELY!

New \$200,000 polishing agent quickly restores a dazzling luster to dull teeth.

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You double the time your teeth look clean, according to dentists' tests.

3. BRINGS NEW SAFETY BECAUSE TWICE AS SOFT!

Tests prove Super-Soft Pepsodent twice as soft as polishing agent generally used. Hence it is one way to high-polish teeth without danger to enamel.

HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!

his love for her from his heart. That in all the days he would live, that love for her would live too.

Then on to the Crimea, to Balacava, and to history! On to the charge that was to lift a handful of valiant men to death and glory.

It was Geoffrey who discovered that on the heights over the valley of Balacava were Surat Kahn and his men holding the guns with Volonoff's Cossacks. To attack them, even alone with his six hundred men, the menace of the Russian guns would be removed. It would keep five regiments busy defending them, while the rest of the British regiments would be free to assault Sebastopol.

Eagerly he outlined his plans to Sir Charles. Those six hundred men would fight as six thousand, he explained. For with them would fight their wives and their children who had been massacred at Chukoti.

The general shook his head. It would be suicide, he said firmly, and refused to sign the order. But after the general had left his quarters Geoffrey paced the floor restlessly.

Finally, grimly, he started writing. Slowly, because it was another man's handwriting he was emulating and his lips were set in a thin, determined line as he signed Sir Charles' name to the order for the Light Brigade to advance on Balacava.

There were things to do first. The dispatch confessing to his forgery which he ordered Perry to take to Calcutta. His brother looked at him disdainfully as he gave the orders. To him this seemed just another way Geoffrey had taken to humiliate him, to deprive him of his chance for defending his country, to belittle him in Elsa's eyes.

Geoffrey's eyes softened as he saw him go angry and resentful. He was sending him back to Elsa alive. It was the last thing he could do for her. Someday Perry would understand. Someday when he and Elsa—

Elsa, how she could hurt him even now with death so near, so certain! The thought of her was there as it always was as the Lancers took their position behind him; her voice in his heart louder than the

shouts of his men as they swept onwards to the attack.

Half a league . . . half a league . . . half a league onward! And the thought of Elsa and Perry and the happiness that would come to them out of all the sorrow.

Cannon to left of them . . . cannon to right of them!

But the thunder not half so loud as the cries of those who had died at Chukoti.

Into the jaws of death . . . into the mouth of Hell . . . rode the six hundred.

Sabres flashed as they charged. Six hundred men charging an army! Breaking the line that meant victory and life for thousands of others.

It was Surat Khan who fired the bullet that found Geoffrey's heart after his own lance had torn through the Amir.

A small moment left to Geoffrey now. A moment to see Elsa's face blurred before him as though he were seeing it through his own tears. Then peace again. Peace that knew neither hope nor doubt nor despair. Peace that somehow found the strength for gladness in the happiness he had been able to give.

THE END

The Guy is Nuts

Continued from page 19

a gentleman. They won't stand for any more of that stuff."

"Didn't I see you out in the street in front of your home the other day flying a kite?" I demanded.

Jim looked a little guilty. "Well, I wasn't exactly flying one. I was only trying to. It's great exercise and a lot of fun—"

"Until the string gets tangled up in the telephone wires," I put in pessimistically.

"Mine didn't get up that high," he admitted. "There was something the matter with the tail. Did you ever fly a kite?" he went on.

"Yes," I grinned.

"Well, I'll tell you how I worked the tail on mine and you see if you can figure out what was wrong. I bought the thing from some guy out on Sunset Blvd. It came in pieces that had to be put together and when I got it assembled and took it out, the tail came off and got lost. So I made another tail out of the sheet on Fonda's bed but it didn't seem to me to be heavy enough for such a big kite so I went over to a girl's house and got her to take some of the weights out of her dress and I fastened those on to the tail but it just wouldn't go. I can't figure it out."

"It was the weights," I assured him. "You should have torn the sheet into small pieces and knotted them together. The knots make the weight."

We argued a few minutes over the relative value of knots and weights but we hadn't a kite so we couldn't prove anything.

"It's just like that airplane I brought out here with me," he informed me gloomily. "Nothing ever works for me."

"Airplane!" I ejaculated. "Have you an airplane?"

"Not now," he said despondently. "It crashed."

"Gee," I sympathized. "What kind was it?" expecting at least a Bluebird or a Douglas.

"Oh, it was just one that Henry Fonda and I picked up in Macy's toy department in New York," he explained.

My eyebrows described a parabola that threatened to carry them into my receding hairline. I finally conquered my astonishment sufficiently to ask what he had

been doing in Macy's toy department.

It was his turn to be surprised—at such a question.

"Why," he said, "we went in there to buy a toy for Fonda's little niece and then after we'd got it—well, you know how it is—the electric trains and all. We spent the afternoon there and then one of us got the idea of buying a plane and putting it together. Only instead of getting a small one, we bought the biggest one they had."

"Both of us were working in shows and every night after the performance we'd rush home and start putting the plane together. First thing we knew it would be six in the morning. We'd go to bed and wake up about one o'clock, grab a bite of breakfast, and work on it until time for dinner. That went on for weeks until Fonda had to come out here. It was a shame, too, because he was pretty good at wrapping the pieces that had to be taped."

"Well, I carried on alone. After about

ten or fourteen weeks, just when I got it almost finished, I was signed to come out here. I went home for a few days on a visit and finished it there. I didn't know how to get it out here so I made a case for it. It wasn't intentional but the thing looked like it might have been made for a machine gun. I thought I might as well have a little fun so I just painted it black and notched the corners and painted them silver.

"It scared the porter on the train to death because I couldn't check it so I just gave it to him and told him to put it away where nothing would happen to it and warned him if anyone stole it I'd kill him."

"I got out here and Fonda and I had a regular celebration opening the case and christening the thing. Finally we took it out in the back yard, wound up the motors, and let 'er go. It went about fifteen feet in the air and crashed. It broke into a lot of little pieces that couldn't be put back together."

He shook his head dolefully. "It was too bad Fonda had to leave New York when he did because he was much better at wrapping joints than I. I think that was what was the matter. If he could have stayed on the job till it was finished we might have had better luck with it."

"Well, why didn't he bring it with him when he came?" I asked.

Jim looked surprised. "Oh, didn't I tell you? The night before he left we went out to celebrate his going to Hollywood and somewhere during the course of the night we picked up a couple of kittens. Fonda's a chap who is subject to sudden and violent infatuations. He became so attached to those kittens there was no separating him from them. It's strictly against the rules to take pets into sleeping cars, so when he started out with a kitten in each pocket we figured he'd have all he could do to take care of them without bothering with an airplane."

There was a momentary silence and then the talk drifted back to Princeton and the Triangle Club where he started his Thespian career.

"What parts did you play in the show?" I asked.

"Oh, I was just in it," he answered vaguely.



Henry Hunter and Ann Preston, who made good as a romantic team in radio, are now a screen team.

"I didn't deserve their pity"

...CONFESSES
A TRUTHFUL
EX-WIFE



"If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner,
our happiness might have
been saved"

"WHEN my divorce was granted my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people so often do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worries had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I'd learned about "Lysol" sooner."

How stupid that we should let blind, reckless ignorance like this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the world-wide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed,

"Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs *even in the presence of organic matter* (such as mucus, serum, etc.)... when many other preparations *don't work*.

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a *free* brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.



Lysol
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The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

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Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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Remember
one little thing



...or *this*

may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm . . . upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

WHY A CORRECTLY TIMED LAXATIVE IS PREFERABLE

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y . . . that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's *correctly timed*. Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

And here's another nice thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There's a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

"You mean," I wondered, "you were one of the guys they make newsreels of every spring who come out in dresses and wigs—that they show in a line going through a regular chorus routine?"

"Well," he began reluctantly, "I think they *did* make some newsreels of us but I never saw them."

Suddenly the thought of Lanky Jim in a short dress and wig doing a one, two, three, kick was too much. I howled.

"You needn't laugh," he said sulkily. "I toured the South with them one year."

"You—" I began and then his words sank in.

"Did you go to Memphis?" I inquired.

"Memphis?" Jim repeated. "Let's see: that's the place where they have a hotel with a fountain in the lobby and ducks walking around and alligators swimming in it, isn't it?"

All at once a horrible suspicion assailed me. Directly after the Triangle Club visited Memphis that year the papers raised a great hue and cry. All those house-broken ducks and alligators that made the lobby of the Peabody Hotel different from any other, were missing. But so far the ugly

finger of suspicion had never pointed at The Triangle Club.

"You—" I began again.

"You don't have to get that Who-Killed-Cock-Robbin look on your face," Jimmie flared. "If you had any sense you'd know I couldn't have taken all those ducks and alligators by myself. I had to have help."

"What did you do with them?" I demanded.

"Oh, we used to hide them in the fellows' bunks on the train at night," he said. "By only using one or two a night they lasted quite a while."

We gabbed a while longer, with Jimmie proving more conclusively with every sentence that he belongs well up on the list of Hollywood's prize goofs.

"You know," I said in parting, "I'm glad we had this little chat. Like I told you, I had a feeling you were screwy and there's so few good nuts in Hollywood it seemed a shame to waste one."

"Coming from you, that's a compliment," he conceded, "because from all I hear you really are a connoisseur. And say!" becoming suddenly enthusiastic, "go over and talk to Fonda sometime—he's *really* nuts!"

Muni Denies It, But—

Continued from page 51

ing with them and handles them skilfully.

He has been frequenting the restaurants in Los Angeles' Chinatown. Not the ones where the tourists go, but those where only the Chinese dine. He did this for some time—still does—but it was not enough for his purpose. He wanted to know *all about* the Chinese.

He watched everyone closely, studied every gesture, but the ones he met in restaurants were the cosmopolitan Chinese who have always lived in cities. He needed the opportunity to study a more elemental type, the Chinese farmer—similar to the character he is about to play.

Of course—not to be catty—but you know and I know a lot of actors who would consider their character-study complete after two Chinese dinners. But Muni packed a bag and headed North. Up in Northern California are many Chinese farmers working from dawn to dark in their beautiful orderly acres of vegetables and flowers. He drove up-state along the Sacramento River and on as far as Seattle, Washington. He went alone, he ate and slept uncomfortably, he drove in fog and rain. It was not a pleasure trip. He made it because he has a sort of obsession about knowing, intimately, the characters he plays.

On his trip he learned a number of things about the Chinese, many of which directly contradict our accepted theories.

"The idea, for instance, that the Chinese does not show his emotions," Muni said, "is perfectly absurd. He is, in fact, very demonstrative. There is of course the ultra-aristocratic type, sometimes known as the Confucionists, who do not permit themselves any display of feeling. They alone are the bland and unmoved Orientals who have caused an opinion to form of the race as a whole. You might as well say all Americans are like the fictional bleak New Englander. But the Chinese farmer—he is something else again. He is naïve, shy, enthusiastic, excitable, and of a great simplicity.

"Naturally, he gets excited about different things than we do. The first blossoming fruit tree, for instance, can put him in a highly festive mood—similar to the way we feel on New Year's Eve, perhaps!

"In their entirety, the Chinese are a scholarly people. They are passive, I find; they have a great reticence about themselves which the outsider cannot break down at once, if at all. They are not aggressive or bold, and they do not wish to create the impression that they 'know it all.'"

Muni's face, even under the make-up which restricted and limited his expression, matched the enthusiasm in his voice. He had found out, first hand, about the man he was going to be—and I doubt very much if he would or could have discussed any other topic right then.

He is endowed with a rare singleness of purpose, an enviable quality. His sole intention for some weeks had been to observe the Chinese mind and habit of life. His interest had animated him even beyond the original intention. Now he could not be satisfied merely to assemble the surface appearances; he wanted to probe more and more deeply into the Oriental consciousness.

"Of course," Muni said, "you cannot group the entire Chinese under one heading, any more than you can say 'an American does thus and so.' There are Chinese coolies, farmers, merchants, bankers, mandarins, aristocrats. In one class, they are great bargainners, money mad. Over a paltry sum they will create a scene all out of proportion—while in another class there is a fine indifference to money, on the surface, at least.

"Another thing. They do not go out of their way to help you. They are not, by instinct, co-operative—except in their family life. Apparently they believe in the Nietzschean theory that a man's first duty to himself and his country is to help himself. The Chinese are not extremists in anything."

I wondered if any other actor ever had concentrated quite so intensely on the character of a race in order to play one member of it. It seems as if such a man must enjoy his work to the utmost, without thinking solely of his ultimate effects.

I recalled several things that occurred while Muni was making "The Life of Pasteur" at Warners, his home studio. When he was wearing the *Pasteur* make-up, he would not talk casually with anyone. His

mind was intent on being the great scientist, and several times he turned away from casual time-wasters who would distract him. Not rudely. He simply ignored them as a surgeon would in the midst of an operation.

He would not make his appearance on the set until he had been in the make-up for two hours. He put in his spare time practising with a microscope and learned to make slides.

Muni requires a month of preparation before every picture, during which time he enters into the spirit of the character. He rehearses himself by speaking his lines into a dictaphone and playing them back for his own critical judgment. Don't ask me when he relaxes; when he takes a vacation, if ever. I know only that he has a superb collection of operatic and symphonic records which he enjoys hearing.

"You know," Muni continued, "quite aside from the acting and the money, I become so engrossed in the subject matter itself and have so much fun in the research for my characters, I might as well be doing it without compensation. It is what I would prefer to be doing; I would be doing it anyway, for much money or for none. You get underneath the skin, so to speak, of something so different from yourself it actually changes you—so life is never monotonous.

"Whatever little quality of worldliness I may have arrives from the study for my work, the lengthy research. I covered the history of France for 'Pasteur,' now I am reading every available book on China. One becomes well-informed quite painlessly, without realizing it.

"My idea in going up North to find a family of Chinese farmers not Americanized, was to discover some quality, characteristic, psychology even—to make my own, something I could absorb only by living close to it. And I did find something—you always learn something from people themselves you can never find in books. I can't stencil it, I am not even now aware of it. But it will appear when I need it most. It is something positive to draw on, like money in the bank."

Of "Pasteur," Muni said he read every book printed about the great man and his work. "I could make three or four more pictures of the life of Pasteur. There were so many interesting sidelights on his character which necessarily had to be left out. His fervent patriotism, his dominant ambition to make France the most cultured and scientific country in the world, a certain dramatic episode during the Franco-Prussian war with his son, (who, by the way, was left out of the picture entirely), all fine material. And even though it could not be used, it was a good thing for me to know; it gave me a grasp on every facet in the man's nature. I was so completely filled up with Pasteur there was no room left for Muni—and for some time, there was no Muni!

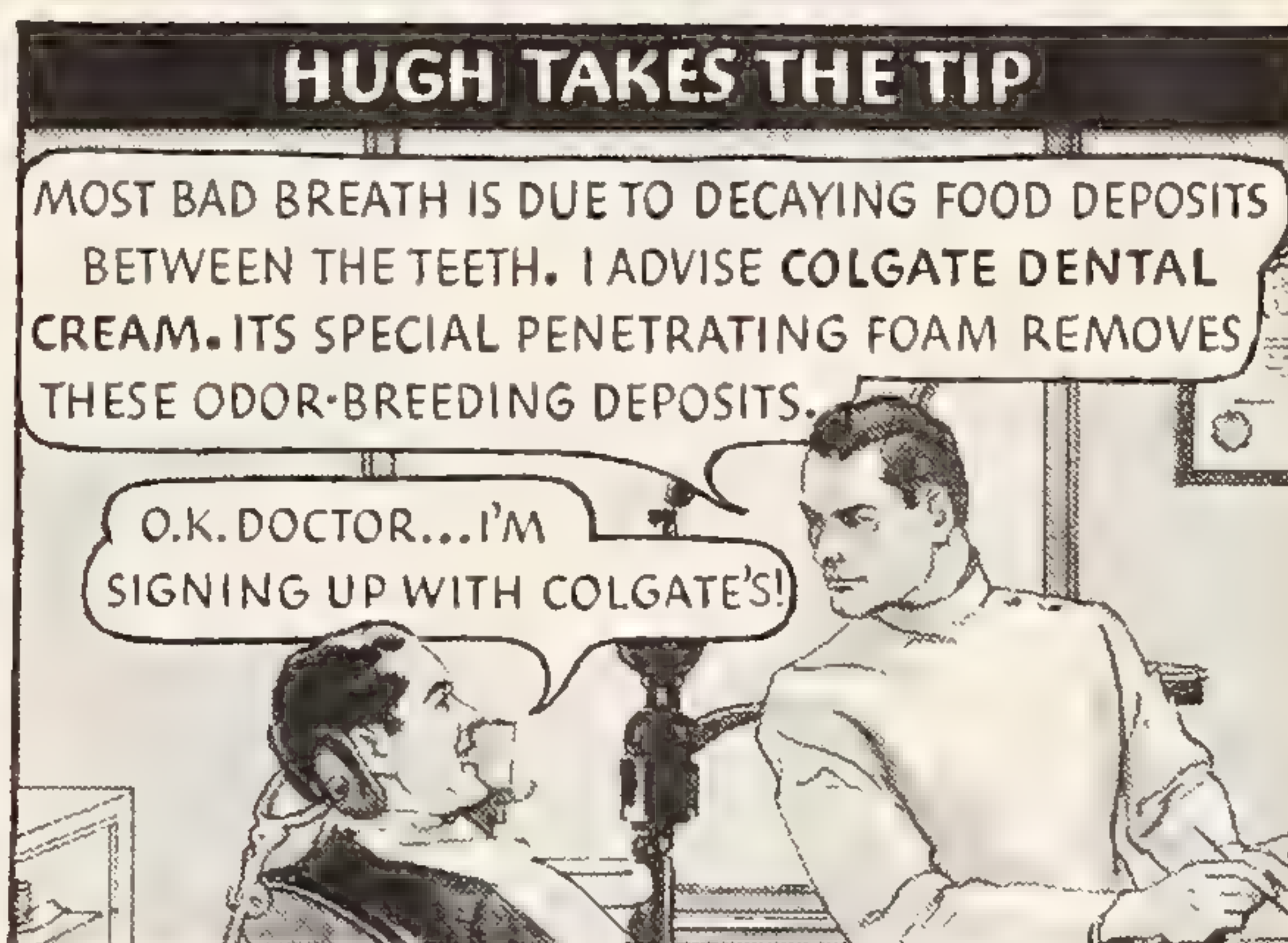
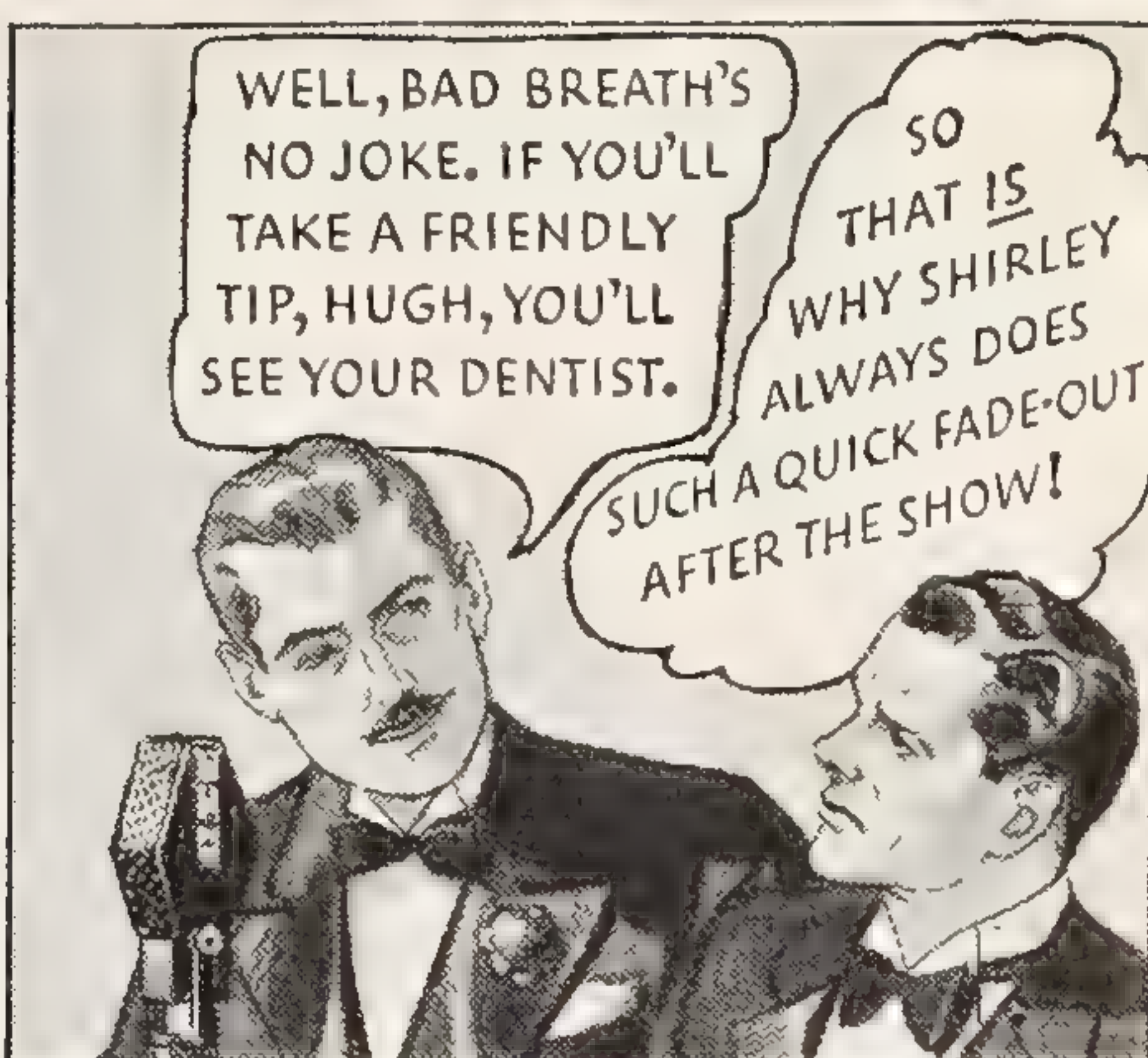
"It is a great lot of fun, you know. I do not wish to sound like the self-sacrificing artist. The only persons who have any real fun out of life are those who would be singing, painting, writing, acting, or doing whatever work they love, whether they get paid for it or not. I would always be delving into some character I found in a play or book and trying to make it my own. If it sounds like too much of a studious, earnest pastime, remember, it is my game! I like to play it—and I like to win, too."

When I departed, the make-up man was just arriving with some new equipment. Muni opened it as eagerly as if he had not been at this one make-up for several weary weeks.

Conscientious is the word for Muni, whether he admits it or not.



IT WAS JUST A Radio Romance- UNTIL...



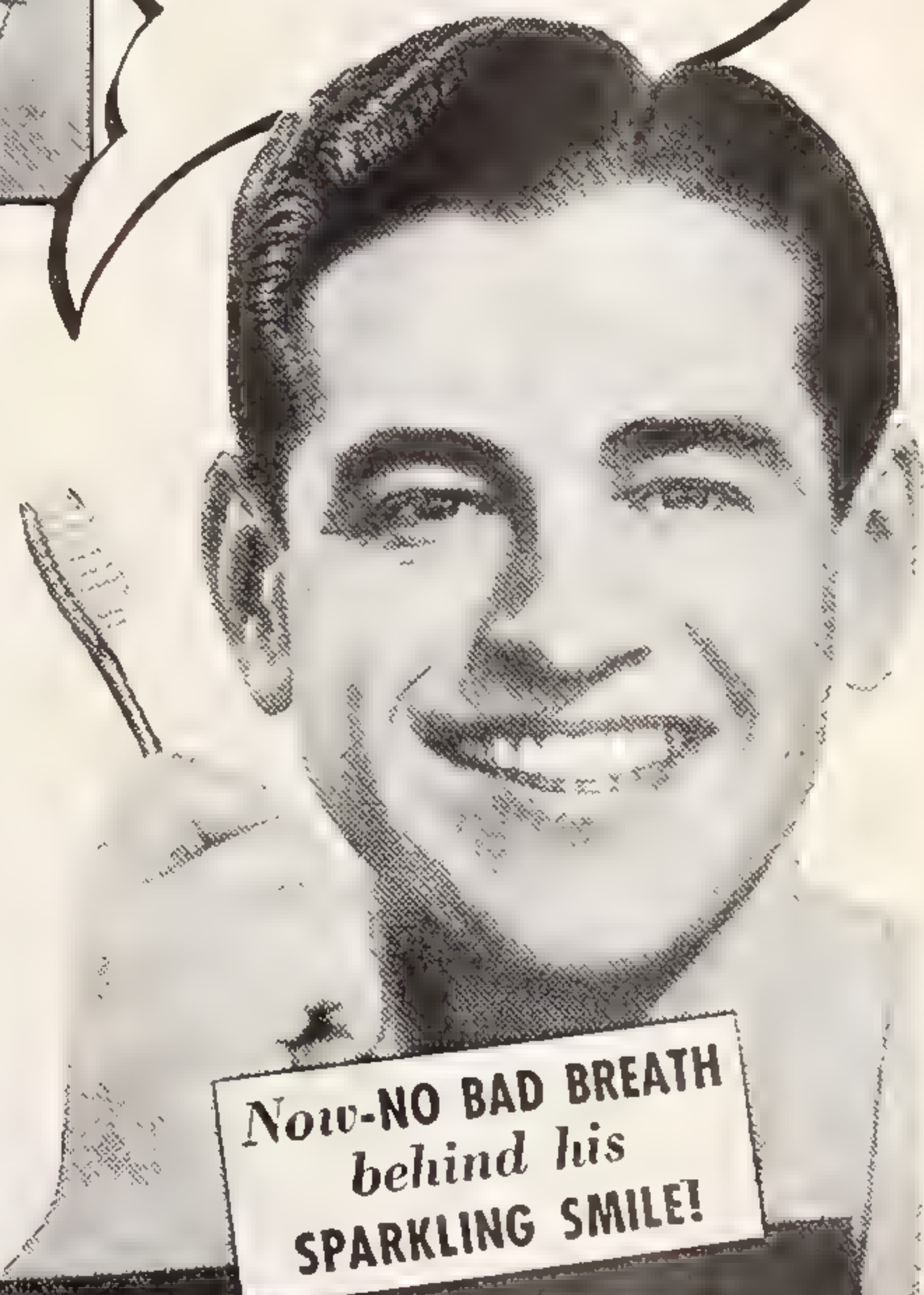
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause... *improperly cleaned teeth!*

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TEETH SO BRIGHT
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be free from
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This wonder lipstick actually *smooths* and *softens*! It gives your lips a soft, moist lustre. A new ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom" makes this possible.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.



What Romance Means to Lederer

Continued from page 33

In his own home, pictures and more pictures are usually the chief topic of discussion. Occasionally he invites a few friends to his home for dinner. (His Chinese cook actually has a Ph. D. degree and transposes books on chemistry between courses). But they are those who have learned to accept and appreciate him for the way he is. Any man or woman can stop him on the street and he will listen, if they have something interesting to say. Time or guests are no object. He stands there for hours, provided, of course, he is learning something. In anyone else this would be considered unforgivably rude. To Francis Lederer's friends, their tolerance is a demonstration of their fondness and understanding.

Speaking of learning, Francis makes it

Recently he harvested a bumper crop of prize cabbages, and sent generous samples to all his friends in Hollywood. They were neatly packaged in brown paper, bearing in neatly printed letters, the following amusing message:

"Here is a little sample of the first crop to come off my ranch in San Fernando. We planted two and a half acres in cabbages and are enjoying a record crop—about 30,000 head. The apricots, grapes and walnuts are coming along fine, and you'll hear from them, too, when they are harvested. Expect a bumper crop of alfalfa, so, if you have a horse, I will be glad to send him some with the compliments of Francis Lederer."

While his romance with Steffi Duna is a thing of the past, Francis has still re-



International

Francis Lederer and Mary Anita Loos taking in the recent ice-skating exhibition by Sonja Henie. Does this mean romance to Lederer? Read our story.

a point to take ten new words out of the dictionary each day and master the use of them. As a result of this discipline, the improvement in his speech is remarkable. He studies hard on voice and diction. At times, almost all trace of his accent is gone. He is a firm believer that a person can do anything that he wants to do. He is so anxious to improve, he seeks knowledge from any walk of life. No respecter of persons, he bows only to intellect. In everything he attempts, he's guided by inspiration. One morning he awakened and decided he wanted to do sculpturing. He had never had a lesson in his life or had attempted it before. He now has a studio in his home and his models are amazing. The same thing applies to his painting. He never held a brush in his life. Yet, he wanted to paint. He believed he could if he wanted to badly enough—and now he is doing some very creditable oils.

Recently he has become absorbed in cabbages, walnuts, alfalfa, and such fruits of the soil, and finds the keenest interest, as well as amusement, in the ranch he has acquired out in San Fernando valley—about twenty miles from Hollywood. Gradually he is collecting antiques. When his collection is completed, he will move it all out to the ranch and make that his permanent home. Meantime the ranch is run by a caretaker, and it is self-supporting.

mained her friend. For the past year, Hollywood has seen him constantly in the company of beautiful, dark-eyed Mary Loos, niece of the famous Anita. Whether this is a romance, neither Francis or Mary cares to admit. As a friendship it is a sacred thing to both of them. At the preview of "Dancing Pirate," Francis attended with Mary. On the way out, Mary pointed out Steffi Duna, who appeared in the picture. Mary suggested to Francis that he go over and congratulate Steffi, on the beauty and grace of her dancing performance.

Not so long ago, Mary took a trip down into Mexico with her father, who is a well-known Hollywood physician. A month later she returned and wired Francis of her arrival. Proving he has been in Hollywood long enough to develop an American sense of humor, Francis met Mary at the train, dressed as a gay *caballero*. It was on a Sunday morning, just about the time the good folk of the town were headed for the Sabbath worship.

Recently, Francis has been going in for broadcasting. Instead of accompanying him to the radio station, Mary remains at home by the radio. With a re-recording attachment, she makes transcriptions of the broadcasts. After it is all over, Francis can listen to the record and the next time correct any mistakes. Mary is an archeologist by profession, but recently had such

tempting offers for a screen career, she is beginning to weaken. While she really is the typical American girl, her beauty is of the luscious, smouldering type, made famous by Dolores Del Rio.

One of the admirable qualities about Francis Lederer is his appreciation for talent. If he sees a stirring performance on the stage or screen, he is moved to send a telegram of thanks, regardless of whether he knows the performer. When he attended the legitimate stage production of "Ah, Wilderness," starring the late Will Rogers, Francis was entranced by the performance of the little ingénue named Mary Blackford. After the show he went around to see her. She almost fainted from the shock. The next day he arranged for her to have a screen test. Unfortunately, her screen career was interrupted by a tragic automobile accident, from which she is yet to recover.

One day Francis happened to walk into the studio commissary and saw Eddie Quillan sitting up at the counter. Francis had seen him in an old silent picture in Europe. To Eddie's complete surprise, Francis walked up to him and asked if he were a star. When Francis learned that Eddie hadn't even worked in some time, he was completely amazed. He immediately took steps to see what he could do to reinstate Eddie in his career. Since then "Mutiny on the Bounty" has been released and Eddie is going ahead again.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

MEXICAN BEANS

Take 2 heaping cups (or about a pint) of dry lima beans. Rinse carefully and soak in cold water overnight. Place the beans in a good-sized saucepan and boil in clear water until they can be crushed between the fingers. Do not drain off the water in which they have been cooked but, instead, add to it the following:—

Saute 5 large sliced onions in the fat from 4 or 5 strips of bacon that has been crisped and laid aside. Crumble the bacon and mix it into the lima bean saupan together with the sauted onions, a can of tomatoes, and 3 or 4 small chili peppers.

Return to the stove and let the entire mixture simmer slowly for about three hours. Season with salt and a little sugar.

"If I know we are all good sailors, and it happens to be hot weather, sometimes I omit the beans and serve sandwiches with iced tea, beer, or Coca-Cola. The *Celito Lindo* sandwich spread is something new, and—we think—quite marvelous."

CELITO LINDO SANDWICH SPREAD

1 can tomato soup	1 or 2 onions (ac-
1 lb. American	cording to size)
cheese	2 eggs well beaten
	pepper and salt

Grate the cheese and onions and add (with pepper, salt and Worcestershire sauce to taste) to the tomato soup, cooking all together until mixture thickens. Add beaten eggs towards the last. Spread on crackers, or thin slices of white or wheat bread.

(Even simpler is a sandwich spread made from white cream cheese and chopped walnuts. Soften the cheese with a bit of cream (or milk), a little lemon juice, salt to taste, and add plenty of walnuts chopped not too fine. This is particularly good when used on raisin bread.)

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"See my wooden dishes?" she held out a plate. "I began by having pottery dishes, thinking they are so colorful and typically Californian, but we lost so many of them overboard, when the wind suddenly changed or a wave heaved us higher on one side, that I decided to try wood, which floats instead of sinking. Now when they fall overboard, we fish them back again. The doctor is particular about things being sterile, and he wasn't so sure about my wooden dishes, but I boil them 20 minutes, so they should be safe. The cups I use are really mugs, see?" She showed me the familiar white mug in which all seaside places serve coffee.

It's Evalyn's dinners that make Hollywood mouths water. A simple meal served after a day's sailing is likely to be this one. After a cocktail, Evalyn takes from her small ice-box, scallop shells filled in advance with one of the following mixtures:

LOBSTER OR CRAB CREAMED

1 pint lobster (or crab) meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 heaping tablespoon flour, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, even teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne. Mix the sauce by cooking butter, flour, milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ of the cream over boiling water. Put in the lobster (or crab), pepper and salt, and stir until scalding hot. Then add the rest of the cream, and the lemon juice. Put mixture into shells and bake just long enough to brown slightly. (Tuna or salmon may be prepared in the same way.)

TUNA WITH POTATO CHIPS

2 small cans tuna (Chicken of the Sea), 1 small bag of potato chips. White cream sauce. Flake fish and crush potato chips not too fine. Make sufficient sauce (cream, butter and flour) to thoroughly cover. Flavor with cayenne, but do not add much salt as the chips are already salted. Bake in scallop shells until mixture thickens and browns.

The shells are slipped into the oven to be browned at the same time the rolls are heating, and while Evalyn mixes the salad.

CELITO LINDO SALAD

Chop together very fine, 1 bunch of watercress and 1 small firm cabbage. Season with plenty of salt, pepper, a little sugar, olive (or Wesson) oil, and plenty of lemon juice. This is served from a large wooden bowl garnished with lettuce.

Occasionally, the young Snyders give a dinner on the boat in more elaborate fashion, when Evalyn's imagination goes to greater lengths. Her favorite dish is called "barracuda-in-a-bag."

"This is a grand way to serve strong fish like barracuda, mackerel, or other fish that you ordinarily think of as not good to eat," she confided. "When we first tried it, we took good firm paper and greased it on both sides thoroughly, then wrapped the fish in this, but now you can get the bags already greased at places that cater to seafaring folk. If you like your fish very dry, leave the ends open; but if not, twist them carefully shut.

"To prepare your fish, remove the backbone with a sharp knife and stuff with following: 1 cup breadcrumbs moistened with butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley or chopped cucumber; salt, parsley and an onion chopped. Put fish together and put it in the bag. Bake in a moderate oven and bake 1 hour. You needn't bother taking the skin, for it comes off in the bag and sticks to the paper.

"This fish is so delicate that your guests

won't know that they're eating barracuda."

A good seafood cocktail for a first course may be prepared from oysters, shrimp or crab with the following sauce:

To a small bottle of tomato catsup add lemon juice, salt, cayenne, horseradish, Worcestershire and tabasco to taste. Use enough lemon juice to make mixture a bit acid and enough tabasco to make it quite hot—this gives much more flavor to the sauce after it is mixed with whatever seafood one uses.

"With my baked fish, I served baked potatoes, which can be put into the oven at the same time, and one green vegetable. Then for dessert we have fruit-cup, or fresh fruit—strawberries or melon in season—or water crackers with Roquefort or Edam cheese and coffee. People at sea seem to prefer fruit and cheese instead of sweets."

The following recipe for *Stuffed Vegetables* is a popular one. It serves nine persons—but if your guests do not number as many, you'll still find that this dish is so delicious there won't be a scrap left!

STUFFED VEGETABLES

3 each tomatoes, green peppers and cabbage leaves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. boiled ham
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups rice krispies
1 egg (well beaten)
3 small onions (chopped)
1 clove garlic (chopped)
3 pimientos (chopped)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
1 tablespoon melted butter

Remove seeds and tops from peppers, remove centers from tomatoes. Stuff with above mixture. Dip cabbage leaves in boiling water to soften. Put stuffing in center of each leaf. Roll and tie or fasten with small skewers. Place stuffed peppers, tomatoes and cabbage leaves alternately in a kettle or casserole which contains tomato sauce. Cover and simmer until tender (about 20-30 minutes).

I must tell you about Evalyn's cabin. "As I hadn't a house to fuss over, it was agreed that I could decorate the cabin," she told me. "Doctor sometimes says it is a sissy cabin, but it really isn't, because everything about it is practical. The floor is covered with heavy brown linoleum—my color scheme is chocolate brown and white, with the walls enameled in white.

"For the curtains at the portholes, I got heavy unbleached muslin and dyed it myself because I couldn't find the right shade of brown. I didn't iron the muslin but left it all crinkly as it came from the water, so that now it looks like fine leather and isn't spoiled by any amount of fog or sea-water. A fringe of white and tie-backs of the same finish the curtains.

"The transoms in the cabin—transoms are seats to you—can be made up into berths for extra passengers, though usually doctor and I sail alone. We sleep forward. The spreads for these transoms are also cotton dyed brown. Guests can lounge, spill things or what they will, for all I have to do is send them to the laundry and they come back good as new.

"I am proud of my pillows—one brown trimmed in white, one yellow with a white rope ending in a sailor's knot, and one of marine blue that adds the needed color.

"Nothing, it is prettier than it sounds.

I must mention the brass lamps in their holders in nautical fashion—the neat lockers where everything is stowed away exactly, no room to waste space, yet everything at

Ginger Rogers' New Freedom

Continued from page 15

Lover" set where Lew was playing a young officer from Annapolis on a spree in Paris. Ginger wore a funny little hat and a big bow at her neck, and Lew looked at her as if she were an angel out of Paradise. Ginger had never been so happy before. They were married in November, 1934, at the Little Church of the Flowers, in Glendale, before a few close friends; and Lew and his best man, Ben Alexander, arrived at the church in Lew's Ford and as he was getting out of the car he knocked off his high hat and it went rolling down the hill much to the amusement of hundreds of fans who were lined up outside the church. Ginger looked lovely in a dream of a green dress and a large picture hat, and she carried lilies. Janet Gaynor and Ginger's cousin, Phyllis Fraser, were her bridesmaids. After the wedding there was a reception in the French Room of the Ambassador Hotel, and we drank Ginger's and Lew's health in champagne, and cut the wedding cake, and Ginger was very thrilled but was trying awfully hard not to show it, and even Lew laughed and joked and had fun. It was pronounced the best wedding reception that Hollywood had had in a long time. The young couple returned to their home, took off their fine feathers, put on their slacks and dungarees, and drove to a mountain cabin where they spent a brief honeymoon. RKO couldn't spare Ginger Rogers very long.

Whenever marriages crash in Hollywood, and they do with startling regularity, everybody from Walter Winchell to the boy who fills the studio inkwells says, "I told you so." And then everybody, but particularly little people who never know the couple in question, claims to know the reason for the break-up. The morning after Ginger's and Lew's separation was announced in the newspapers I had at least a dozen people tell me the "real low-down." It went something like this: "Astronomy is to blame. I knew it couldn't last when Lew became so interested in astronomy." . . . "Mrs. Lela Rogers is to blame. How can a real man put up with a girl who calls her mother Mother Mia." . . . "Success is to blame. Success went to Ginger's head." . . . "Lew is to blame. He's a regular sourpuss and moodier than Hamlet." . . . "Hollywood is to blame. The gossips started predicting their divorce the second day they were married." . . . "Human nature is to blame. A man just can't respect a woman who makes more money than he does." And so on, and so on. Everything and everybody were blamed *except*—and even the most vicious gossips didn't go that far—"another man" or "another woman." Well, I always say that's Hollywood.

I don't believe any of these reasons. Most of them are rather absurd. I think you will find the real reason why they couldn't make a go of marriage by trying to understand their separate personalities. When two young people are on the verge of matrimony you will hear their friends say, "Oh, it's sure to be a successful marriage because they're so entirely different from each other." But if you'll just take the trouble to study a few marriages you will find that successful marriages—and this goes for friendships too—are usually between those most nearly alike in temperament, taste, and personality. And Ginger and Lew were as far apart as the poles.

Since the blame for the break-up of the marriage of this attractive young couple



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must be placed on something tangible, why not blame it on "All Quiet on the Western Front?" Well, why not? This picture was Lew's Big Chance in Hollywood. Although still a kid it made him a sensational star over-night—but unfortunately there were no more "All Quies" for Lew, and Time marches on. But what is far more important, that picture had much to do with shaping Lew's character. Russell Gleason, Lew's pal, once told me how seriously Lew and Ben and himself took that picture. They were at the impressionable age then; and the direction was so complete, the suffering so realistic, and the war scenes so graphic that when the picture was finished those poor kids felt as if they had been dragged through the horrors of the War of 1914 in real earnest, not just make-believe. Watching the rushes every day a young impressionable serious-minded kid such as Lew was bound to become humanity-conscious, to hate war and all it stood for, and to think, think, think. Lew began to brood. He became moody about the injustices that go on in this world. He became a book-worm. Few people know that Einstein, the great Einstein himself, took a fancy to Lew when he was in California and still corresponds with him. Einstein read in one of the more serious magazines that Lew was deeply interested in astronomy. So when he was visiting in Hollywood he asked to be introduced to Mr. Ayres and was quite impressed with his young friend's knowledge. Yes, Lew became an adult before his time.

Lew Ayres can never be happily married to a movie star. He has tried twice now, and neither time did it work out. Lew is one of those men who wants his wife to be a home-body. And no movie-star with a brilliant career on her hands is going to be content to be a home-body. It just isn't natural. It's asking too much of her. Lew should marry a sweet girl who has nothing to do but look after Lew's home and devote herself entirely to fitting in with Lew's life. Millions of girls would love this. But not a movie star. Lew is *in* the theatre, so to speak, but not *of* the theatre. He hates publicity, and could never see the value of it for himself or Ginger. Whereas Ginger has been in the public eye since she won a Charleston Contest at the age of thirteen. She knows the value of good publicity and she is usually willing to co-operate. This

is a very slight example, but at least it's typical of Ginger. Several months ago I had about twenty pictures for Ginger to autograph for her fans to be distributed by a magazine. Now believe it or not, the glamorous ladies of the cinema do not always enjoy autographing pictures. You sort of have to catch them in the "mood." And the set, after a hard and exhausting day's work, is not the place to find them in the mood. A lot of them would snarl, a lot of them would take the pictures home to sign later; but Ginger Rogers I knew I could count on. Ginger had been dancing since eight that morning. But she took the pen and the pictures and went to work on them. "Sweitzenkorn," she said, "Hammer-shagger. Schauffelberger. Witherspoon. Will you please tell me why my fans always have such long names? I never get a Smith or a Jones."

The studio could never get a "home-sitting" of Ginger while she was married to Lew, because to Lew the home was sacred and he wanted no photographers profaning it. He couldn't stand to see Ginger discussing contracts or holding business conferences with producers and directors in his home, or discussing story ideas with writers. These long and lengthy discussions are all a part of a movie star's life, just like glamour and publicity. But Lew could never understand it that way. He wanted his home reserved for himself, his wife, and his very close friends.

After her marriage Ginger, too, became rather serious, took a deep interest in reading, gave up going to parties, and was practically never seen in night clubs. Then there were rumors that the Rogers-Ayres marriage wasn't working out very well. That Lew was getting more and more sulky and moody. That Ginger was getting more and more ambitious for a screen career. I don't know. Anyway, the rumors continued, and in May were confirmed. Ginger left the Rogers-Ayres hill-top home and returned to her mother's home which she had left eighteen months before to become the bride of Lew Ayres. Ginger's spirit could not be chained.

To the delight of her friends and her studio Ginger lost no time in becoming her old self once more. Gentle, charming, thoughtful, she is the "pet" of her studio, and they gleefully tell you that "Ginger's Ginger again." The week her separation



International

Jimmy and Ginger step out again! James Stewart and Ginger Rogers are seen above as Hollywood sees them a lot lately—as companions at dances and night clubs.

was announced the studio handed her a new contract with more money and more power in selecting her pictures. In no time at all Ginger will be a very wealthy young woman. She is planning to build a new home for herself and her mother and is busy now studying plans and consulting architects. It's a safe bet that the photographers and the press will be invited to that home. Ginger today is one of the most charming and lovable of the movie stars, and just as much a "pet" with the press as she is with her studio. She's still in somewhat of a fog over her marital troubles and with perfect taste refuses to discuss them publicly. "I never want to hurt Lew," she says. "I know that he is going far and will make a great success. It is just too bad that this had to happen."

And so Ginger is laughing again and dancing like mad. When Barbara Stanwyck finally separated from Frank Fay she gave up her life of a recluse and became one of the gay party girls of Hollywood. With Robert Taylor hovering near Barbara is now one of the merriest girls in town, and so with Ginger Rogers. The week of her separation Ginger went to the skating matches with James Stewart and since then has been seen quite often with him at the Trocadero and various Hollywood restaurants. She was the gayest of the gay at Margaret Sullivan's and Henry Fonda's birthday party, and didn't miss a dance. Yes, Ginger Rogers, the little girl from Fort Worth, Texas, who played the game the hard way, and won, is free again. Free to laugh, sing, and dance when she pleases. With vine leaves in her hair.

Beauty Against the Sun

Continued from page 61

tan by Nature, please do give your complexion the after-care it needs to counteract the drying effects of exposure. Be liberal with your lubricants to avoid those lines and little wrinkles that are the inevitable legacy of unprotected exposure to the sun. Smooth a good lubricating cream all over your face and neck, and take it off in 15 minutes if you don't like to feel "greased" on hot, humid nights.

Of course, if you're going to be tanned by day and lily-white by night, you must change your make-up accordingly. Deeper, brighter shades are needed for tanned skin. Speaking of which, there have never been so many intriguing shades of powder, rouge, and lipstick to enhance the beauty of sun-tanned complexions! If you choose your own particular brand of tan out of a jar or bottle, you may be coppery or golden as you prefer.

There are strange, but flattering shades of make-up inspired by the fashion for things Chinese. For instance, mandarin gold make-up calls for a powder that brings out the gold in your skin, harmonizing rouge, coral lipstick and green eye shadow. For you who like, (and can wear), the Chinese-y effect, there's much to be done with eyebrow tweezers and a pencil to accentuate the almond slant to eyes.

For the coppery tan, there are rich, deep shades of make-up with brownish undertones. They make your cheeks seem to glow and your lips look burnished. The vogue for matching fingernails to lipstick has led to a whole new range of nail polish in sun-tan shades. Toenails, of course, should be in harmony. And there's even a



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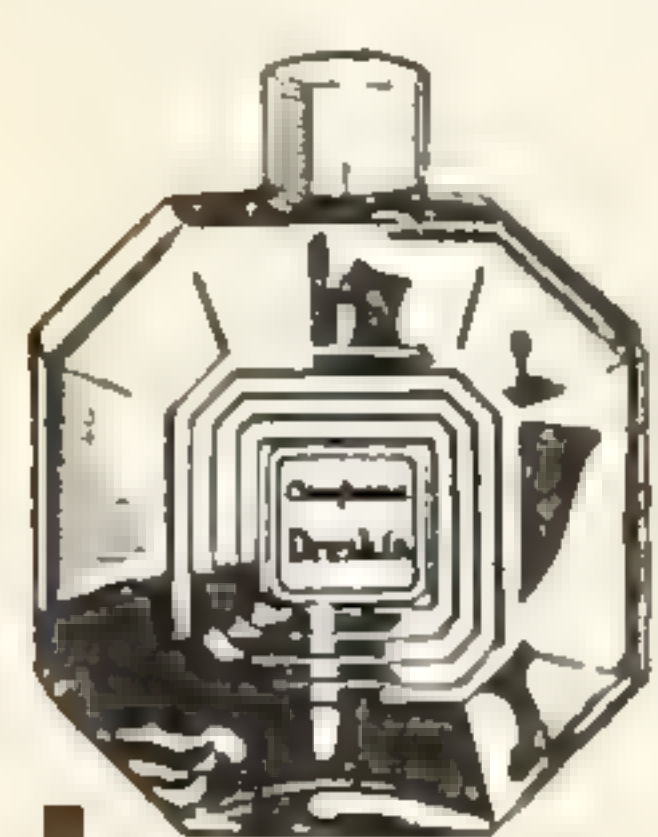


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fad for wearing petticoats to match lip-sticks!

Give special attention to your eyes in Summer. They're up against a double strain. Bathing eyes twice a day with an eye lotion is one of beauty's most profitable rites. And do get the habit of using eye cream—over the lids and just under, where "crowsfeet" get their start. Cream over your eyelids gives a moist, dewy appearance that's becoming to everyone. It's a foundation for eye-shadow, if you use it, and a sure way of avoiding the after-effects of Summer "squints."

Hair, too, needs protection against the sun. The soapless shampoos that are so popular now will help a lot to keep your hair from being dried out by too much sun-baking, and they'll put it in excellent

condition for your Fall permanent wave. Salt water is a potent enemy to hair beauty and should be washed out immediately.

From out Hollywood way comes the Martinique turban, a trick device to protect hair from the hot California sun and at the same time keep it "set" and ready to be combed into elaborate coiffures for pictures or for evening formality. This turban is actually a 'kerchief rolled to make a widow's peak in front and Martinique points, (rather suggestive of incipient "ears"), at the sides. The hair is kept pinned up under it. These turbans are becoming little things, in every color imaginable. They're worn for active sports and shopping, and they even put in an appearance at cocktail parties now and then.

Picture Stealer Number One

Continued from page 58

his head hanging sheepishly from his shoulders, his long nose twitching, his hands fumbling with his hat. The reaction in the dark, little projection room was immediate and amazing.

"Who's that guy?" demanded a visiting cutter who had seen no part of the picture before.

"That's an actor named Herbert," explained the cutter who had worked on the film. "Watch him walk away with the picture."

Hugh proceeded to do just that, excellent though the other performances were and in spite of the comparatively few lines he had to say.

"Where have I seen him before?" asked another.

"He used to be a writer here on the lot. Wrote 'Lights of New York' with Murray Roth."

"Well," said the visiting cutter, "that guy's really funny."

Herbert signed a long-term contract with the studio immediately after the completion of "Goodbye Again." Even so no one at his studio knew just how good he was. He played small rôles in two or three feature pictures and one or two shorts and was then called in to be told that he would work next in the picture "Convention City."

In due time Herbert reported to Director Archie Mayo to talk over his rôle in the picture. "Are you in this?" asked Mayo. Hugh said he had been told he was.

Together they looked through the script to find his lines. There were just three of them—and two of those were exactly alike.

He threw the script away, as he always does, and reported for work as called. The use he made of this forlorn opportunity to be funny on the screen is one of Hollywood's favorite anecdotes now. He just stood around—but *how* he stood! Words in the mouths of the other players were powerless against him. Almost unwillingly the camera seemed to follow Herbert, recording for posterity the comic adventures of a convention-attender attending the wrong convention.

Most comedians are serious-minded chaps at heart. Herbert is different. He is just as funny to talk to over a lunch-table as he is to watch on the screen. He is the butt of most of his own jokes and he has the rarest of gifts among actors, an ability to listen as enthusiastically as he talks.

The very players from whom he loots many of his best remembered scenes, are his closest friends. Perhaps the most frequent victims of the "Herbert look"—that muddled expression which registers with

an audience more than any spoken line—have been Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell. Both these young women are scene stealers of no mean ability themselves but they recognize Herbert as the toughest competition in pictures.

Less able comedienness might refuse to work with Herbert. Joan and Glenda are always threatening to desert him but their threats don't ring true. The three of them are good friends off the set and friendly enemies during the making of a picture.

"How can we work with him?" demands Joan of a perspiring director. "He makes faces toward the camera while we read our lines."

"He just says what he darned pleases and leaves us up in the air for cues!" wails Glenda.

"It's too bad," mumbles Herbert. "Shame I can't remember lines."

"You don't try," declares Joan.

"Nobody," snaps Glenda, "can be as foolish as you look!"

Reviewers, columnists, and commentators have stretched the English language all out of shape trying to describe Hugh Herbert's face. They call it a "horse face," a "mush mug," a feather-bed face, or a "potato pan." Herbert refuses to be insulted. It is *his* face, and that face is his fortune because it has a dollar and cents value in any theatre in the world. It is an effective weapon to use against other players in his pictures.

Scenarists on the Warner lot—and on other lots where he sometimes works on loan—have long since learned to leave space in their story-telling for either additional dialogue or spur-of-the-moment pantomime by Herbert. Perhaps if Shakespeare were writing today he would do the same thing. But he didn't, and the stoutest-hearted actor in the world—and Hugh Herbert is not that—would hesitate to *ad lib* the lines of that master dramatist.

As a result Hugh probably worked harder for Max Reinhardt in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which he played the rôle of "Snout," than he ever has before or since in pictures. He had few lines to speak and he was used to that; but those few lines had to be delivered letter-perfect, and he had had no previous experience in a situation of that kind.

As usual he lost his script the first day. He got three or four others during production and lost them in short order. The lines he finally read into the finished production, however, were Shakespeare's, not Herbert's.

Only once did he completely forget himself long enough to inject an *ad lib* into

"A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was during the filming of the famous rehearsal scene of the players. A bowl of peeled nuts, representing cloves of garlic, stood nearby, a "prop" that has been used in this play for something like three hundred years.

Hugh discovered the bowl during a scene between Joe E. Brown and Jimmy Cagney, and in a pause between lines he broke the silence he had maintained so carefully.

"Hmm," hummed Hugh, reaching for the bowl. "Nuts."

But that *ad lib* line is not to be heard in the finished production.

Hugh Herbert has, according to his own account, been "kicking around in pictures since the year one." He was a voice behind the screen years before the recorded talking picture was perfected, when an ahead-of-the-times exhibitor featured pictures that seemed to talk.

Before that he toured various vaudeville circuits, having graduated from theatre-ushering to acting. His first picture was "Caught in the Fog," which had a few talking sequences. Then he turned to writing and with Murray Roth turned out the scenario for a short, called "The Roaring Forties." It outgrew the short stage and emerged finally with a new title, as the first all-talking picture ever made, "The Lights of New York."

Later he directed Lowell Sherman in "He Knew Women" and still later he wrote the screen adaptation of "The Great Gabbo." His success was still something less than sensational, however, until Joan Blondell opened the hotel room door in "Goodbye Again" and let a new funny-faced gentleman into pictures.

"I'm Sixty—But What of It?"

Continued from page 58

without turning from his rapt contemplation of the lake.

"Wish we could get out for a bit of fishing."

"I don't see why. It's comfortable here."

"Yes, but this thing of sitting about the house all day is a bit thick. Nothing doing, no activity; gets on my nerves."

"Activity! I should think you'd had enough of that."

"Oh, my-eye-and-Betty-Martin! I like to work; I like to do things. You can't even paint on a day like this!" he answered, his eyes roving vainly around the room in search of something that needed attending to.

"Don't you like to ever just plain rest, Sir Guy?" I asked, thinking guiltily of three unfinished stories waiting for me at home. "Don't you ever get tired?"

"Not in the usual sense of the word, I'm afraid. I was a bit worried about that, too, a while back. Didn't seem right, somehow, and I wondered if it might not be something wrong. Glands, you know, or that sort of thing."

"Anyway, I decided to put it to a test. I got up at six in the morning and drove out to the Rancho Golf Club—that's half way to the beach, you know—and I played off thirty-six holes, using two balls all the way; had a bite to eat and walked on down to the beach for a couple of hours' bathing and then came back for another double round on the course. Got bored with golf and tramped home. I'd forgotten that that was the day my man was to come over for a few rounds of boxing, but he was there waiting for me when I got back, so we went for ten three-minute rounds. He kept me moving smartly for three quarters of an hour; but after a shower, whisky-and-

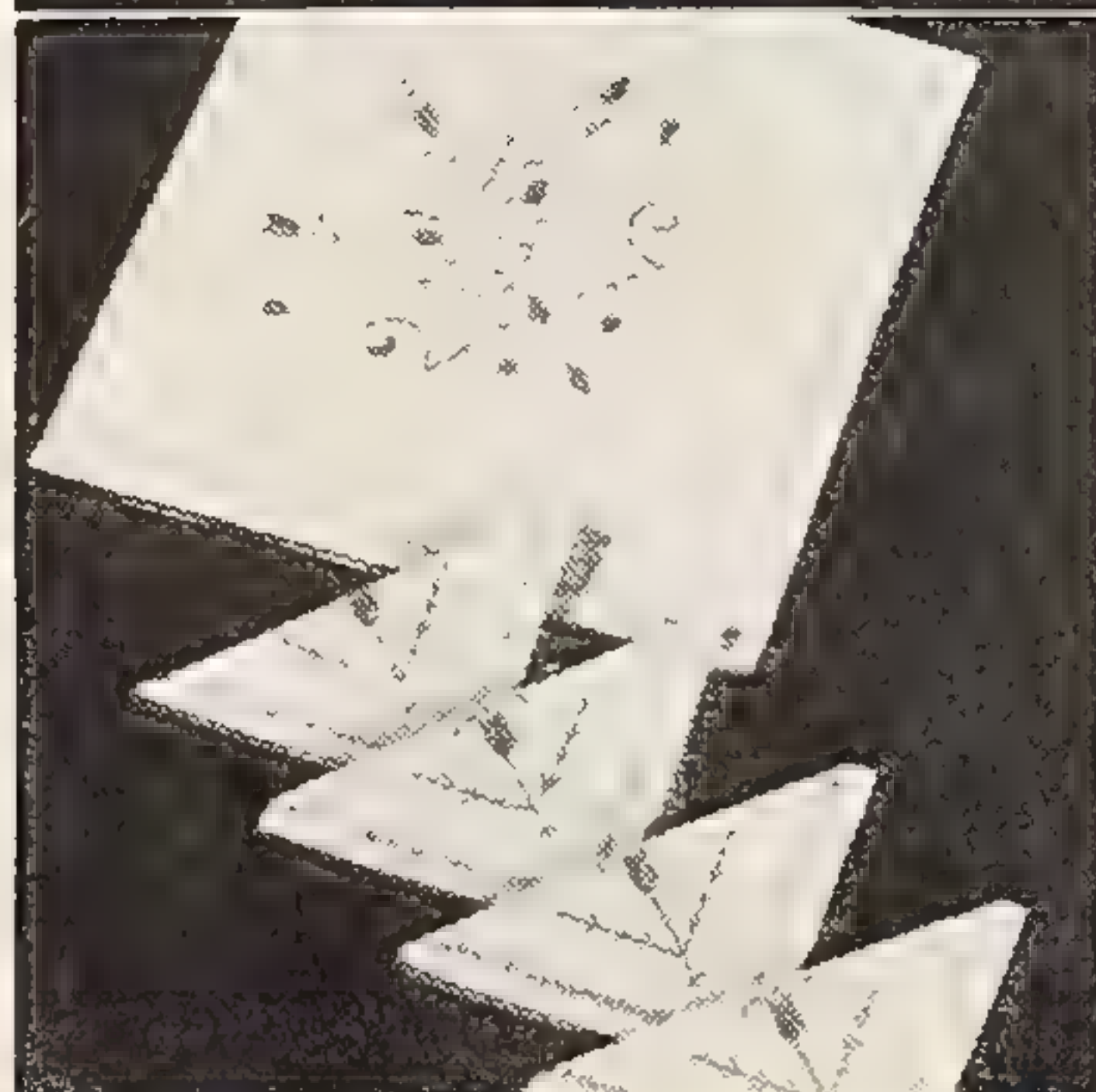


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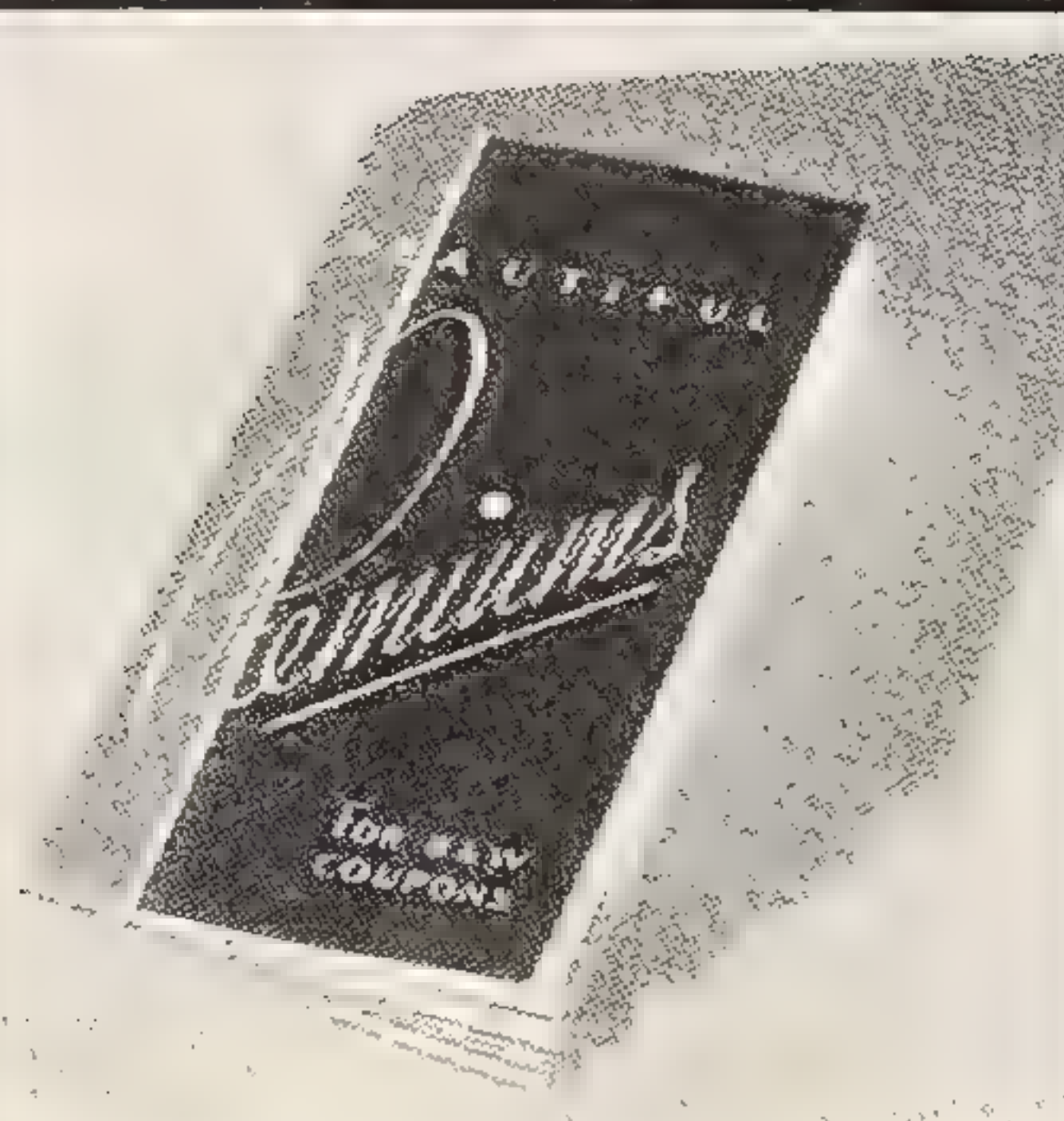
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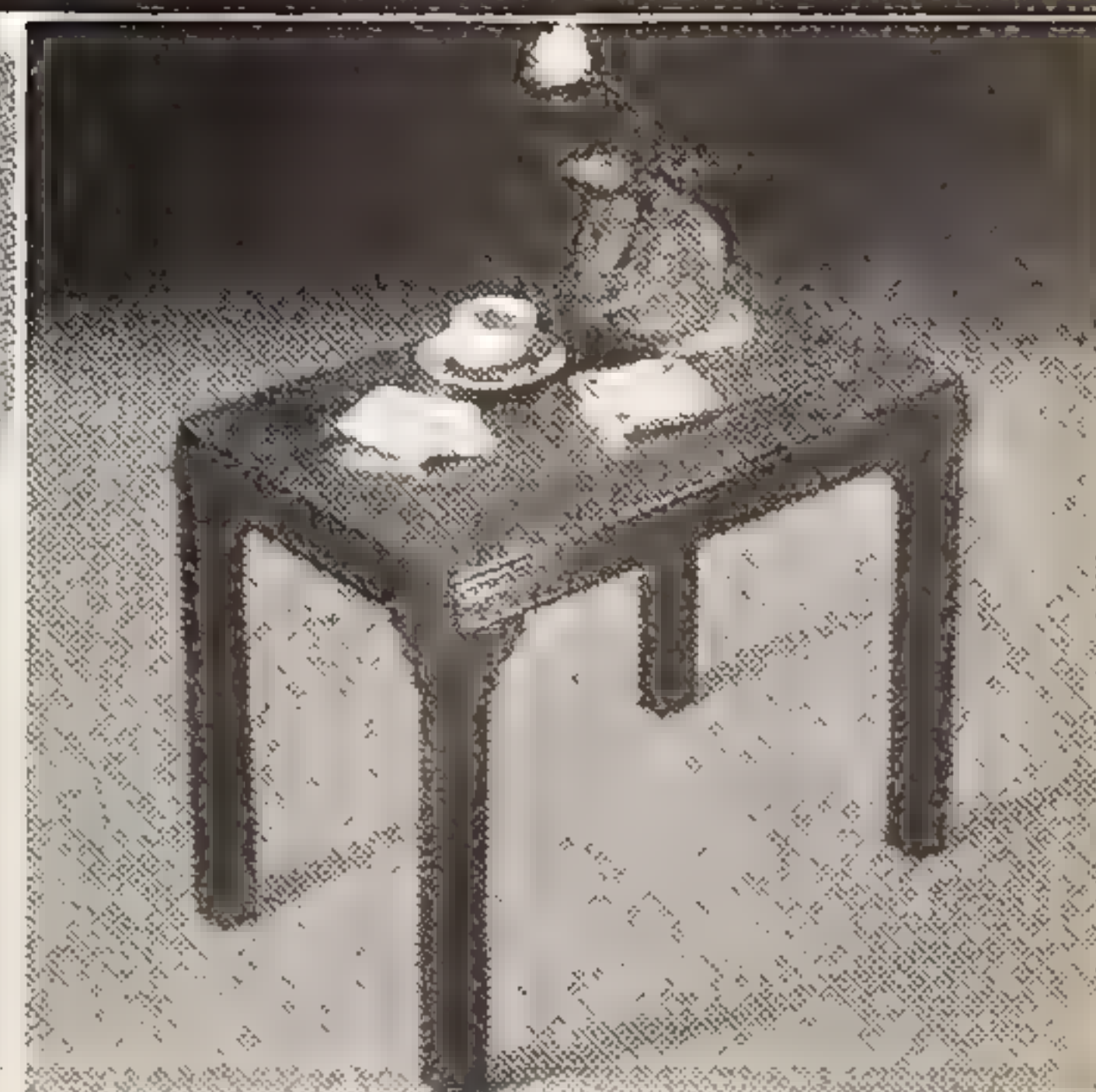
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soda, and dinner, I was far too chipper to potter about the house so we went out to see the fights at the Stadium. You know, I never did get tired; the years at sea, I suppose."

I sank into my easy chair, all tired out just thinking about it—seventy-two holes of golf, a fifteen-mile hike, two hours' swimming, and a fast ten rounds to top it off. It doesn't seem quite decent.

Although he wasn't working the next day he was planning to make the forty-mile drive from his mountain place to the studio just to ramble about the sets and chat with his host of friends on the lot. Easily one of the most popular men at Paramount, he is, perhaps, most significantly liked by the grips and electricians. Whenever the Paramount Cubs, the baseball team, are playing, you'll always find Sir Guy seated in the front row with Mac, the cheery-eyed Scot who guards the studio gate. Guy has taken a particular pride in that team ever since they made him an honorary member and presented him with a silver statuette.

His choice of friends is broader now, if anything, than it was when he was a young man. He has carefully avoided "graduating" in the matter of friends. He has retained youth by retaining the feelings and perspective of sixteen even while acquiring the outlook of thirty, or sixty. Mentally, he can shift forty years as smoothly as batting an eye. I've heard him discuss the subtleties of drama with an august executive and five minutes later have seen him ribbing young Toby Wing about her new beach pajamas with equal fervor and authority.

He has told me indirectly that therein lies the secret of his three-score years of youth, but it was no secret to anyone who has watched his daily life. He is vitally interested in people, not as a scientist adding notes to his case histories but as a man who loves his fellow men.

Paramount, like all major studios, has a sizable contract list of younger players who are being brought along slowly toward that not far-off day when experience will lead them to the marquee lights. To these kids Sir Guy Standing is both father confessor and a willing coach. Toby Wing, for one, thinks the sun pretty much rises and sets on this elderly Knight. Johnny Engstead is a boy whose name you don't yet know, but you do know his work. He is responsible for some of the swell still pictures that you will find in the galleries of every fan magazine. But Johnny aspires to the other side of the camera. Guy heard about this and remembered a young swash-buckler whose first part on the stage was

the portrayal of the hind end of a lizard up in the gusty north-country of England. With suavity and sympathy he took another embryo actor under his wing and spent hours upon hours of what little free time he had, coaching Johnny in his lines and business for a show over at the well-known Pasadena Community Playhouse.

Kent Taylor is one young actor who is definitely on his way up and who owes a great deal to Sir Guy. I happen to know that Sir Guy worked all one day and far into the night not long ago. He had no call for the next day and was living over forty miles from the studio. But he was on the lot at nine in the morning. Kent had an important test coming up that afternoon and Guy thought he might be able to help him a little with his lines.

That morning he was up at five-thirty with Buster, his adoring dachshund. Together they pushed off over the mist-shrouded lake in a light boat. In a moment they were lost in the world's greyness, but the faint snap of a well-cast fly and line drifted back through the fog mingling with an almost imperceptible odor of pipe smoke. Out there Guy was fishing for his breakfast while Buster stood immobile in the bow of the boat, brown eyes alive with the intense stare he gave the waters in futile search for one of those wriggly things the boss was trying to catch.

But he was on the dot at the appointed time to spend the morning with Kent rehearsing that scene. By lunch he'd called on half a dozen friends ranging from Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper to somebody named Pep in the property department and Bill Something-or-other over at the 'juicers' building. He stopped at the commissary for lunch and asked a girl in the publicity department how her youngster was doing at that new school and offered to take him fishing on his vacation.

An hour later you could have found him back in the mountains in an old tweed coat, a pair of khaki britches and a high good humor. Under his arm was a folder of drawing paper and, shoved in a pocket, a box of water-colors. Five miles through the brushy solitude and he came to rest under a vast live-oak tree where he worked on a mountain-scape till the light failed.

Waiting at home was Ralph Holmes, the well-known landscape painter, and the dinner conversation hinged on a mutual understanding and appreciation of the finer points of art.

Sixty? If at sixty I can have half the joy and savour out of life that Sir Guy Standing culls each day I shall count myself the luckiest man he knows.

He Was Smart Enough to Play Dumb

Continued from page 59

that some women call handsome—virile, thoroughly masculine, and with a devilish light in his eye that promises adventure and excitement.

"Look at these," he requested, reaching for a stack of portraits. "These were taken not so long ago. Straight on, I don't look so much like a mug. It's my darned profile and overhanging eyebrows. When the camera catches the side of my face, I come up looking terrible. And," he sighed ruefully, "that's the only way they photograph me. To get my first sympathetic rôle I had to write and sell a story for myself."

Write? I pricked up my ears. On the screen he acts like a dolt who signs his name with an X.

"I had to change," continued Pendleton. "Movie audiences are funny. They associate you with the character you play. If you kick or kill somebody, they think you're that kind of a person in real life. It holds you back in your career. Look at C. Henry Gordon, a splendid actor and a great fellow. He's getting nowhere because people associate him with the heavy rôles he plays."

"I haven't been playing unsympathetic parts for some time. Comedy, yes, but not mean heavies. I struck out in that direction in 'The Gay Bride,' in which I played Carole Lombard's husband. And now I've written another story with a splendid rôle for a person like Clark Gable."

"Or for yourself?" I queried.

"Or for me," smiled Nat.

Again I looked over this brawny individual. Not so bad, I muttered, not so bad! If Wallace Beery and Victor McLaglen could become stars, why not Nat? And I remembered the way a certain young lady went for him after seeing "Penthouse."

And there's no telling how many others reacted similarly to the *Sandow* who figured in "The Great Ziegfeld," a part that Pendleton gave great comic gusto as well as very handsome "cave man" physical lines.

"Look over the foreword of my story," he urged, dragging forth a massive sheaf of typewritten pages.

I restrained myself from hurling the manuscript, and hurled questions instead. "Drifted into pictures? From where—when—why?"

And Nat Pendleton proceeded to recount swiftly his amazing career—a career that is crammed with adventure, travel, and vicissitudes. He told of his family, one of the best, with a great-grandfather general in the Revolutionary War; another



Good for badminton—as well as the eye that likes beauty—is the pajama suit Joan Blondell wears.

who served as Ambassador to England; another by the name of Francis Scott Key who wrote the national anthem; and of uncles and grandfathers who wore the cloth of the Episcopal church. He admitted to graduating from Columbia with a degree in engineering.

"But not with honors," he laughed. "I just slipped through. Wrestling was my main interest, though I did like mathematics. It's stayed with me ever since. Just the other day I won a suit of clothes from a gambler. He claimed the house percentage at Chuckl-a-luck was 2.55. I bet they were 2.777 and proved it."

During one vacation he visited in Mexico and hunted bandits as a member of the secret service. College reclaimed him, however, and on graduation he became an auditor for an oil company traveling in Spain, Portugal, and Africa. He left this position to organize his own export firm which did business through the principal countries of Europe.

"That experience helped me on my second picture job," he explained proudly. "I learned French so well that I did both the English and French versions of 'The Big Pond.' Chevalier himself picked me for the French version from a field of 15 genuine Frenchmen. He said I spoke the lines best."

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Meanwhile, for exercise he continued his wrestling, and on his return to this country he won a berth on the American Olympic team, winning the world's amateur heavy-weight championship at Amsterdam. This led to professional wrestling.

"I won 378 matches," he explained, "and never had my shoulders pinned to the mat."

Whereupon the fearless, well-educated Pendleton leaned to the floor and knocked on wood.

"He's not without superstition after all," I thought, as I asked if he had ever lost.

Pendleton grinned. "Nobody ever asks who I beat in winning 378 matches. They always ask to whom I lost my two matches. Both times I had to leave the ring—once when John Pesek broke my ankle, and once when Vogel, the Holland champion, broke my arm."

He leaned over to show me a vicious-looking scar fully six inches long on the arm that had tossed Gardeni and the present wrestling favorite of Hollywood, Man

Mountain Dean, big, fat, and funny.

It was proving more and more difficult to keep pace with this versatile personality. I looked about his bachelor quarters—the heavy but comfortable quarters a man of his fancy-free nature would have. On a chair rested a banjo. A medicine ball stood on an end-table. And then my eyes came to rest on a table of books.

"Do you read much?" I asked, picking up "A Treatise On Money" by the English economist Keynes. On the bookshelves I could make out still more volumes of equally imposing content—Stuart Chase's "A New Deal," Keynes' "Essays On Persuasion," Gordon Craig's "Theatre Advancing," and President Roosevelt's "Looking Forward."

"Mostly books on economics," he replied. "Keynes is my favorite. I think he's the greatest of modern economists. Drawing-room literature doesn't particularly interest me."

I believe him!

Arnold's Ten Rules of Romance

Continued from page 59

as mine, obviously, to save for the time when we grow older."

He told us of the evenings they spend at the end of every month, going over the bank statements, checking off, together, the extravagances they might have avoided. "Then we decide not to do that again the next month," he laughed suddenly, "and sometimes we succeed."

"Another rule of mine," he added, "is never talking about one thing very long—especially if it's a touchy subject that might lead to argument. If you keep on and on and on, you're bound to get into trouble, and you open too many cans of vegetables."

"Of course, we do have arguments. What married couple doesn't? Sometimes we go to it hot and heavy over a criticism of my acting in a certain picture. I'll say, after she has seen a new bit of business, 'Did you like that part?' She may answer frankly, 'No, I thought it was terrible.' And I try to explain why I did it—and then the fun begins!"

"Who wins our arguments? Well, I don't know. I try to let her see my side—she tries to let me see her point—and we usually come to the same conclusion."

"Recently we decided to send my youngest daughter, Jane, to private school. Mrs. Arnold suggested it. I said, 'How much will it cost?' She told me—she had it all figured out on the basis of a year's expenses. I said, 'Go ahead.'"

"Most of my rules for romance, I'm afraid, will take the shape of denials of the rules I've read in other articles. For instance, I don't believe at all in husbands and wives taking vacations away from each other."

"We go away for our vacations—together. I believe deeply that you should spend as much time as you can together. And if you really care, you won't grow tired of one another, as other writers have warned."

"Of course," he laughed that famous laugh of his, "if I do have too long a lay-off from work, I'm apt to hear something like this—'I'll be glad when you go back to the studio!'"

"A wife, too, should have some interest of her own—to keep her mind occupied outside the house. And one of my rules is that a man should make that his interest too. Adapt himself. For instance, I'm glad that Mrs. Arnold is interested in singing,

and that she has had considerable success as a concert singer. Just recently she gave a recital of songs before an important musical group in Los Angeles. We attend concerts together regularly. Even if I were not interested in music—as I have grown to be—it would be only fair for me to encourage her."

"Big things, I believe, are more important than little things, though I try to remember that saying about little things pleasing a woman more. I'll confess that usually I have to ask the children to remind me of birthdays and our anniversary—but now I have them written on my calendar so as not to forget."

"Another of my rules has to do with the children. We never play favorites, as some parents are apt to do, but try to give them all an even break. And when one of us is correcting the children, the other never interrupts. I believe that leads to trouble in many families. The mother will be punishing Johnnie, and the father—Johnnie is his favorite—will interrupt and say, 'Aw, he's not such a bad kid. Why don't you let him alone?' Then the fun begins!"

"I do believe, definitely, in bringing my work home with me. Mrs. Arnold is inter-



Latest portrait of Edward Arnold and his wife, Olive Emerson Arnold, who is a popular concert singer.

ested in what I'm doing—she's a darned good critic—and it's only natural for me to want to get things off my chest sometimes.

"She has her favorite rôles that I've played, and liked my parts in 'Million Dollar Ransom' and 'Sadie McKee' especially. She considers the rôle of the priest in 'The White Sister' the best *acting* part I've done—possibly because she knows that in real life, I'm so different!"

His fine, healthy children—Elizabeth, Edward, Jr., and Dorothy Jane—are living proofs of the worth of Arnold's rules for domestic happiness.

Edward, Jr.,—now 16—looks forward to an acting career, and has already appeared in a boys' picture made by Universal, starring the sons of many famous Hollywood stars. Elizabeth, just 18, acts as her father's secretary and attends to his fan mail. "We haven't put little Jane to work yet," Arnold laughs.

But already, at 11, she has a list of duties, and must take care of her own room, make her bed, and so forth—the Arnolds' prescription for raising unspoiled youngsters in Hollywood.

The atmosphere of Eddie Arnold's home is more like that of a club than a private house. He calls it, jokingly, the Arnold Club. "We all, even the children, usually stay home nights because we sincerely have a better time than when we go out. Mrs. Arnold and I enter into the conversation and games of the kids. Right now we're all making a movie with our 16-millimeter camera, with a script the kids have written, and regular professional acting parts for us all.

"I love cooking, and get a bigger kick out of turning out a new dish for the family's benefit than anything else I can think of. My whole family is crazy about a special rarebit I make—you should hear the shouts when I head for the kitchen about nine in the evening!"

His new assignments make him, he told me a bit ruefully, the busiest actor in Hollywood. "I won't have a vacation for over a year," he said. You'll see him starring in such pictures as "The Mighty Pinkerton," "The Incredible Jim Fisk," "Life of Alexandre Dumas," "Meet Nero Wolfe," "Come and Get It," and others for practically every studio in Hollywood.

And his success, he will be proud to tell you, is by and for the home to which he returns each night from the studio—kept safe and happy by the "Rules for Romance" he has given you.

Monarch of Menace

Continued from page 60

son—is as essential to greatness in acting as is the craft and the artifices of the art.

"Some actors," Lorre went on, "will resort to tricks to gloss over a break-down in the play. They blithely skip or jump over the sunken ground beneath them and carry on. Of course this does not save the play, nor does it fool the audience. I refuse to do that. If the play falls I fall with it."

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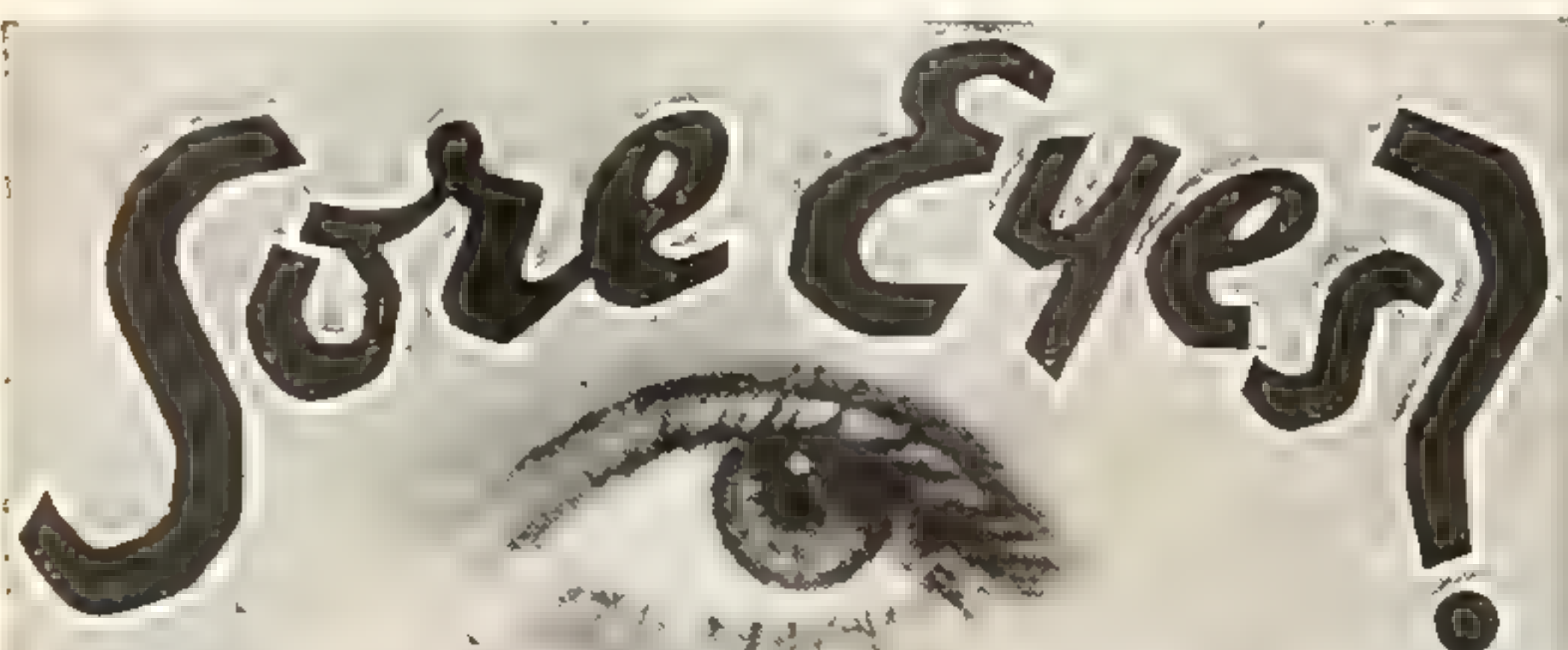
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abandon acting for psychology.

"But I believe psychology is an art, not a science," he says. He takes no interest in "inferiority complexes" and such.

I asked: "Do you live in the mood of a character you may be playing in a picture?" I should have known better. Even before I met him for the first time, on the strength of his screen acting, I knew there was no quackery about Lorre.

"No," he said emphatically. "I am against that. Of course I do not have much private life when I am making a picture, but if I am playing Napoleon I am not walking around the streets or in my home like Napoleon. I am myself when I am not actually acting for the camera."

Yet this actor, once he has grasped the inner significance of a character, can play that part without elaborate artificial stimulants to the "proper mood." If the director were to rouse him from his sleep at four o'clock in the morning and declare a scene must be made immediately, Lorre could play it even if he had not seen the script covering that particular portion of the story. Play it perfectly after simply mastering the purely mechanical matters of necessary dialogue and action.

How refreshing, in an era when we read about actors who bust right out at a restaurant, in the streets, in church for all I know, and give forth of lines and gestures that fit neither themselves nor the occasion but are in the "mood" of the character they are currently playing at a picture studio.

One so intensely interested in life, and particularly in mankind, must find some social satisfaction from his art or work. I asked Lorre if there were other compensations than the fulfillment of his love of acting and the financial benefits of his profession.

"There is great satisfaction," he replied, "in the thought that you may be helping people to understand their fellow men, even if these be monsters such as I played in 'M.' And people did understand that poor creature—at least thousands and thousands who wrote to me said they felt a certain amount of pity for the man who suffered himself as he became the victim of his pathological abnormalities. We are more civilized if we try to understand even the criminal. We might decide that a criminal must be destroyed, in the interests of society and as a moral obligation to its welfare. But destroying a man for such reason is something entirely different than merely killing because of wrath and repugnance."

Lorre's training for his art was most unusual, resulting from the application of his own very original idea. He still believes it is a sound method for the determination of latent talent, and excellent training for the development of the actor.

At seventeen he ran away from home. He organized a company of kindred spirits into a theatrical group that gave no performances before audiences, produced no plays, had no dialogue prepared in advance. Peter merely told his youthful associates that the situation was thus and so, that each was to represent a certain character or type of person. The "play" was on.

"If people have the talent to play," he says, "they will do so. They need not have quick-wits, be sophisticated. They may not even know what to answer at a certain point where questions are directed at them. But if they can 'play' they will carry the action of the situation along, maybe simply with gesture, perhaps with incoherent mumbling of meaningless words."

Certainly the idea worked for Peter Lorre. A year later when he obtained a job with a small stock company, Lorre made tremendous strides. Within a short

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time he had progressed so far that his fame preceded him to Breslau, Berlin, even. Fritz Lang, great German producer-director now in Hollywood, saw Lorre playing the adolescent youth in Wederkind's "Spring Awakening." Lang immediately signed him to star in the first talkie the producer was to make. No story, no particular style of part was in Lang's mind for Lorre. About a year later, when Lang was ready to start his production, the sensational Dusseldorf murders were being headlined around the world. A scenario based on them was prepared, and Peter Lorre made his screen bow as the pathological murderer in "M."

Thus by the accident of birth—birth, that is, as a great screen actor—Peter Lorre's name became synonymous with "monster" rôles. Hollywood producers importuned him, offered him a tremendous salary, to play a "monster" part for them. "I could not see," Lorre told us, "how anything worthwhile could come out of playing another 'monster' in a mere 'vehicle' story. Nothing, I am sure, but what money I might make would result."

So back he went to the stage, after many months returning to films at a Vienna studio. His pictures made there did not receive wide circulation. Then Alfred Hitchcock—the Frank Capra of England—induced Lorre to come to London and play the villain in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." He was not conversant in English. But you'll get an idea of this man's ability to concentrate on study, when we

remind you that after four weeks of working in the English language, the first scenes of "The Man Who Knew Too Much" had to be retaken. So greatly had Lorre's English improved, that the dialogue in the first scenes was too heavily accented to match the English speech he acquired in that short time.

His most pressing concern when he returned from London after making "Secret Agent" was to get his American citizenship papers. That's about the best proof that he likes this country where, in Santa Monica, he has established his permanent home. Lorre and his wife, the former Cecilie Lvovsky, actress, live there. Since their marriage—they had met as players in a stage production in Berlin—Mrs. Lorre has retired from acting—and that's a permanent arrangement.

According to present plans, Lorre will play "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," a talkie revival of the spectacular film in which Lon Chaney won such fame and applause. He may do a stage play in New York next season, portraying Napoleon.

He's one actor we do not have to fear will bring us a procession of "type" characters, all along the same lines. Lorre is a stickler for story, the play's the thing, with him. "I receive stacks of manuscripts submitted by writers all over," he told us. "When I get one that contains a foreword telling me 'this is just the part for you' I immediately turn it back to the agent who has submitted it. I don't want that sort of thing."

Hollywood Nearly Passed 'Em By!

Continued from page 26

event. Just as romance was blossoming, Jerry died—and Joan wept bitterly for weeks.

Shortly afterwards, she ended her career as "Hollywood's Dancing Girl." Work at the studio occupied her entire attention, and the cafés and restaurants and clubs missed her graceful dancing.

Janet Gaynor was a slave girl the first time I saw her—but she received a salary for "slaving." I was a newspaper reviewer when I caught my first glimpse of her, in a South Seas act on the Pantages vaudeville circuit, where her duties consisted in walking back and forth across the stage after a husky pirate man, (who could only sign tenor).

Well, sir, cross my beam, I went back to the office and wrote a ravishing—no, not ravaging—review about the little red-head who stole the show. The program didn't list her name, so I composed a rhapsody in red in praise of her work. The theatre management waxed so fretful about my opus—it scarcely mentioned the headliners of the bill—that it called up the big boss.

Janet was determined that some day she would be hailed as a great star, and Herbert Moulton, a young newspaperman, bore in mind the same idea. They were introduced at a party after Janet's fling in vaudeville, and immediately fell in love with one another. Later, they announced their engagement, and Moulton enlisted the aid of all his friends in the studios.

Janet and Moulton once started for Riverside, (about sixty miles from Hollywood), to be married in the famous chapel, but decided to postpone the ceremony.

I met Fay Wray when she was an extra—and only an occasional one, at that—on the Hal Roach comedy lot. Fay attended high school at the time, Hollywood High, where so many now-prominent actresses went to school, but skipped



Randolph Scott, Frances Drake, and Bryant Washburn, who is making a come-back in a film with them.

classes frequently to appear as "atmosphere" in the studios.

Fay in those days wore her hair in long curls down her back, and loved to ride on motorcycles.

Both Fay and Janet were elected Wampas Baby Stars of 1926, the same year that saw Joan Crawford, Mary Brian, Dolores Costello, and eight other beautiful girls attain the same honor. Neither girl was known at the time, but there are ways and means when newspapermen make up their minds.

Her great opportunity arrived when Eric von Stroheim, the Austrian director, selected Fay to play the leading feminine rôle in his super-production, "The Wedding March." Nearly a year elapsed before she completed her part in the film; then, von Stroheim declared he couldn't possibly cut the picture down to footage under forty-eight thousand feet, forty-eight reels. The studio finally released the feature in



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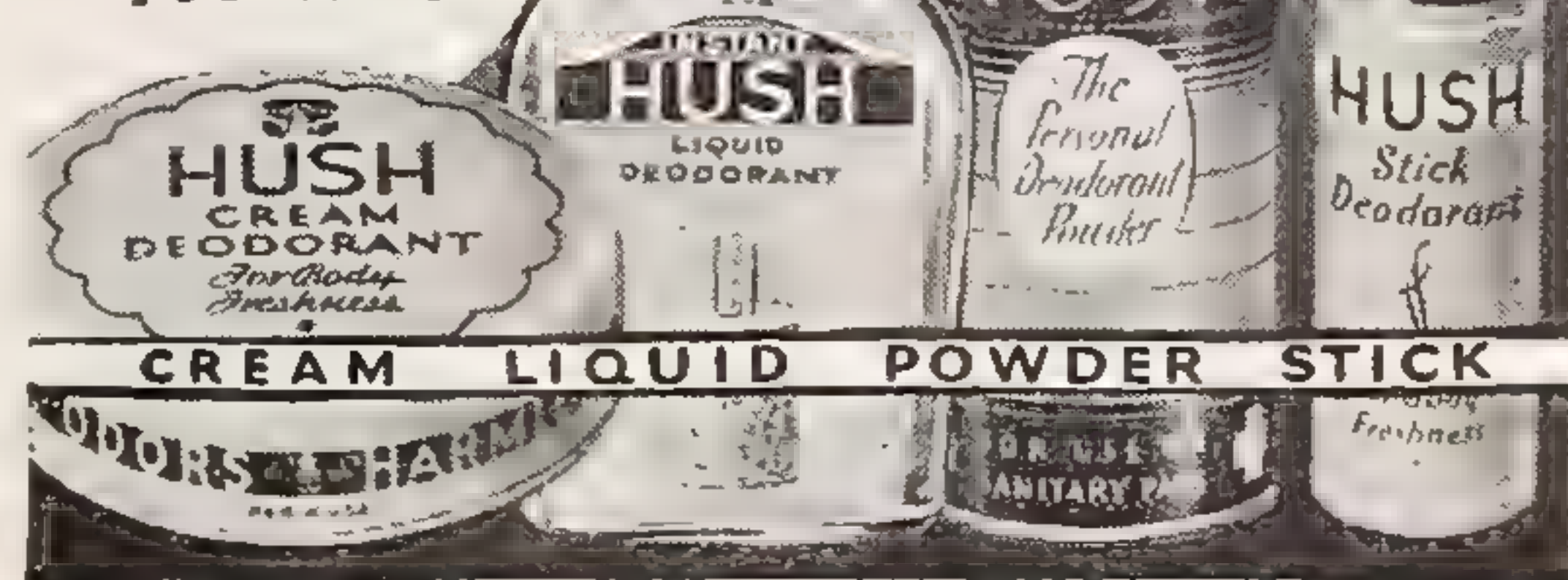
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nine reels, the director announcing on the night of its premiere that the remainder of the story would be shown as a sequel. It never appeared, and some of the young actress' finest work went unseen.

I struck up a warm friendship, literally, figuratively, and bombastically, with Richard Arlen and Charlie Farrell when both were playing "bits." I was dashing up the steps of the Coronado Hotel, three steps at a time, when I met Dick—head-on. The spectacle of flying arms and legs and feet apparently appealed to the onlookers, for they acclaimed our tumble with a mighty cheer.

Charlie and I made our acquaintance in much the same fashion: he was rushing topspeed out of Jobyna Ralston's house, in typical Farrell manner, at precisely the moment I had opened the door to enter. As we crashed to the floor of the porch, Mister Farrell emitted a loud "Oop"—and grinned good-naturedly.

Dick Arlen's passion for large cars could be satisfied only by actually owning one, so, with money he had brought from the East, he purchased an expensive motor. Farrell's pride and joy was a decrepit old Ford—a jolting good car, as he used to say—which wheezed every time the motor turned. The two cars would stand side by side in the Athletic Club auto park. The two men bunked together in the famous Room 401 at the Club. A tradition has risen to the effect that whoever occupies that room shall enjoy unlimited success on the screen, and each was banking upon that to bring him good fortune.

Dick and Charlie shared the room when they were given their big chance—almost on the same day—Dick in "Wings" and Charlie in "The Rough Riders."

Meanwhile, Charlie had scored with Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven," and the world knows how their romance budded and grew. Dick pleased his studio so tremendously that Jesse L. Lasky, then the head of the studio, told him to go down to Eddie Schmidt's, (Hollywood's most fashionable and most expensive tailor), and order six business suits and one dinner suit. Go the limit. Send the bill to the studio. The business suits cost one hundred and sixty-five dollars apiece, and the Tuxedo figured two hundred and twenty-five.

Gary Cooper could qualify, without a single doubt, as the colony's most awkward, certainly the most bashful, mortal, when first he came to Hollywood. He seldom smiled, his mien almost owl-like in somberness, and few people could penetrate the shell into which he drew himself. At infrequent intervals he would come forth with some sparkling tidbit of wit, which finally led several of us to believe that he possessed a most unusual sense of humor.

His bashfulness attracted Clara Bow, whose admirers were legion. Both at the same studio, Gary fell in love—so it was said at the time—until he trekked northward to the sand dunes of Guadalupe—and I don't mean Velez, no, sir—for the desert scenes of "Beau Sabreur."

In such romantic settings, Evelyn Brent, leading lady of the film, decided that Gary was quite a lad, and Gary would straighten his tie and wonder if his hair was combed whenever she would appear. When the company moved back to the studio, the inevitable occurred—the Bow-Brent feud waxed hot and furious for Gary's affections, and the studio waited with delight for the victor to emerge from the fray. What-a-man Cooper has been Such-a-man ever since that memorable event.

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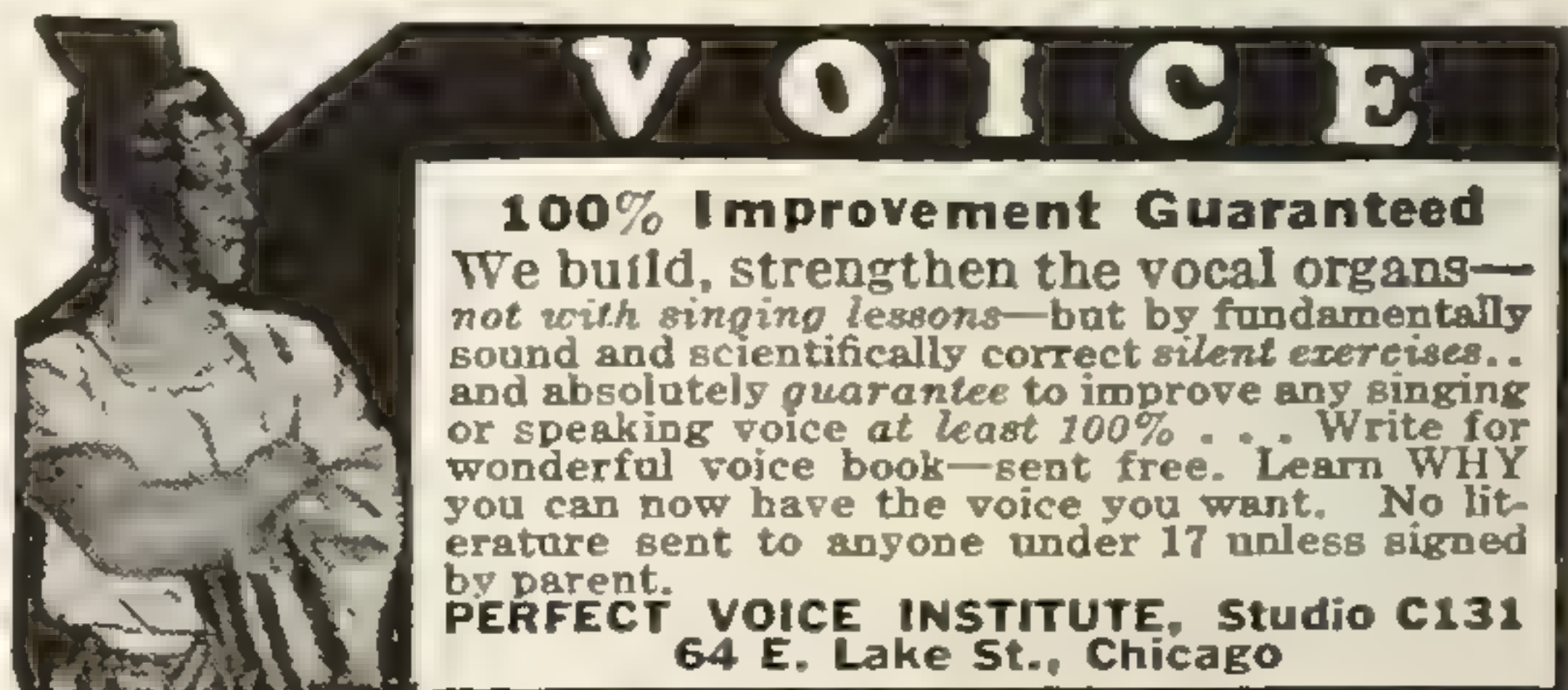
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Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 69

would have left more than one audience with the impression of having been staring into a lot of open spaces.

Catherine Bernardini,
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Since there is so much complaint these days about the limited number of really entertaining short subjects, why not film Dickens' "Pickwick Papers" as a series of "shorts" with Guy Kibbee as *Mr. Pickwick*. They would make swell entertainment, I think.

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Mrs. Molly Pesin,
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TELLS WHY BETTE IS GREAT

I have seen a number of Bette Davis pictures and I salute her! It is seldom you see so great an artist, one who portrays a part so vividly as to make you hate her in one picture and recaptures your love in the next.

Hazel Schmidt,
733 First Ave., West,
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Is Temperament Dead?

Continued from page 31

three inquiries to the Universal studio from different newspaper syndicates. The studio had to wire Margaret in New York for confirmation of her former marriage but that dear lady merely replied by wire, "Never heard of Mr. Fonda." A few months later she appeared in a play with him at the Mount Kisco Little Theatre; later still she urged him to come to Hollywood and introduced him to the producers. By that time she was perfectly willing to admit that she did know Mr. Fonda, very well, in fact. As the world knows ever since she secured her divorce from William Wyler, she and young Fonda have become inseparable and the rumors, (which she hotly denies but no one believes her), are that she will re-marry him as soon as the divorce is final. It is a safe bet that the day she does re-marry him Miss Maggie will tell the Press, "Henry Fonda? I never heard of Henry Fonda." Now of course if we accused her of being an out-and-out liar Margaret would be very hurt; to her it isn't lying really—though don't ask me what it is because I wouldn't be a'knowing. "My private life is my own business," says Margaret. "A movie star's life belongs to her public," says we—and the fight is on. She has spoiled so many plates for the poor photographers by being temperamental when they try to photograph her at parties and clubs that naturally the

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boys take a fiendish delight in snapping her with her mouth open and in an undignified pose.

Luise Rainer is another who insists that her private life is her own and refuses to give interviews, though out of fairness to Luise it might be said that she honestly did try to give interviews when she first arrived in this country but she had such a difficult time with the English language that she simply gave it up. Rainer's temperament expresses itself in different ways. She is constantly dismissing her servants



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and employing new ones. "In Europe," says Rainer, "servants do what they are told to do. Here they want to look after me." And she of the *beeg*, *beeg* eyes definitely does not want to be looked after. Luise has very exotic ideas about food and has been known to order whipped cream and rhubarb for breakfast. But the cook, firmly convinced that her mistress is a little "teched in the haid," will send in coffee, toast, eggs and marmalade as any well-mannered cook would do—and Luise will simply go into a temperamental frenzy. She doesn't want toast and coffee, she wants whipped cream and rhubarb, she doesn't care whether it's good for her or not, she doesn't want to be mothered, she wants whipped cream and rhubarb, so there are tears and new servants on the morrow. Luise gets all tied up with artistic temperament occasionally and likes to get

ing room. When a star is not working her dressing-room on the lot is usually given to a visiting star who is on loan from another studio. But Joan Crawford's dressing-room is definitely Joan Crawford's dressing-room and no visitors need apply. Joan tells the following very amusing story on herself. While she was making "I Live My Life" she would notice when she arrived at the studio in the mornings that the furniture had been pushed about in her dressing-room, and then one morning she discovered to her horror that one of her little knick-knacks had been stolen. Upon investigation it was learned that on afternoons when Miss Crawford was not working one of the employees was in the habit of conducting tourist parties over the studio, and the *pièce de résistance* was Miss Crawford's dressing-room. Well, she was in a pretty pet when she found out about that,

must walk off the stage in exactly the same round-about way that he came on. Don't ask me why; it's some kind of an Old World custom and I am not Old World and wouldn't know. Lederer rather reverses the friendship angle on sets, too. A great number of the stars who are given to nerves and temperament refuse to have sight-seers, tourists, visiting firemen, the press and the publicity departments on their sets and guard the stage entrance with an "Absolutely No Visitors" sign and a husky cop just in case you can't read. But if a personal friend of the Great One arrives, the cop bows three times and the friend is taken in and made a fuss over. But Lederer, strange to say, will not let his friends on his sets. He doesn't care how many plumbers from Oshkosh watch him, or how many school teachers from Scranton, but the minute a close friend of his appears on the set Mr. Lederer refuses to work until the intruder is thrown out. By the way, if you should ever give Mr. Lederer a present don't be at all aghast when he sweetly asks you to spit on it. Just another cute little Old World custom, I suppose.

The two things that Hollywood stars work up the most temperament over are billings and stage dressing-rooms. Outside of Hollywood the billing on a picture doesn't mean a darned thing but in Hollywood it's the most important thing in the world, and there are more screams and shrieks and pounding on desks in front offices over top billing than over any other studio pastime. Of course every star, practically, wants top billing; and if some dirty so-and-so gets his or her name above his or her name there's going to be nothing less than bloodshed. Contracts have been broken and beautiful friendships have come to an abrupt end all because of top billing. Gentlemen cease to be gentlemen and ladies became regular viragoes all on account of top billing. There are dozens of sensational cases of temperamental clashes over billing but we haven't time to go into them here. But in passing I might mention that Luise Rainer wasn't any too pleased to find Myrna Loy's name billed above hers in "The Great Ziegfeld," and Loretta Young, who has been a star for years, was extremely irked to find Robert Taylor's name billed above hers in "Private Number."

Dressing-rooms on sets, next to billings, can be counted on to get a star's temperament thoroughly aroused. These set dressing-rooms for the most part are shoddy affairs, made out of canvas or beaverboard and furnished with a broken-down chaise longue and dressing-table from the prop department; but the way the girls and boys fight over them you'd think they were gold and platinum. The stars in a picture are entitled to a set dressing-room, and sometimes one or two of the featured players if they are well-known, and drawing the line is what brings on all the trouble. If one star discovers that the other star has a floor in her dressing-room there's hell to pay until Madame gets herself a floor. (I've never understood why the stage floor isn't good enough for everybody). The best dressing-room bout we've had in recent years was staged on the "Private Worlds" set. Claudette Colbert and Joan Bennett were assigned the two dressing-rooms, and Helen Vinson found herself out in the cold. The studio saw no reason why they should build her a dressing-room. So Helen turned on the temperament and after a regular avalanche of fire-works she took possession of the Colbert dressing-room and Miss Colbert, merely the star of the picture, hung herself a sheet across one corner of the stage and invited everyone to come over to see her "on the other side of the tracks."



A new game they play in Hollywood is Puff-Billiards, and in this contest we see Rita Cansino, Mona Barrie, Astrid Allwyn and Helen Wood, all aiming to win.

out in the Brentwood canyons and walk all night long—which is another little trick of hers which throws her servants for a complete loss. They worry and fret for fear something awful might happen to her out there in the shadowy night, but their solicitude is entirely unappreciated for la Rainer only goes into a beautiful outburst because they have the audacity to think that she can't take care of herself.

Luise is quite an independent little soul at the studio, too, and doesn't at all mind holding up production. "The show must go on," means nothing in her young life. Once when they were making the "Great Ziegfeld" Luise rehearsed the Anna Held mirror number all morning in the tight old-fashioned corsets which they made her wear. Came afternoon, and came time for the director to shoot the scene, but no Anna Held. Soon Luise arrived on the set comfortably attired in slacks. The director and the cast almost fainted. "Those corsets hurt," she pouted. "I don't feel well. When I feel better I will put them on again." So the company just stopped work until Miss Rainer was in the mood for corsets.

Joan Crawford, one of the sanest of the movie stars, works up a good "mess" of temperament, (my favorite word since I saw *De Lawd* in "Green Pastures"), when anyone invades the sanctity of her dress-

so she called in all kinds of little locksmiths and had more peculiar gadgets put on her door than ever Cartier's saw—and she, and she alone, had the keys. S-o-o-o-o, when the picture was finished she and Franchot rushed off to New York to get married and Joan forgot to close her dressing-room windows in all the excitement. Came the rain storms, came the wind storms, came the sand storms; but no one could get into the room to close the windows because Joan had all the keys. "What a sight my lovely room was when I came back from New York," said Joan. "Everything was ruined. And there was enough dirt to plant a garden." Joan remembers the windows now.

Francis Lederer's peculiar temperament is one of the best production holder-uppers we have in Hollywood. Perhaps it's more superstition than temperament, but for this story it's going to be temperament. No matter how late he is arriving on the set for a "take" Francis insists upon walking around the stage, touching several articles, and knocking on wood several times. In this roundabout way he eventually arrives where the cameras are set up, but no, he can't go into the scene immediately; first he must kiss the talismans he carries in his pockets. Then when the scene is finished and he is permitted to leave the set he

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